



SHENANIGAN



ROSCOE



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



SWING SISSON

FEATURE

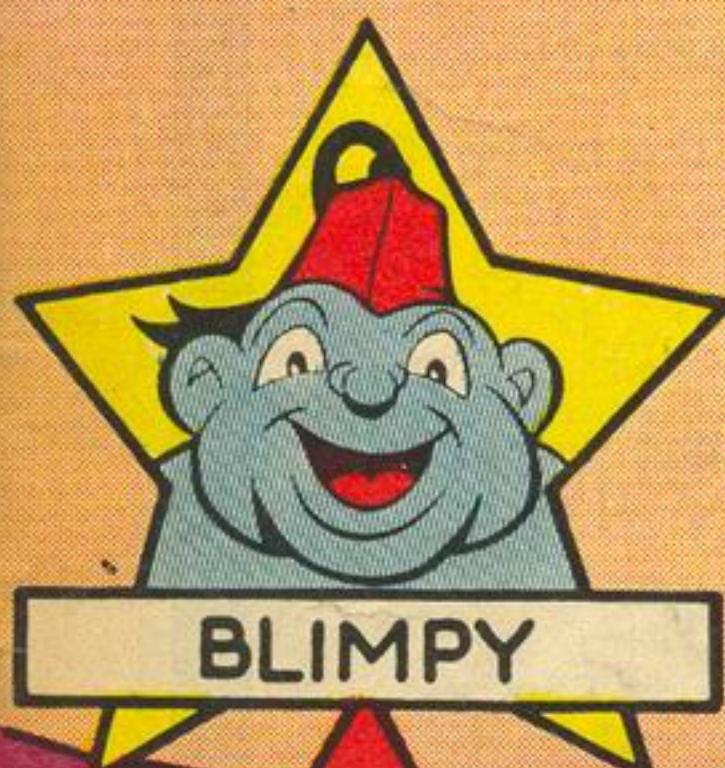
COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.
2

FEBRUARY
No.131

The **DOLL MAN**
returns from a
LIVING GRAVE!

10¢



BLIMPY



LALA PALOOZA

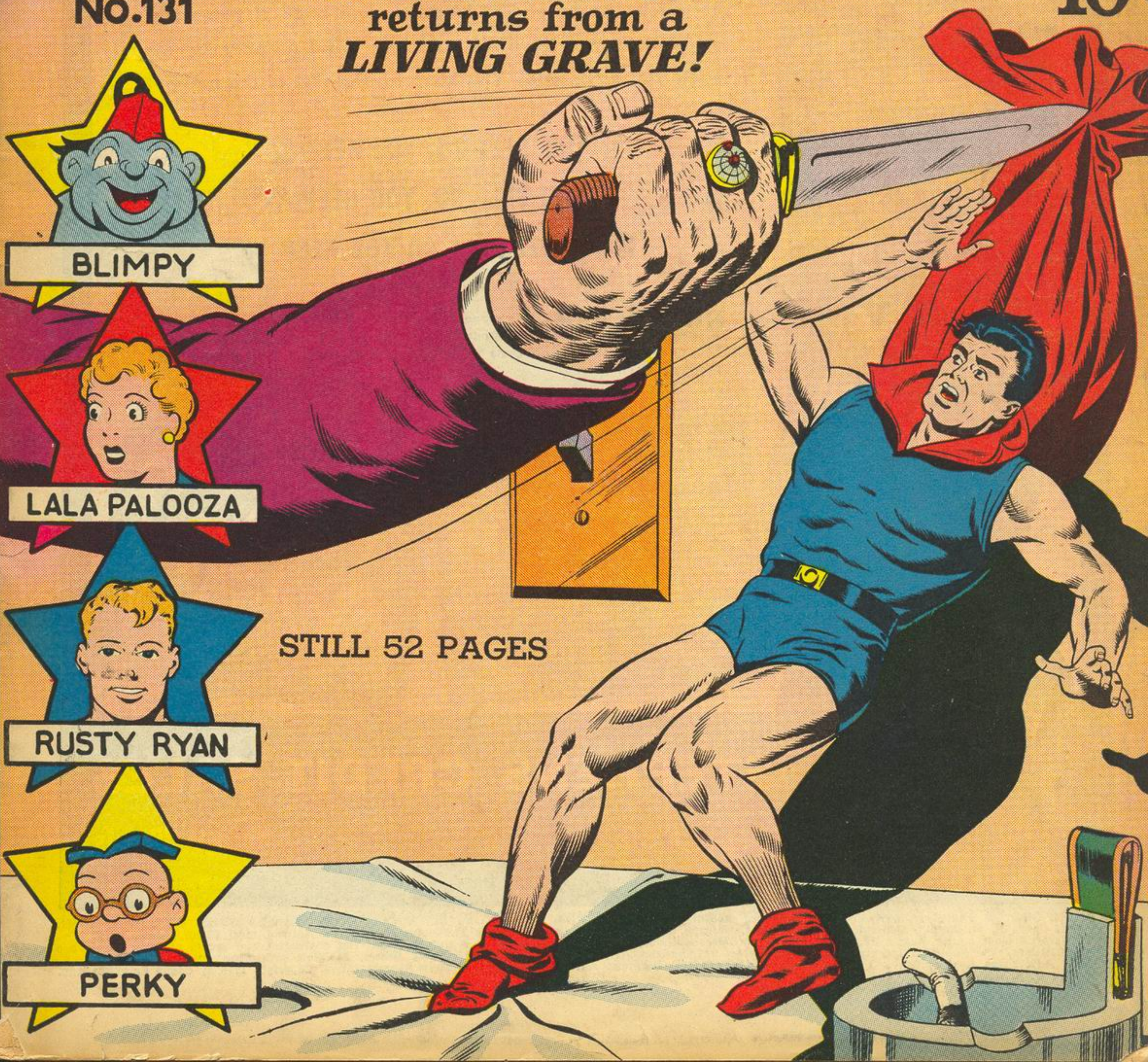


RUSTY RYAN



PERKY

STILL 52 PAGES





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DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO**



STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. F 80

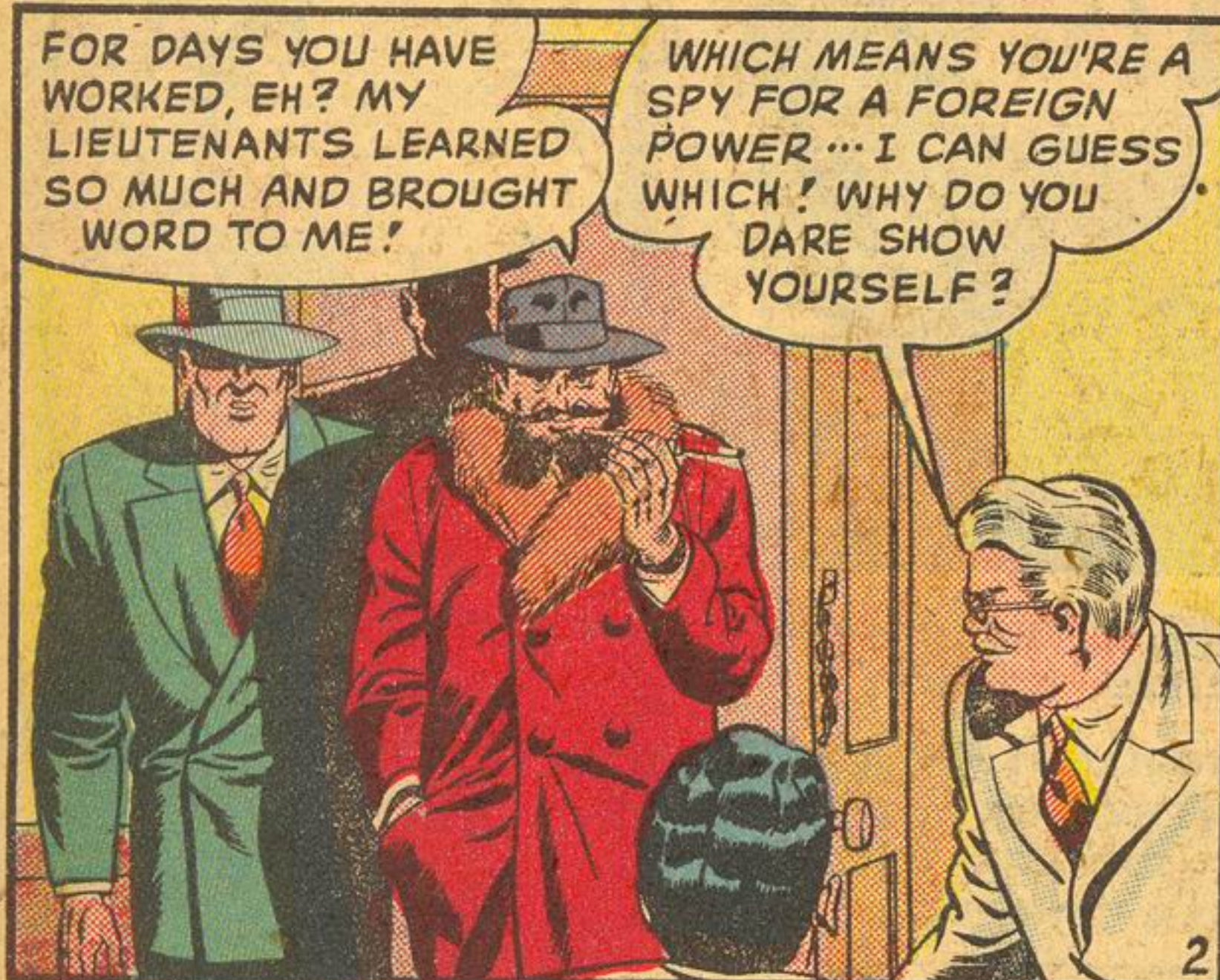
Normal, Illinois

THE DOLL MAN

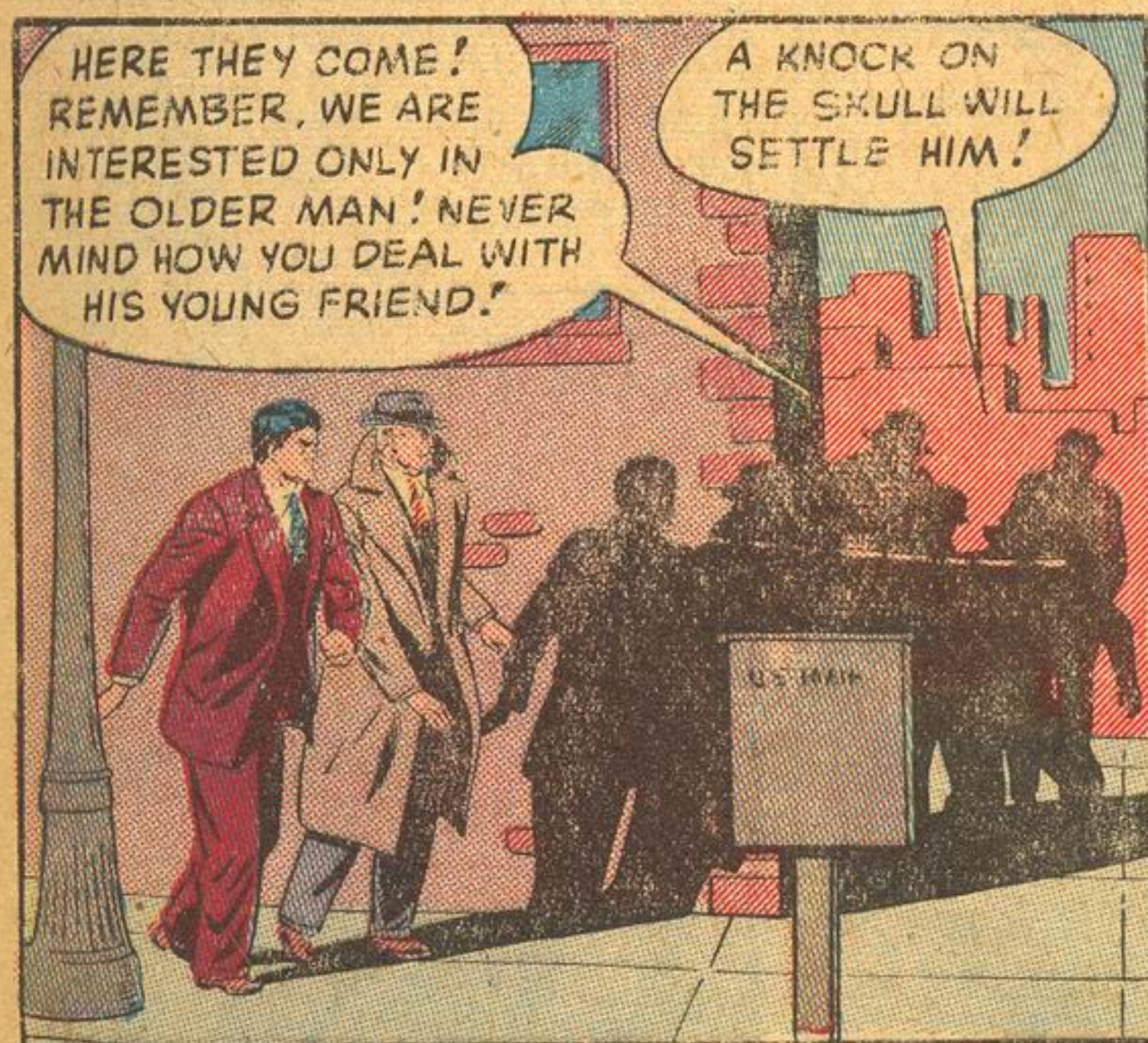
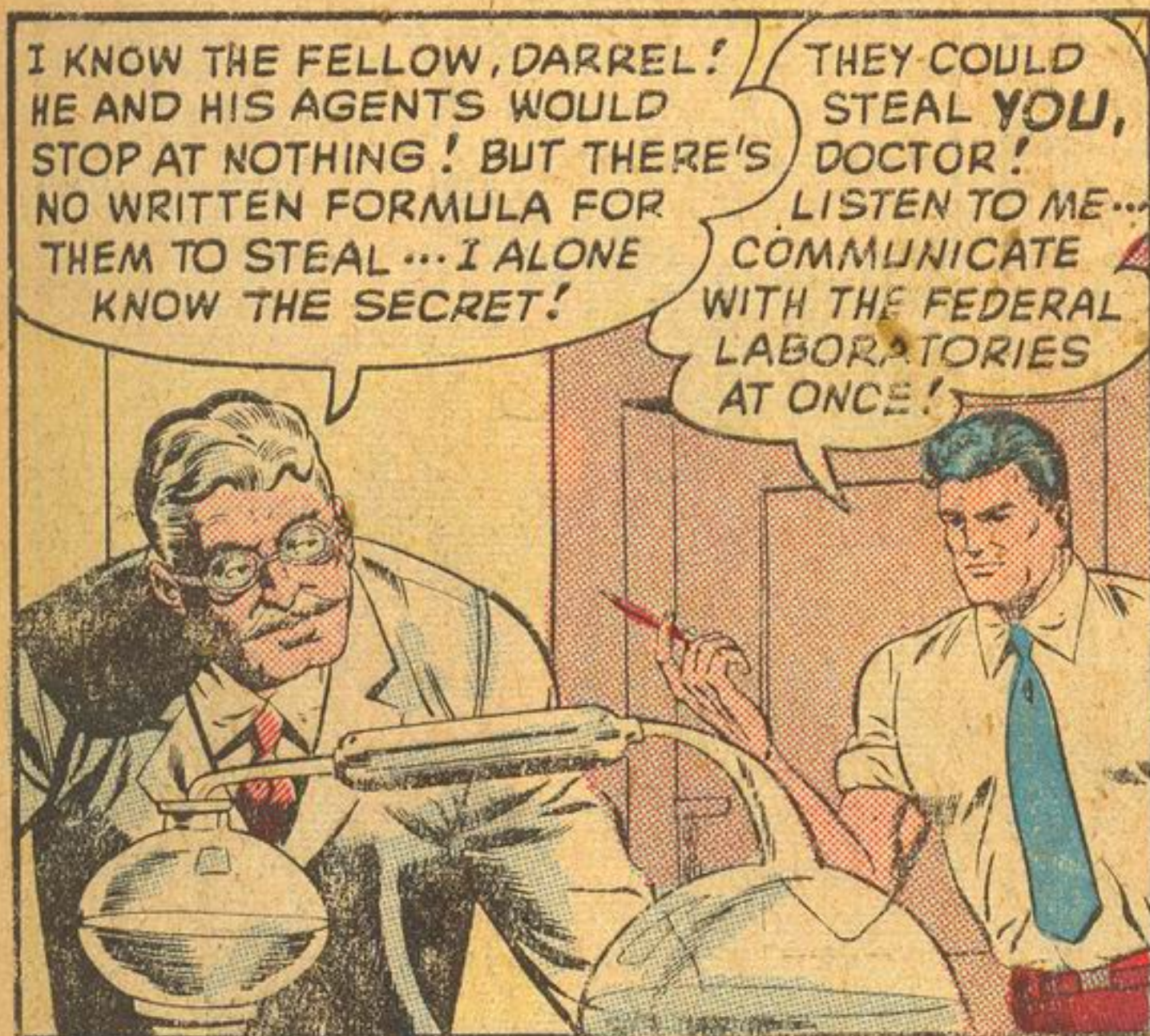
YOU ARE SO
REASONABLE
DOCTOR
PS



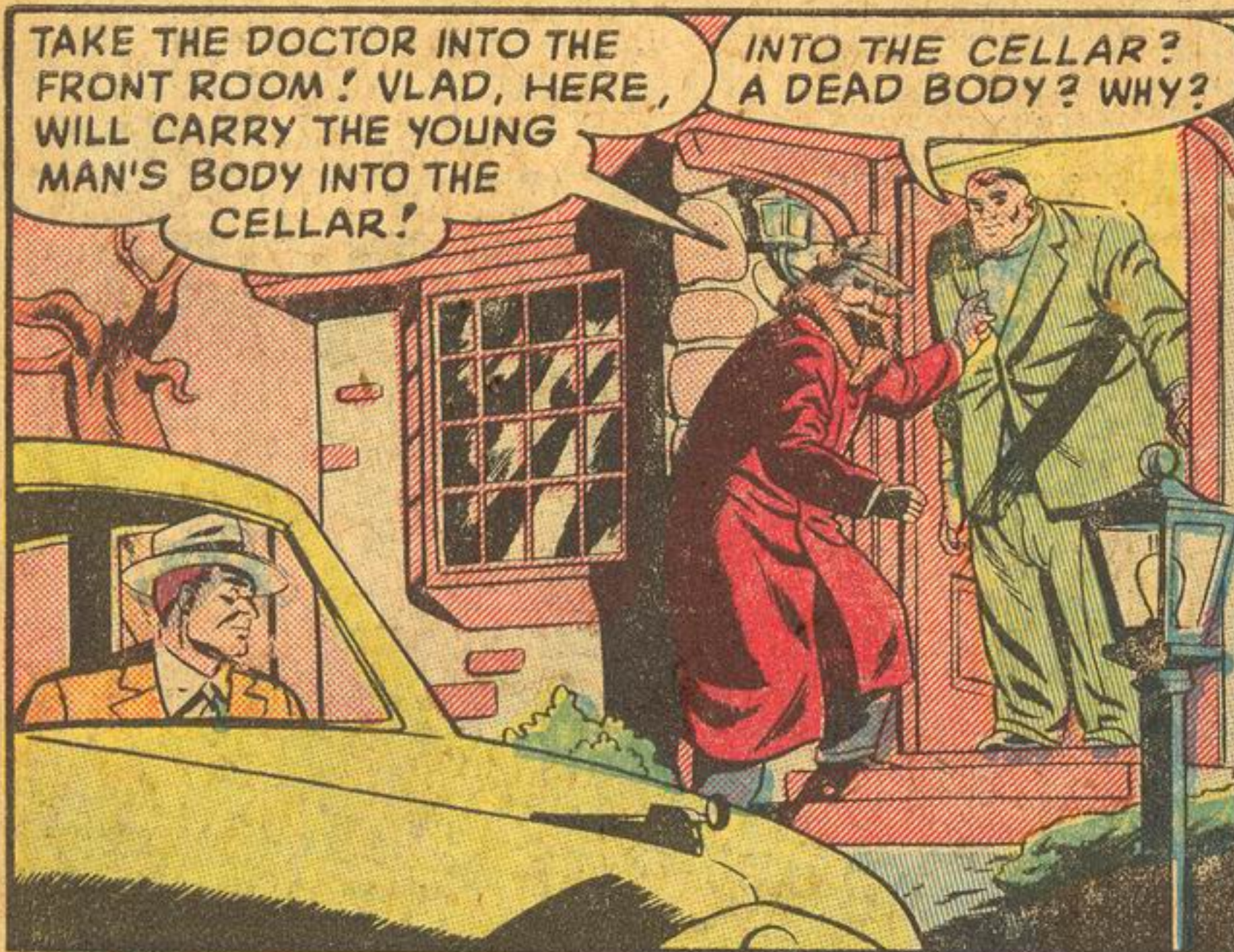
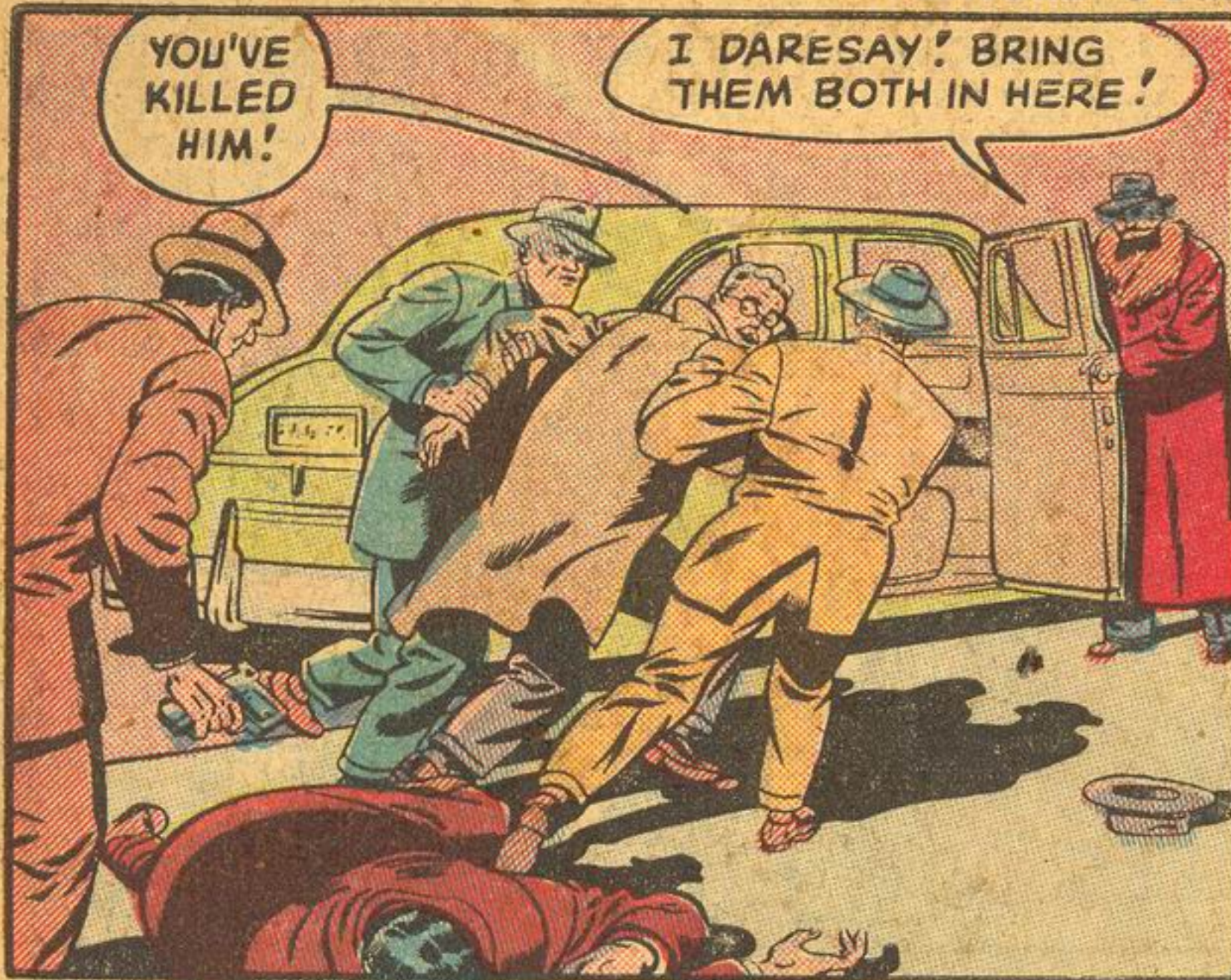
Science rallies to the service
of a threatened world!
And sinister scoundrels hope to
filch a mighty secret for their
own masters...but the DOLL MAN
prevents them!



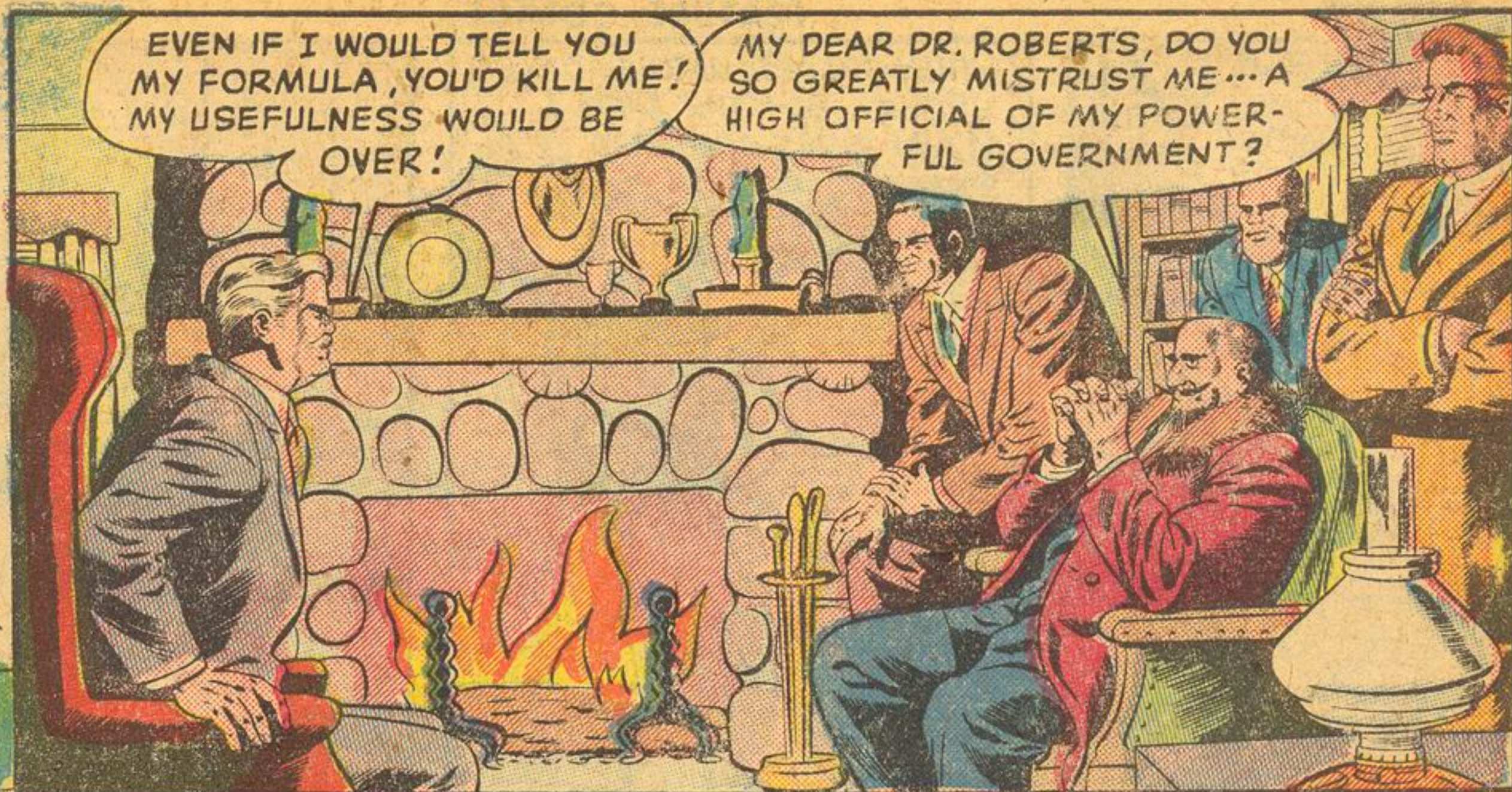
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

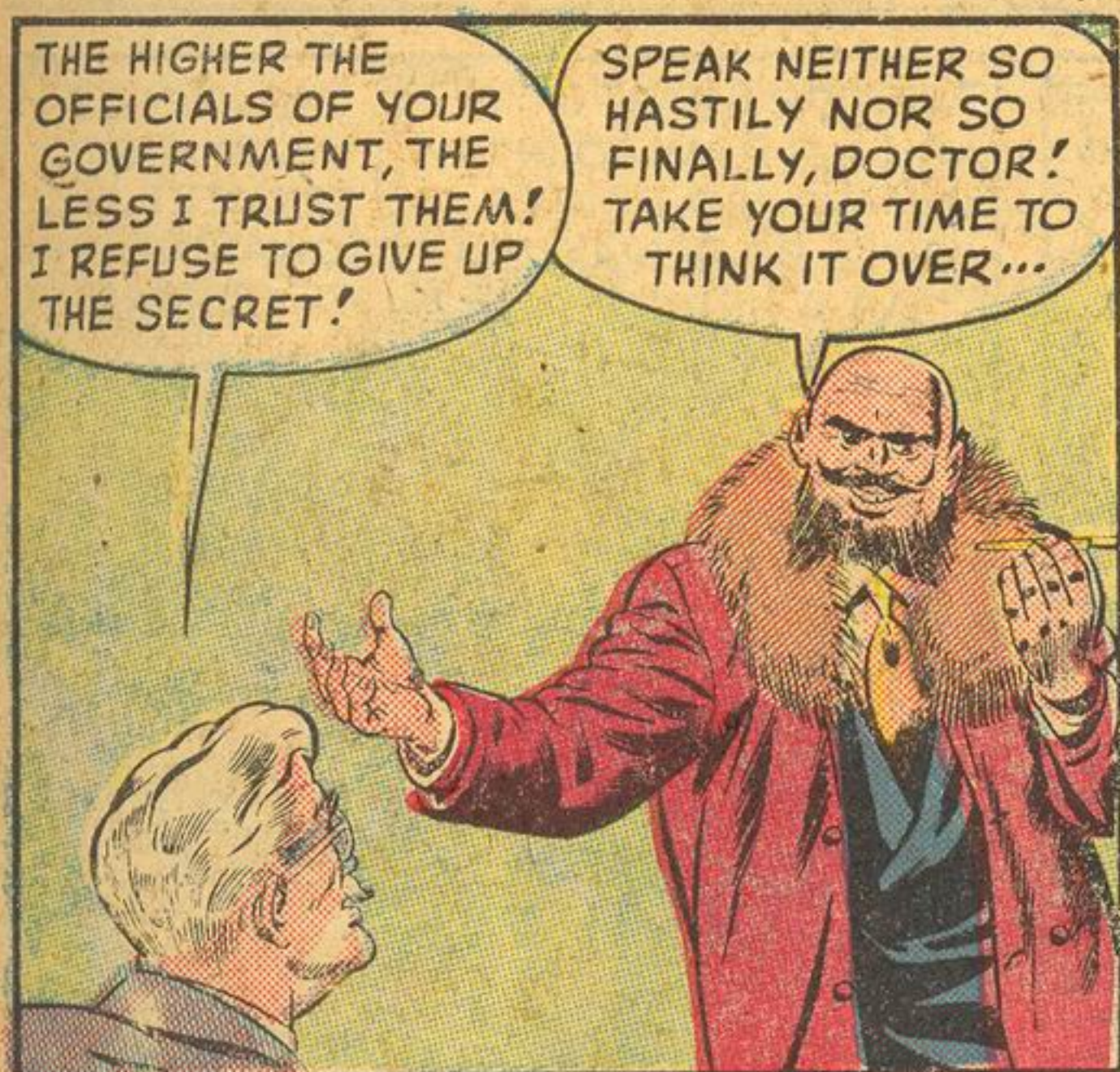


MEANWHILE...



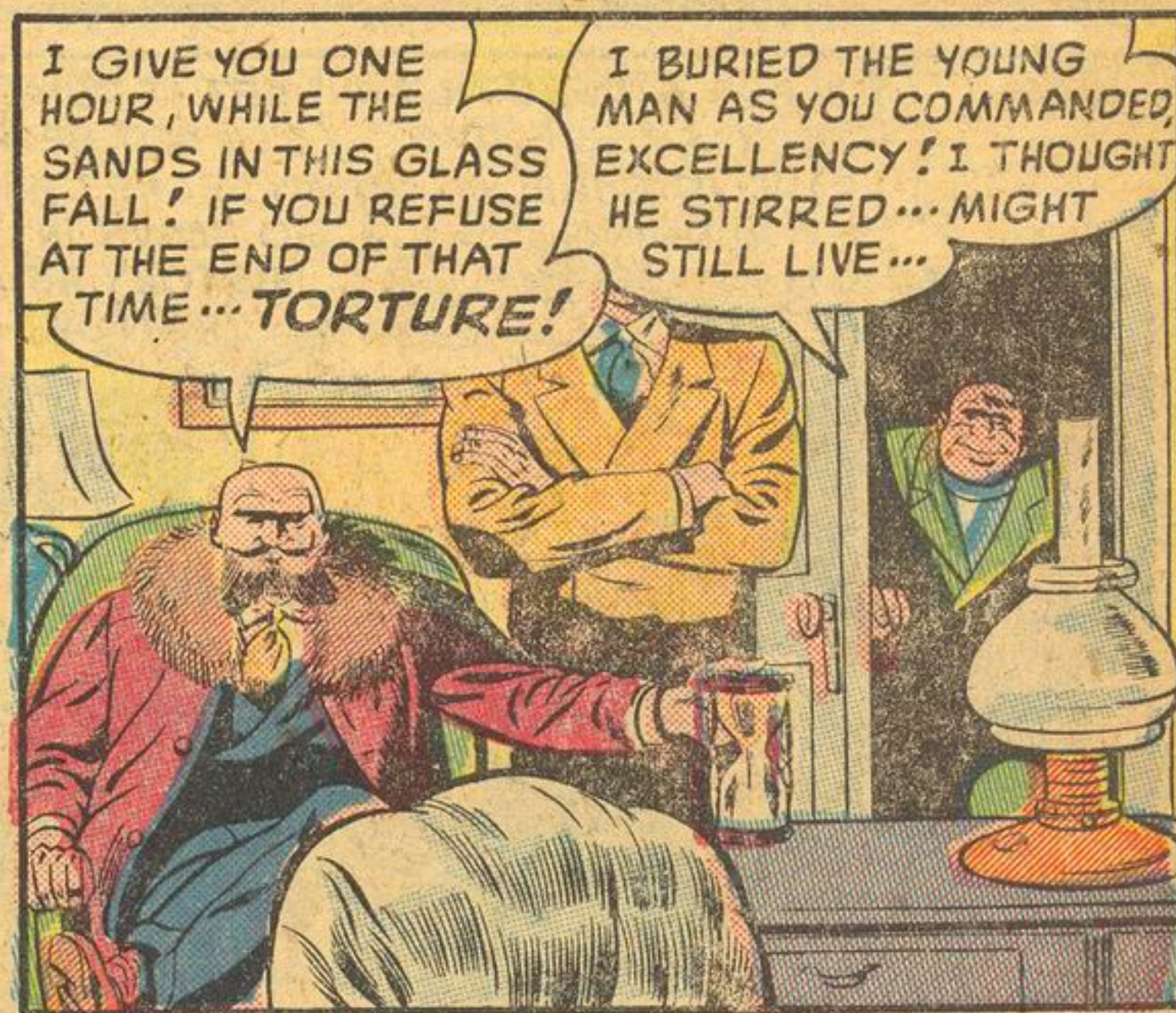
EVEN IF I WOULD TELL YOU MY FORMULA, YOU'D KILL ME! MY USEFULNESS WOULD BE OVER!

MY DEAR DR. ROBERTS, DO YOU SO GREATLY MISTRUST ME... A HIGH OFFICIAL OF MY POWERFUL GOVERNMENT?



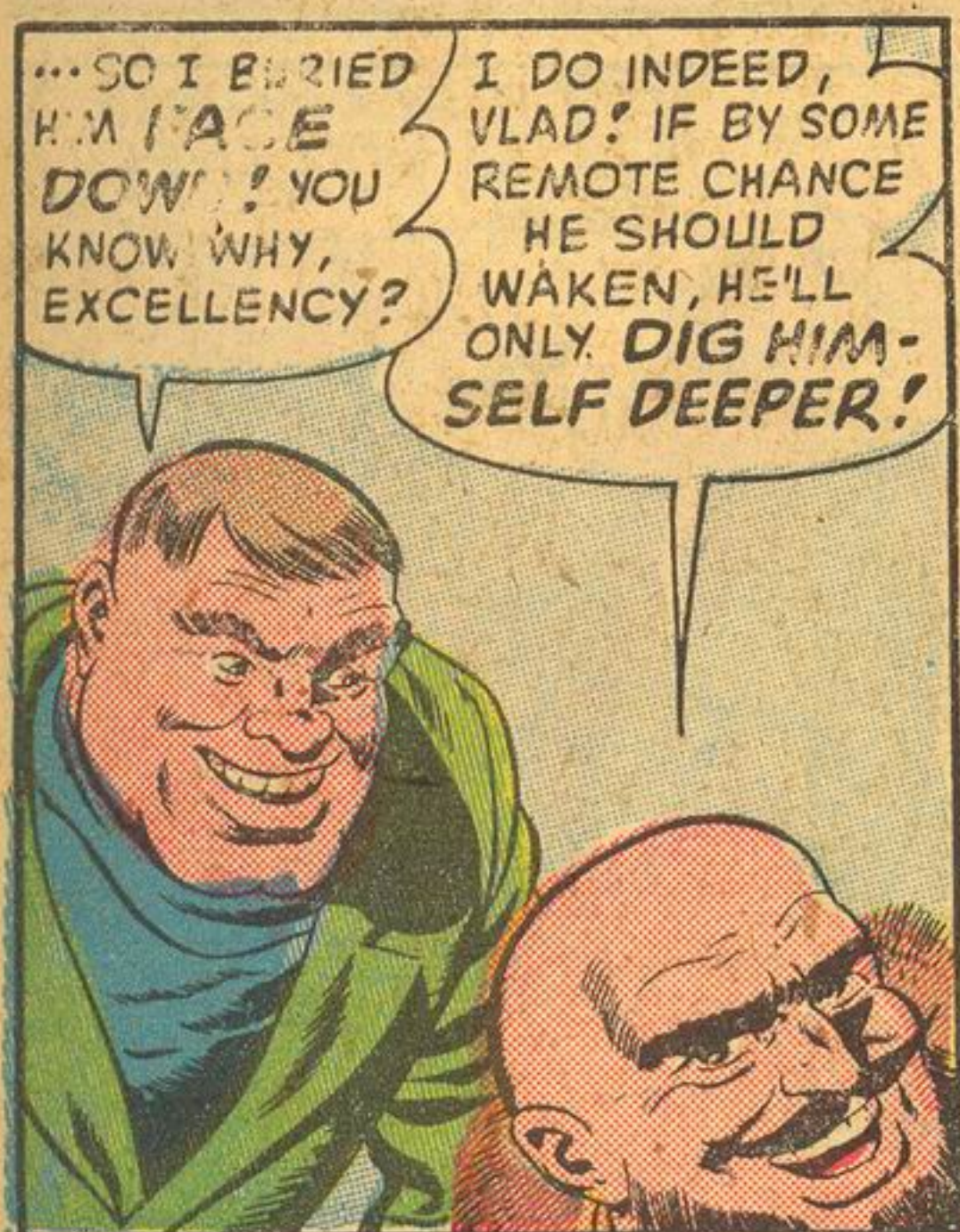
THE HIGHER THE OFFICIALS OF YOUR GOVERNMENT, THE LESS I TRUST THEM! I REFUSE TO GIVE UP THE SECRET!

SPEAK NEITHER SO HASTILY NOR SO FINALLY, DOCTOR! TAKE YOUR TIME TO THINK IT OVER...



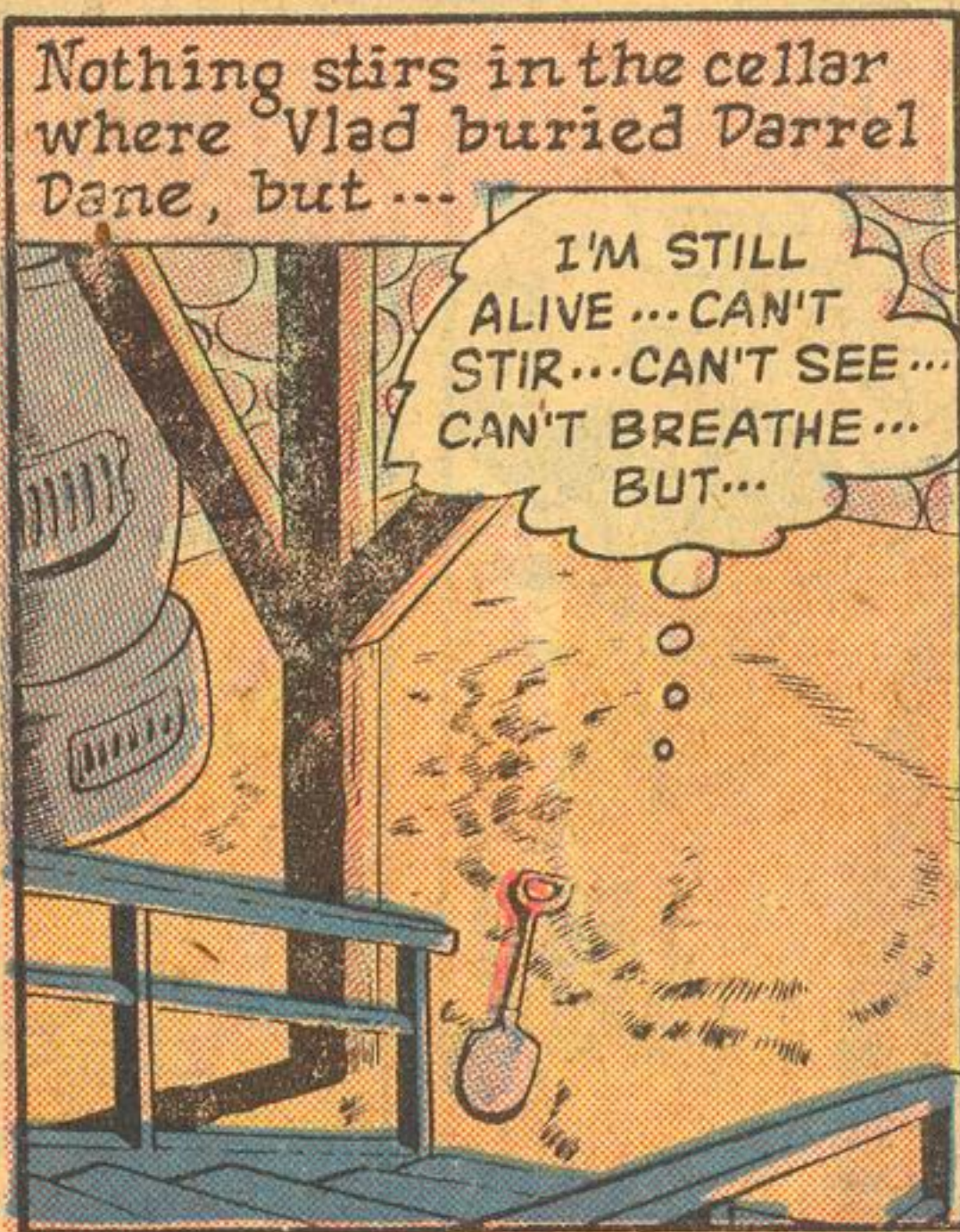
I GIVE YOU ONE HOUR, WHILE THE SANDS IN THIS GLASS FALL! IF YOU REFUSE AT THE END OF THAT TIME... **TORTURE!**

I BURIED THE YOUNG MAN AS YOU COMMANDED, EXCELLENCY! I THOUGHT HE STIRRED... MIGHT STILL LIVE...



...SO I BURIED HIM FACE DOWN! YOU KNOW WHY, EXCELLENCY?

I DO INDEED, VLAD! IF BY SOME REMOTE CHANCE HE SHOULD WAKEN, HE'LL ONLY DIG HIMSELF DEEPER!



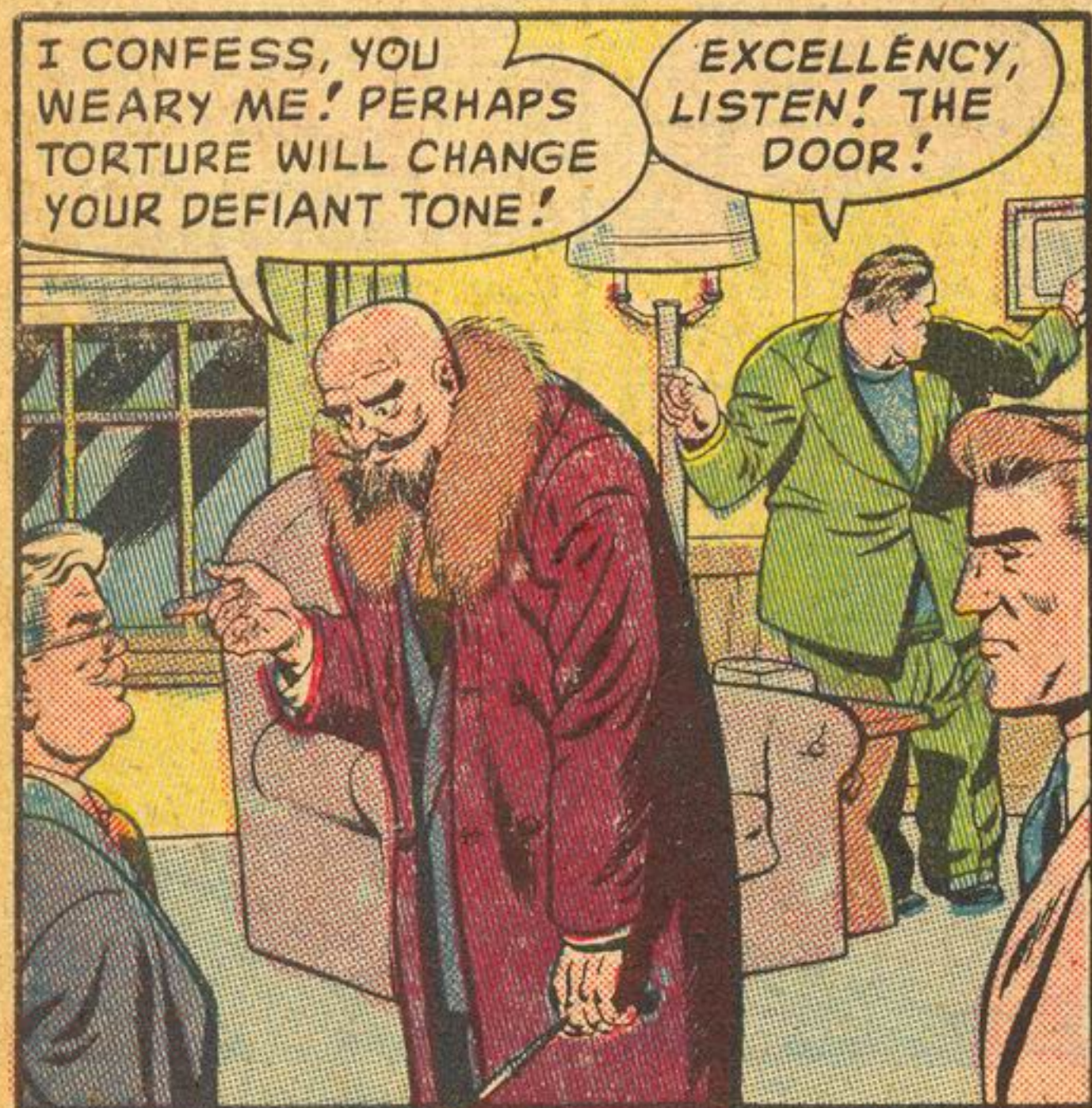
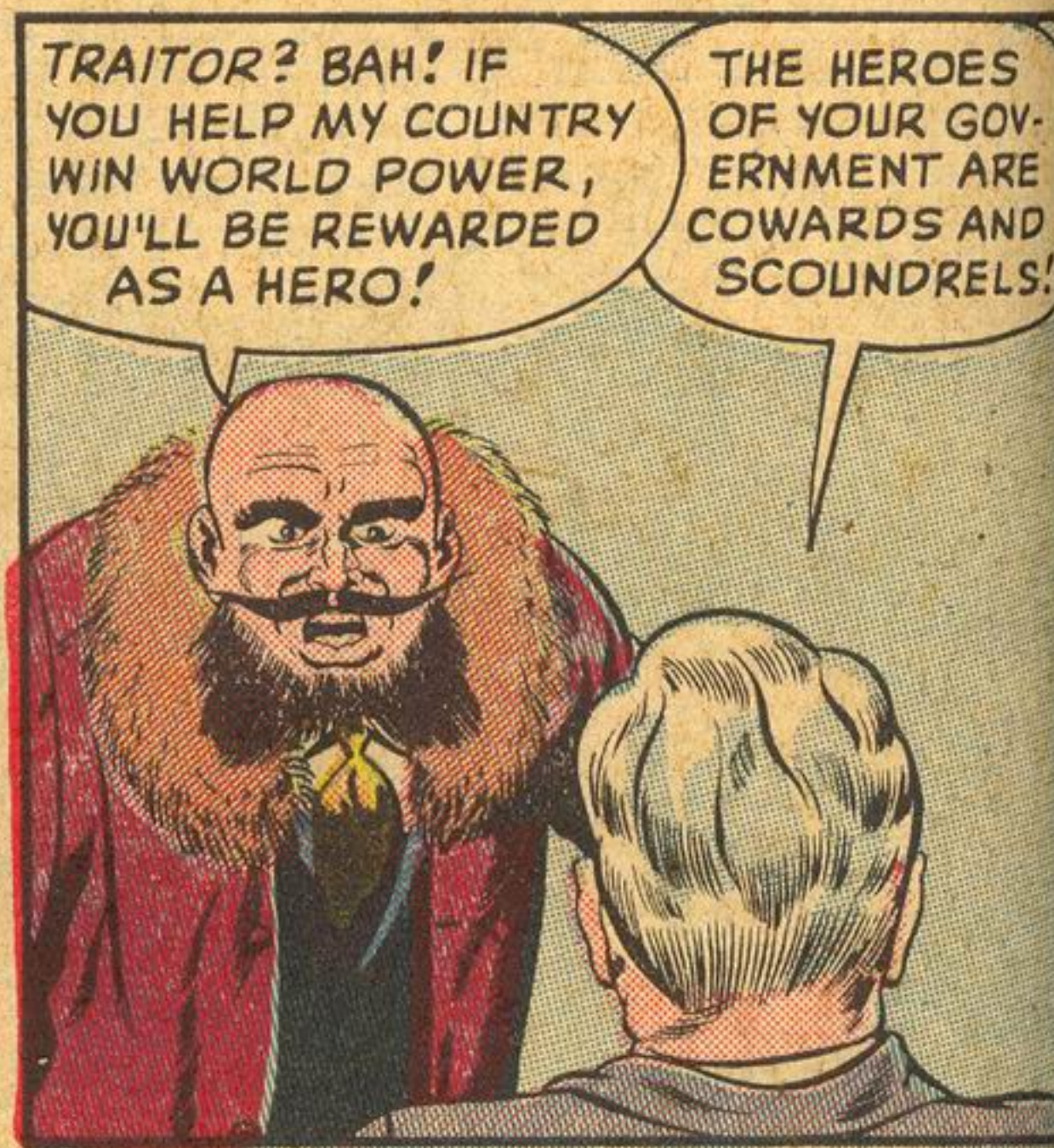
Nothing stirs in the cellar where Vlad buried Darrel Dane, but...

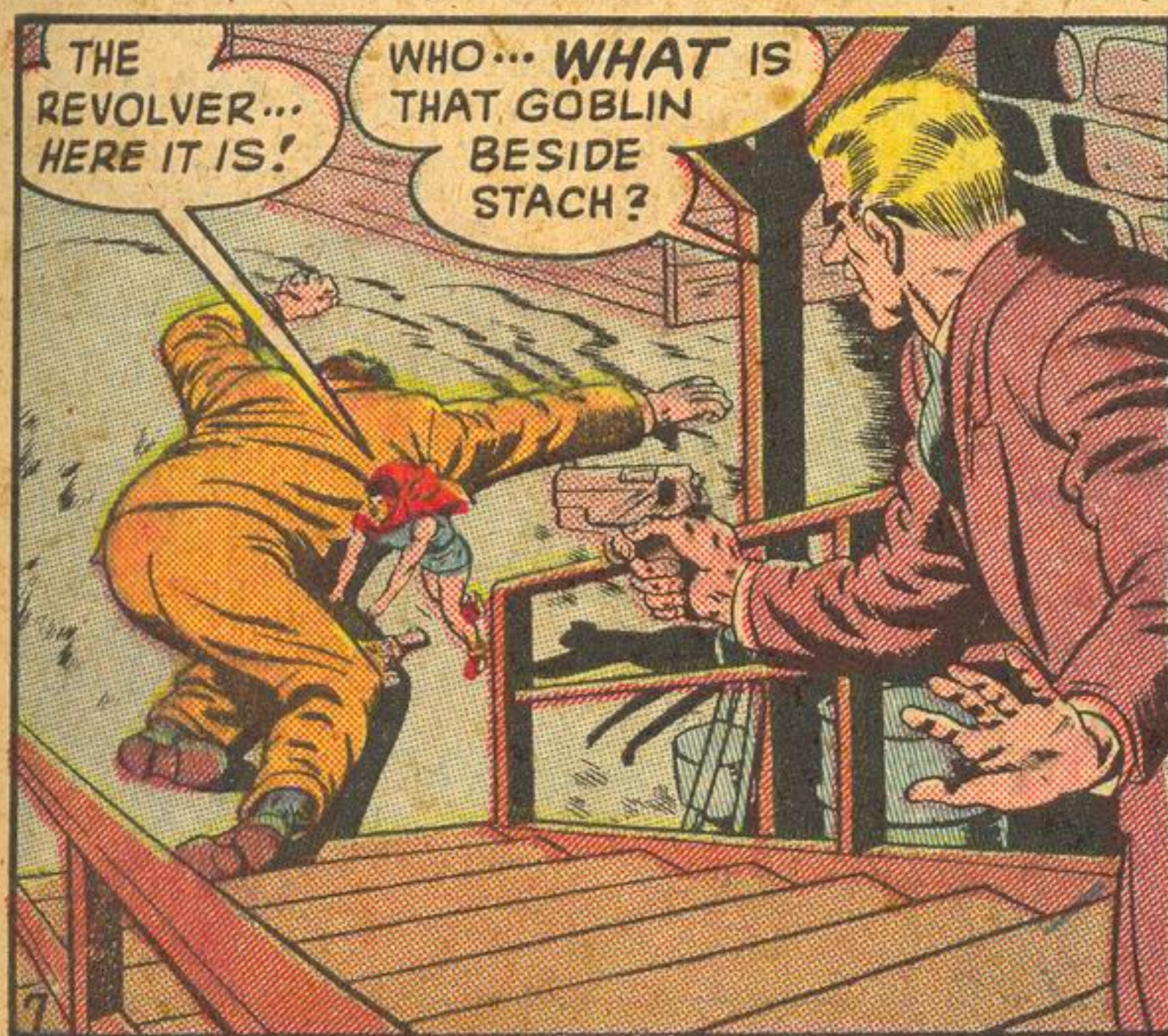
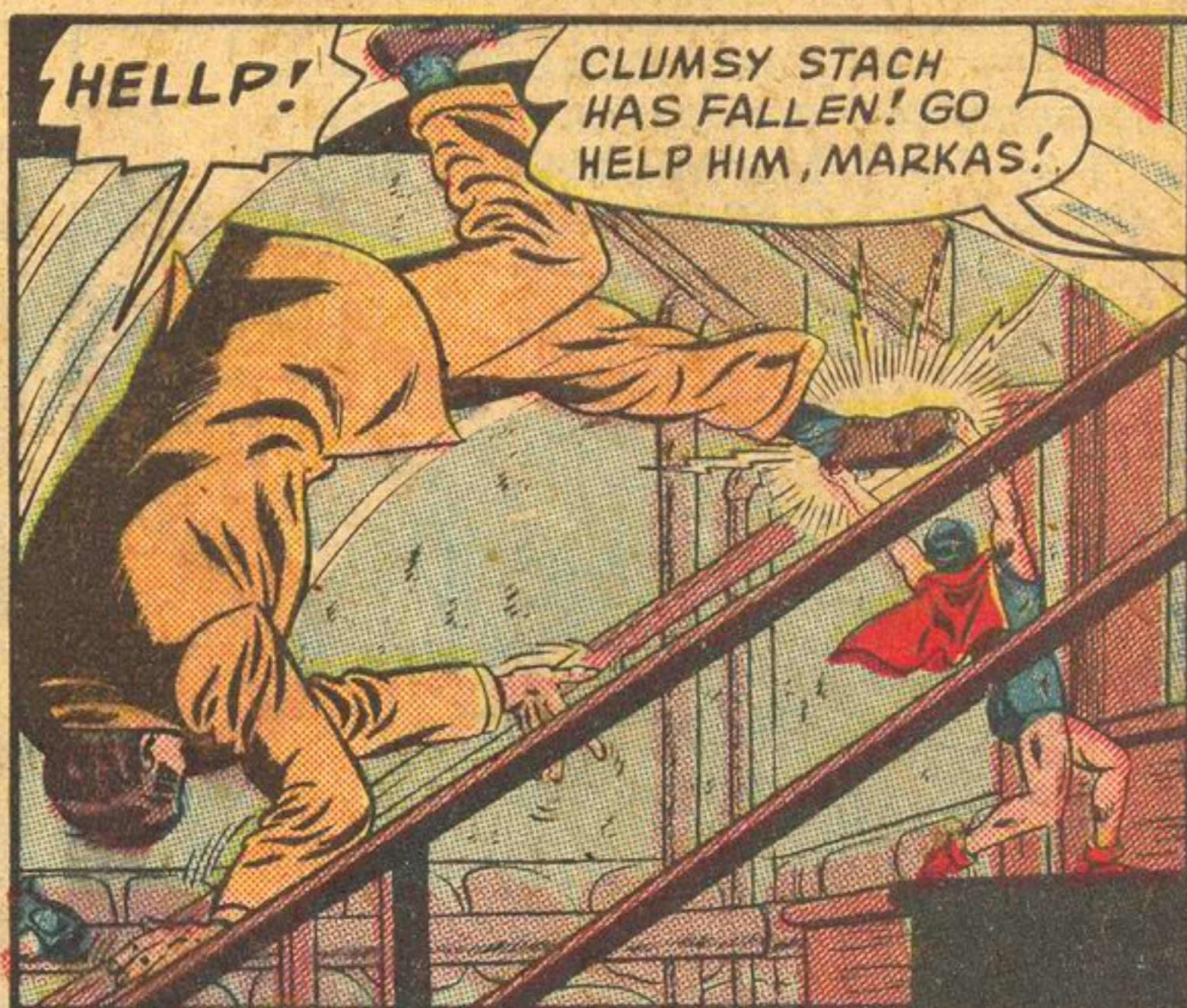
I'M STILL ALIVE... CAN'T STIR... CAN'T SEE... CAN'T BREATHE... BUT...



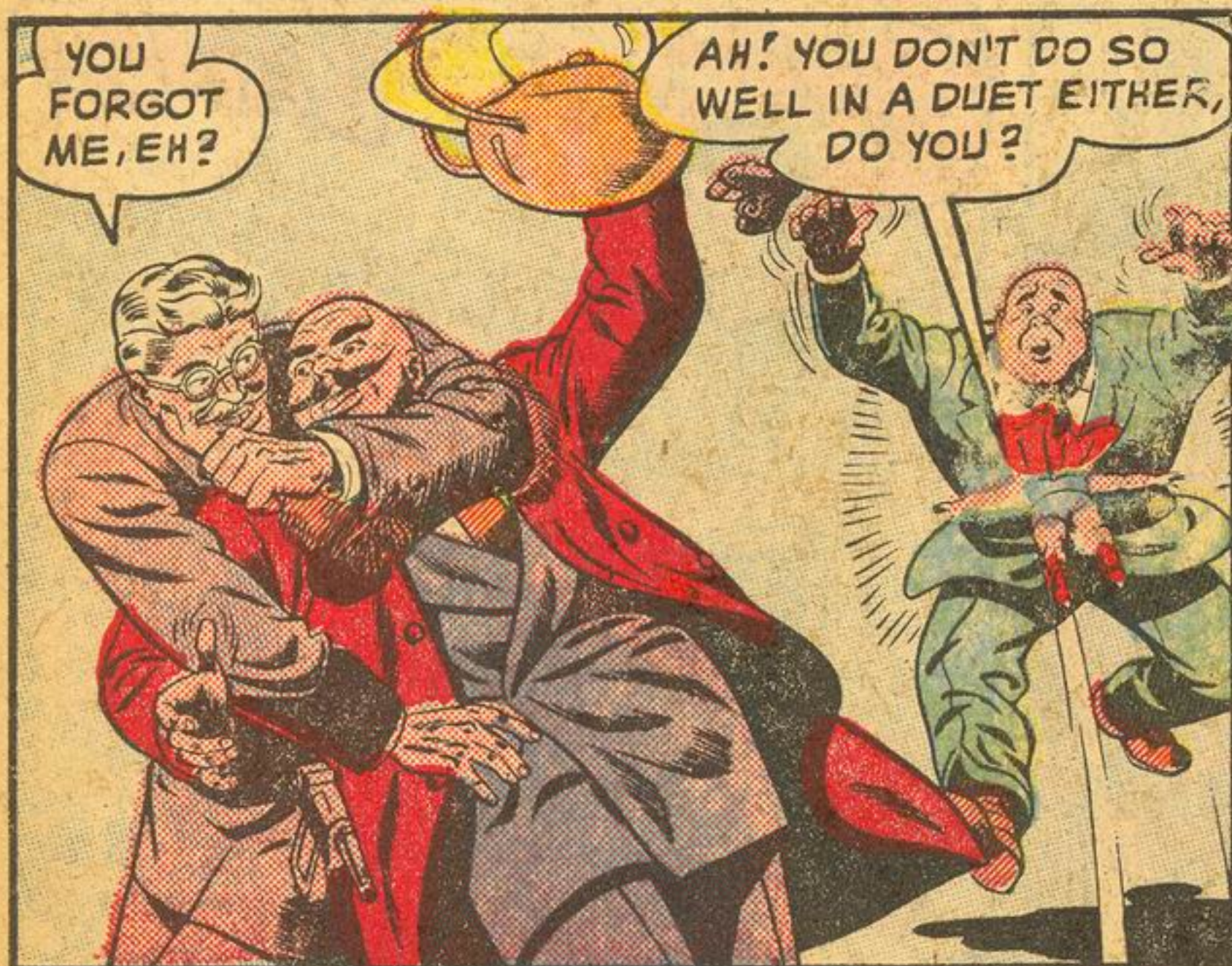
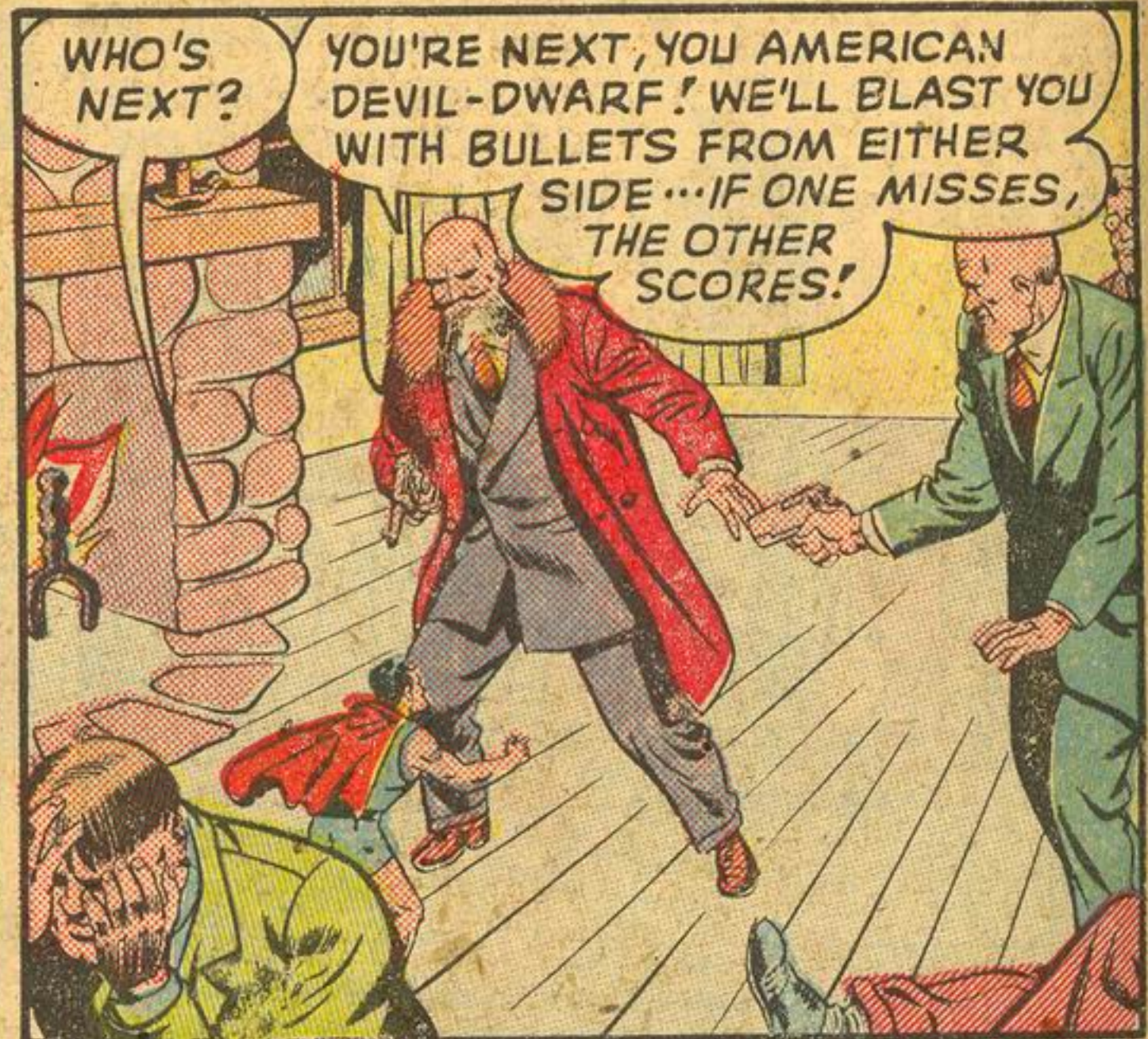
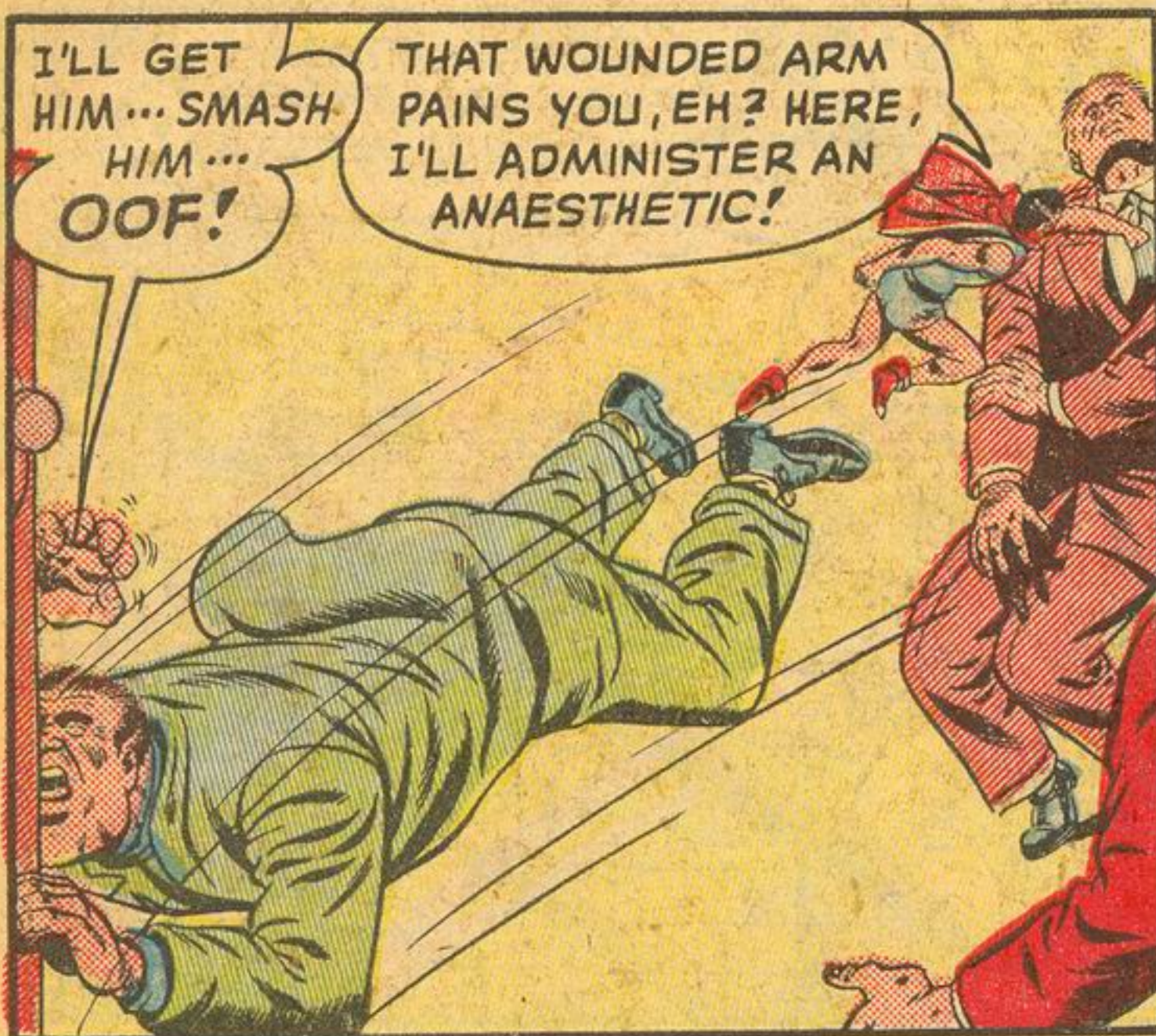
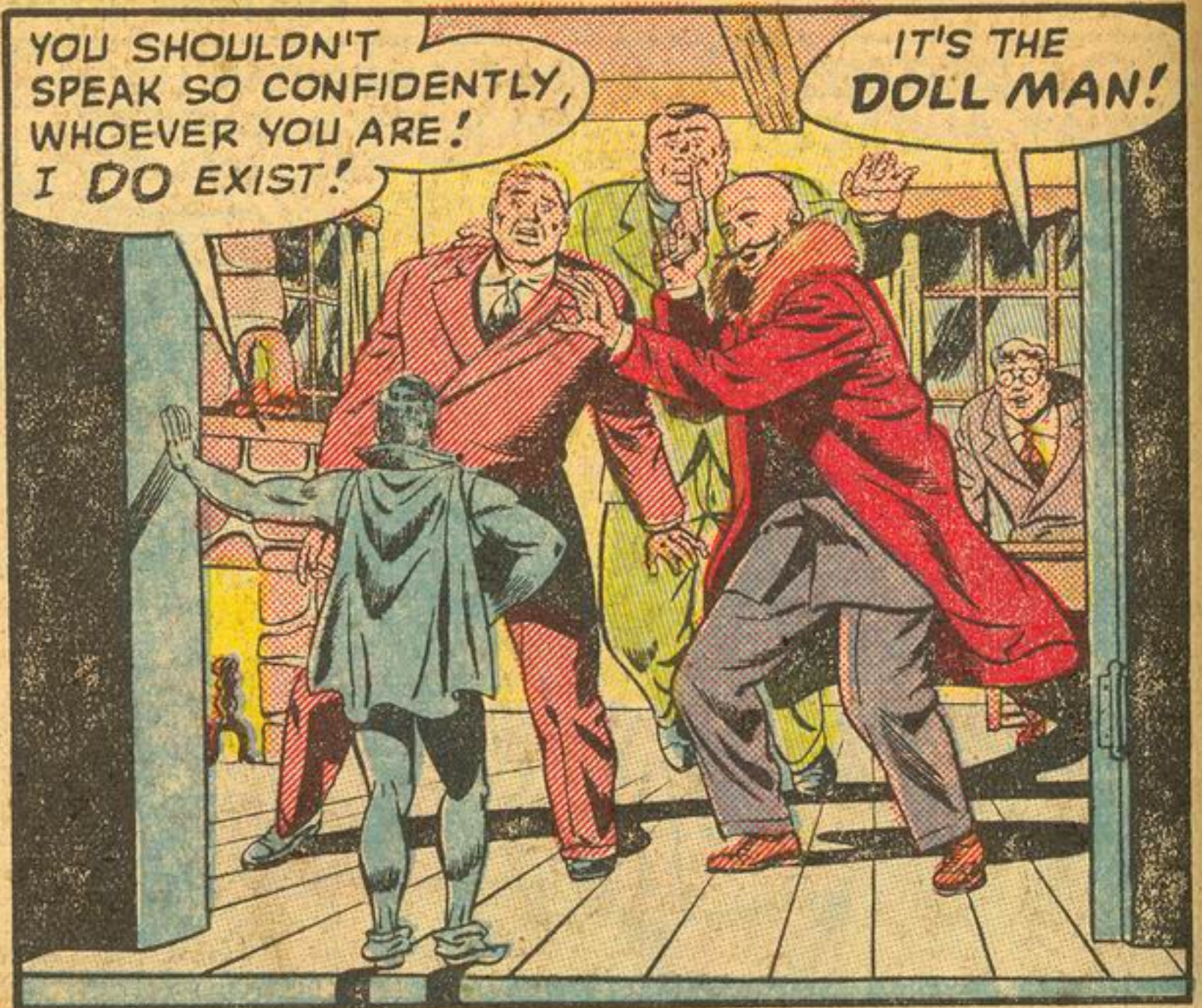
Darrel Dane, in his living tomb, can yet concentrate his mighty will! Stars and planets seem to whirl in their courses...

FEATURE COMICS

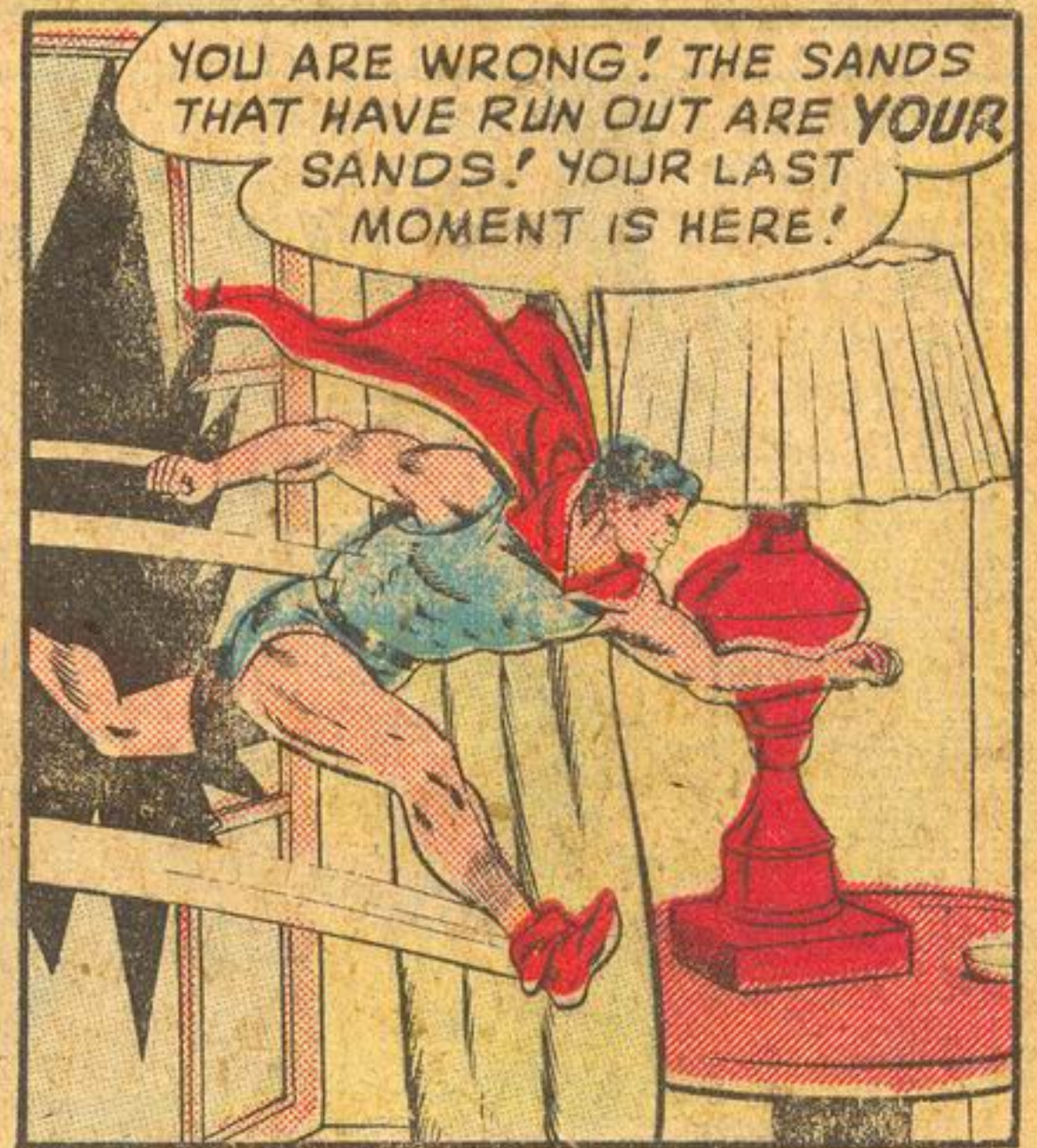
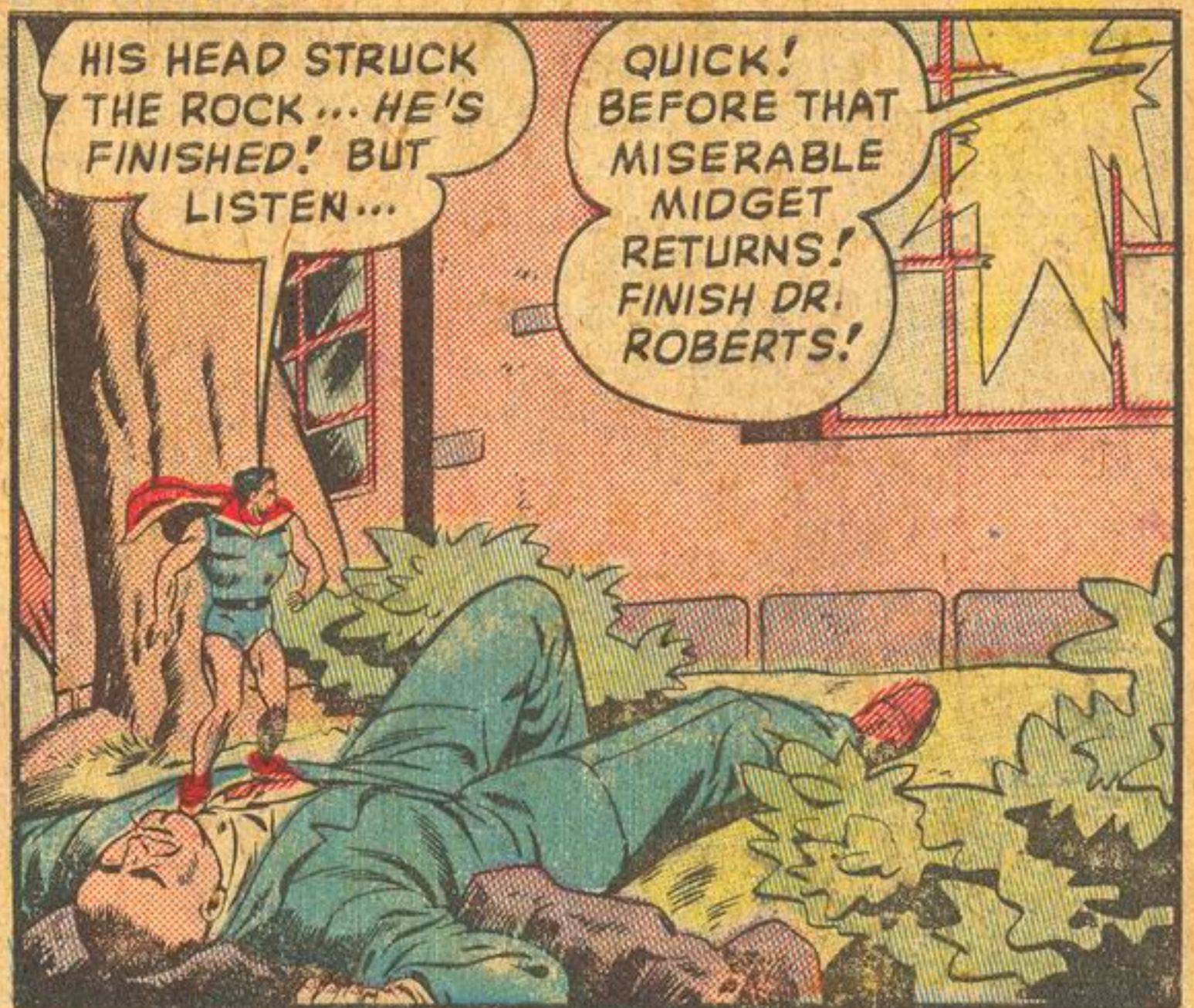




FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

As the Doll Man concentrates his cosmic powers, the universe seems to whirl...



I'M DIZZY...THOSE STARS ARE CLOSE... BLINDING!

And where the Doll Man stood there appears the form of **DARREL DANE!**

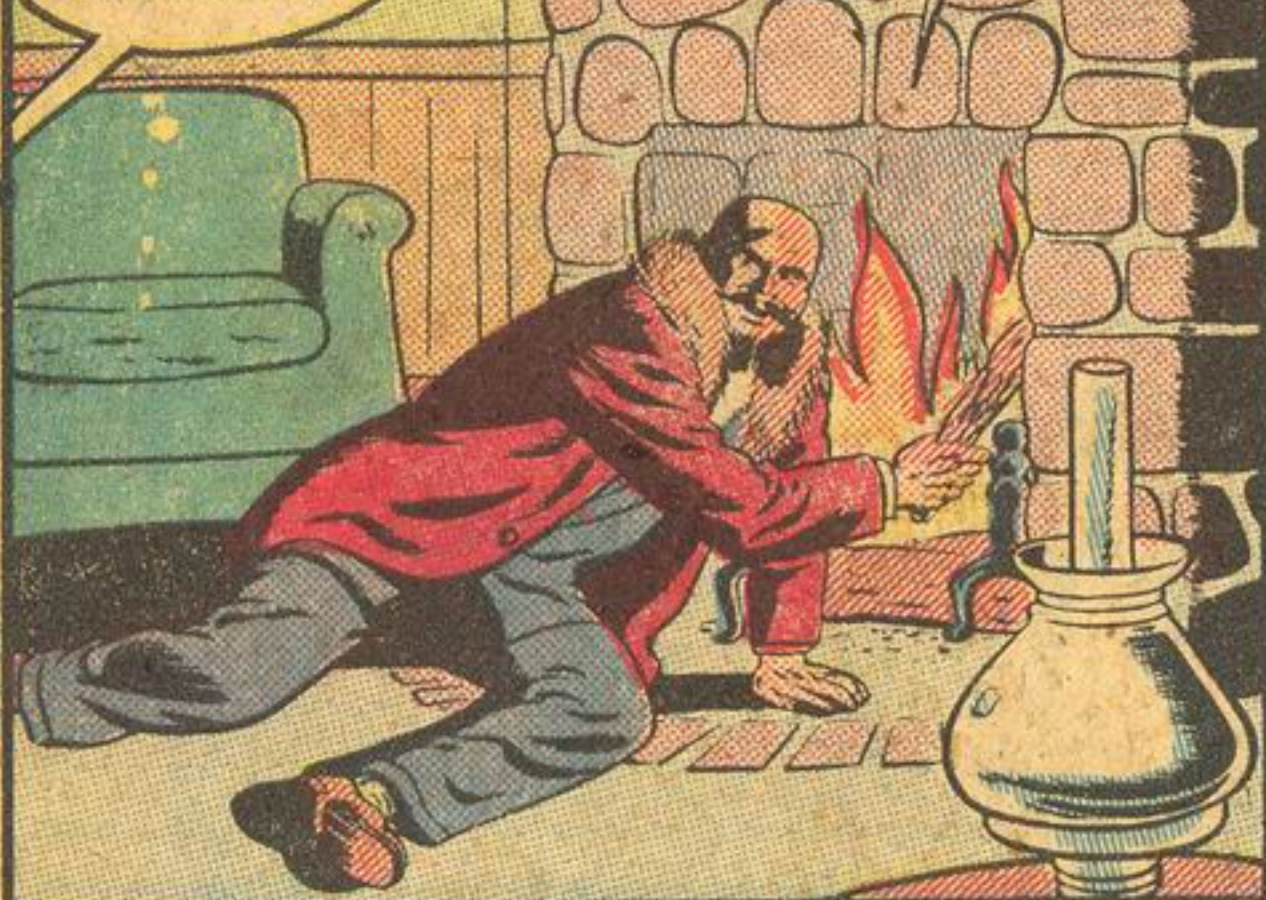
YOUR NAME'S VLAD, EH? WELL, VLAD, DO YOU KNOW ME?



IT'S... NO! I STRUCK HIM DOWN AND **BURIED HIM DEEP!**



HIS GHOST RETURNS TO HAUNT ME! I REPENT MY EVIL WAYS! MERCY!



STOP THAT STUPID BAWLING, VLAD! I'LL FINISH HIM!

THIS BURNING BRAND WILL BANISH HIM!



HE'S A GHOST, I SAY! EXCELLENCY, TAKE CARE! HE WILL HAUNT US TO THE END OF OUR DAYS!



OUT OF MY WAY!



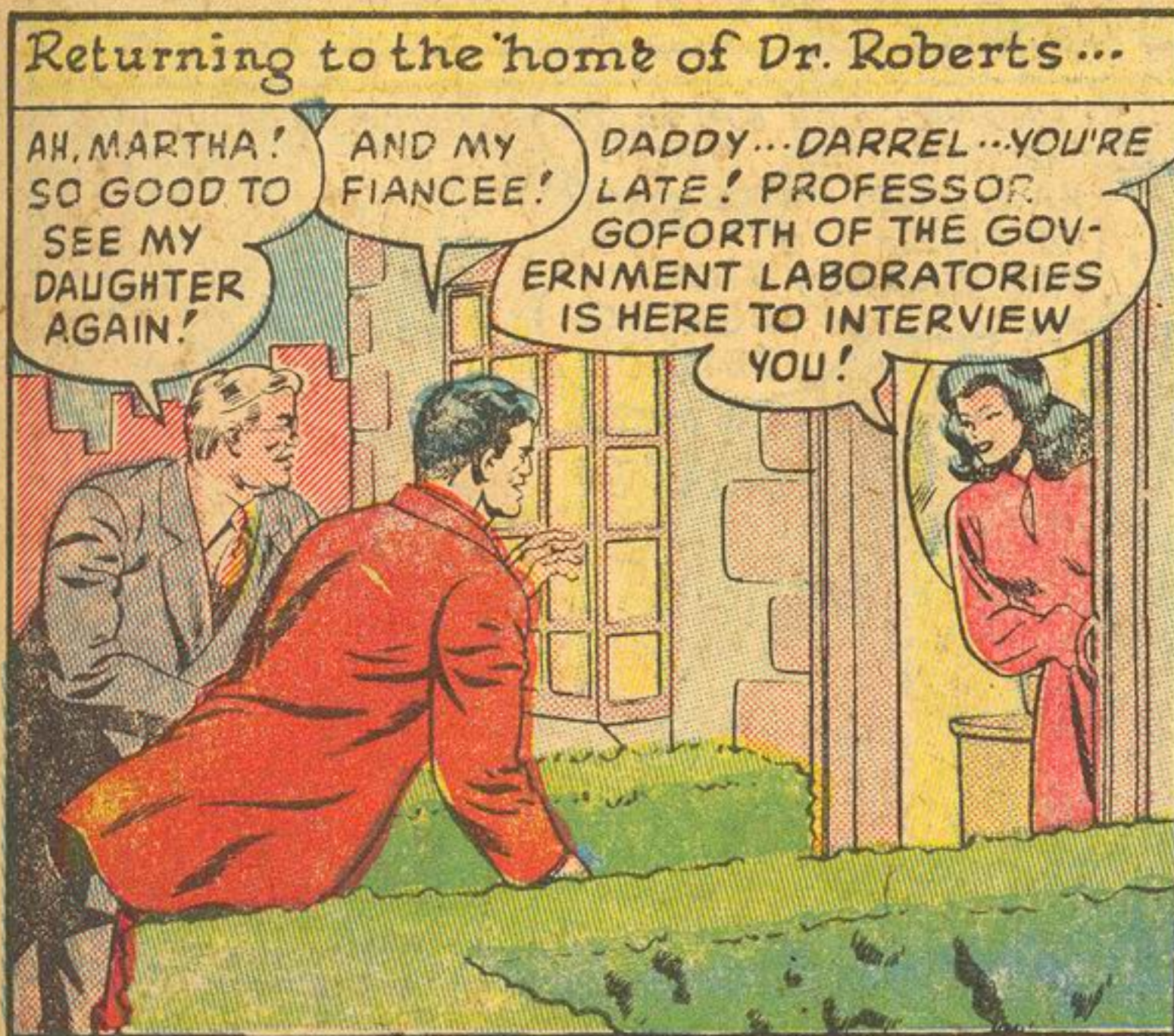
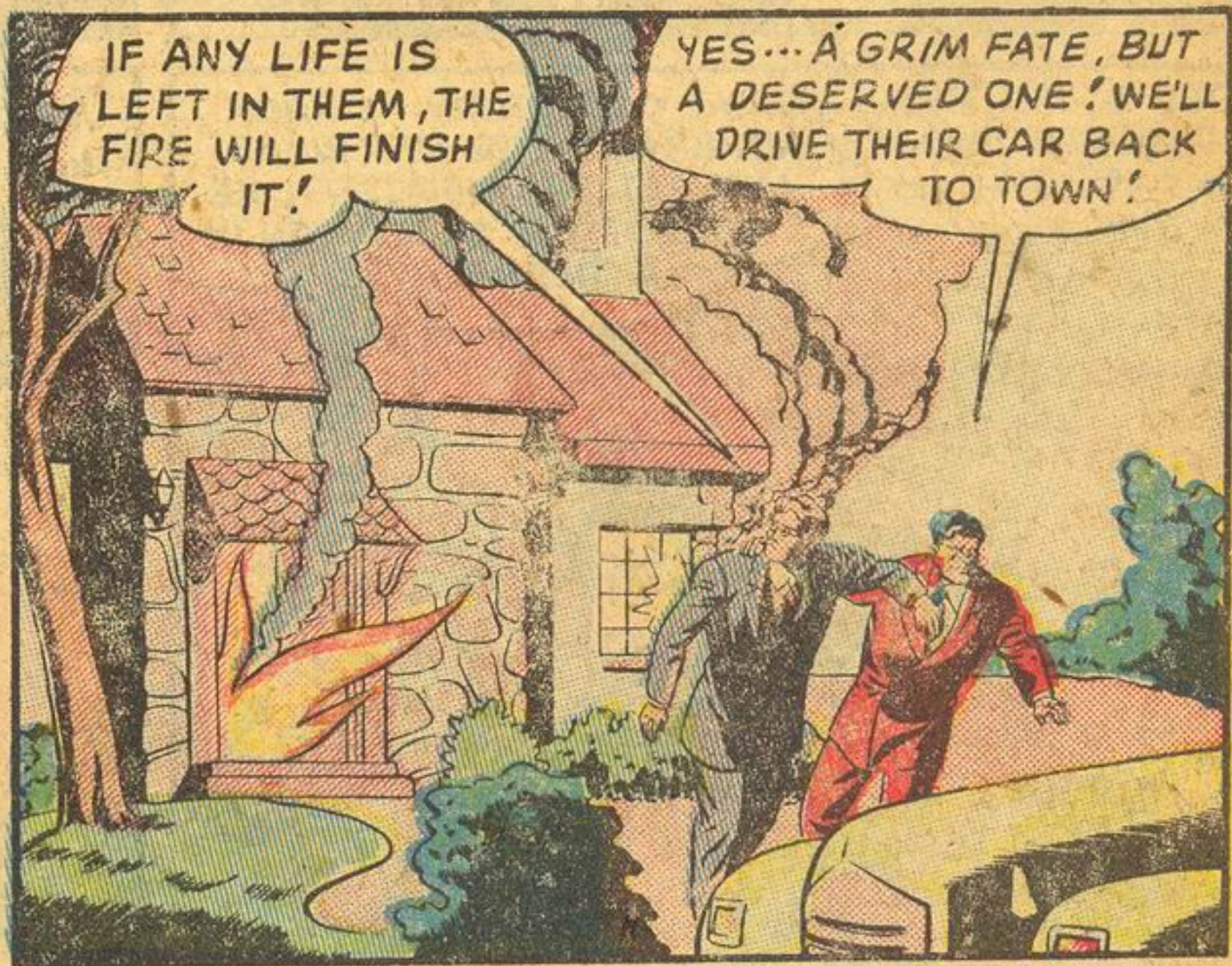
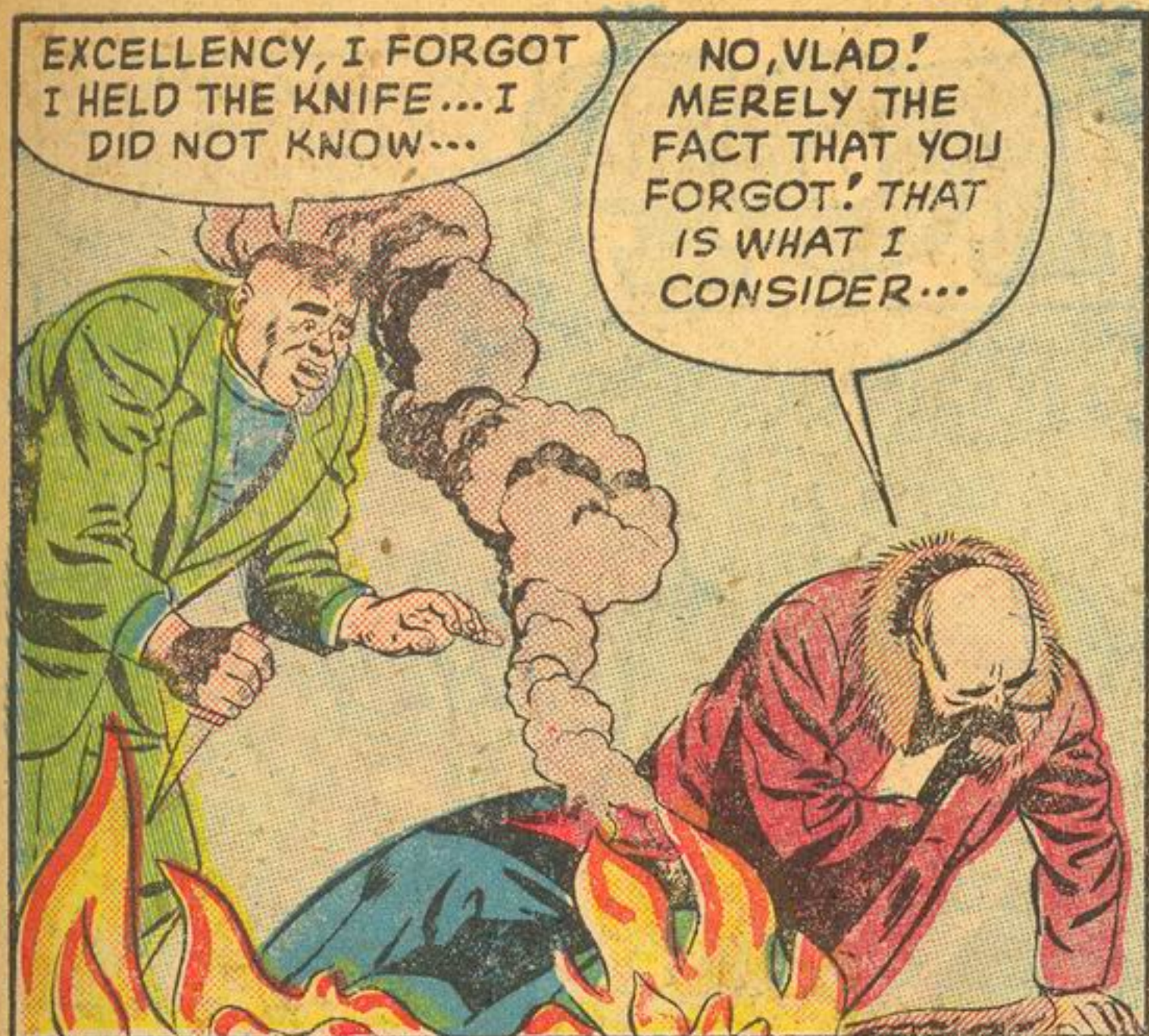
THAT WILL BE THE END OF ALL YOUR ROTTEN WAYS! FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

I SAY IT'S **MADNESS** TO FIGHT **GHOSTS!**

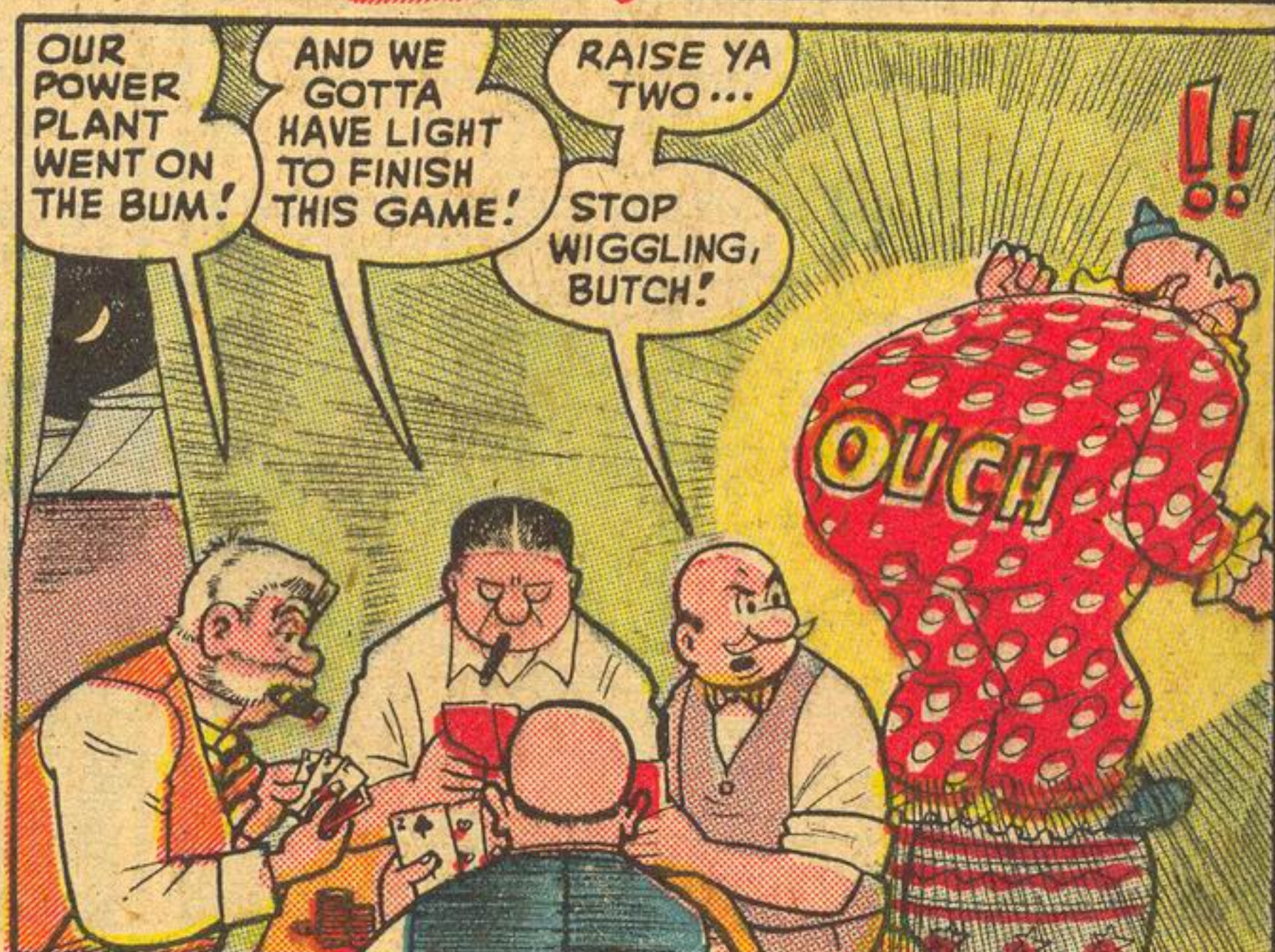
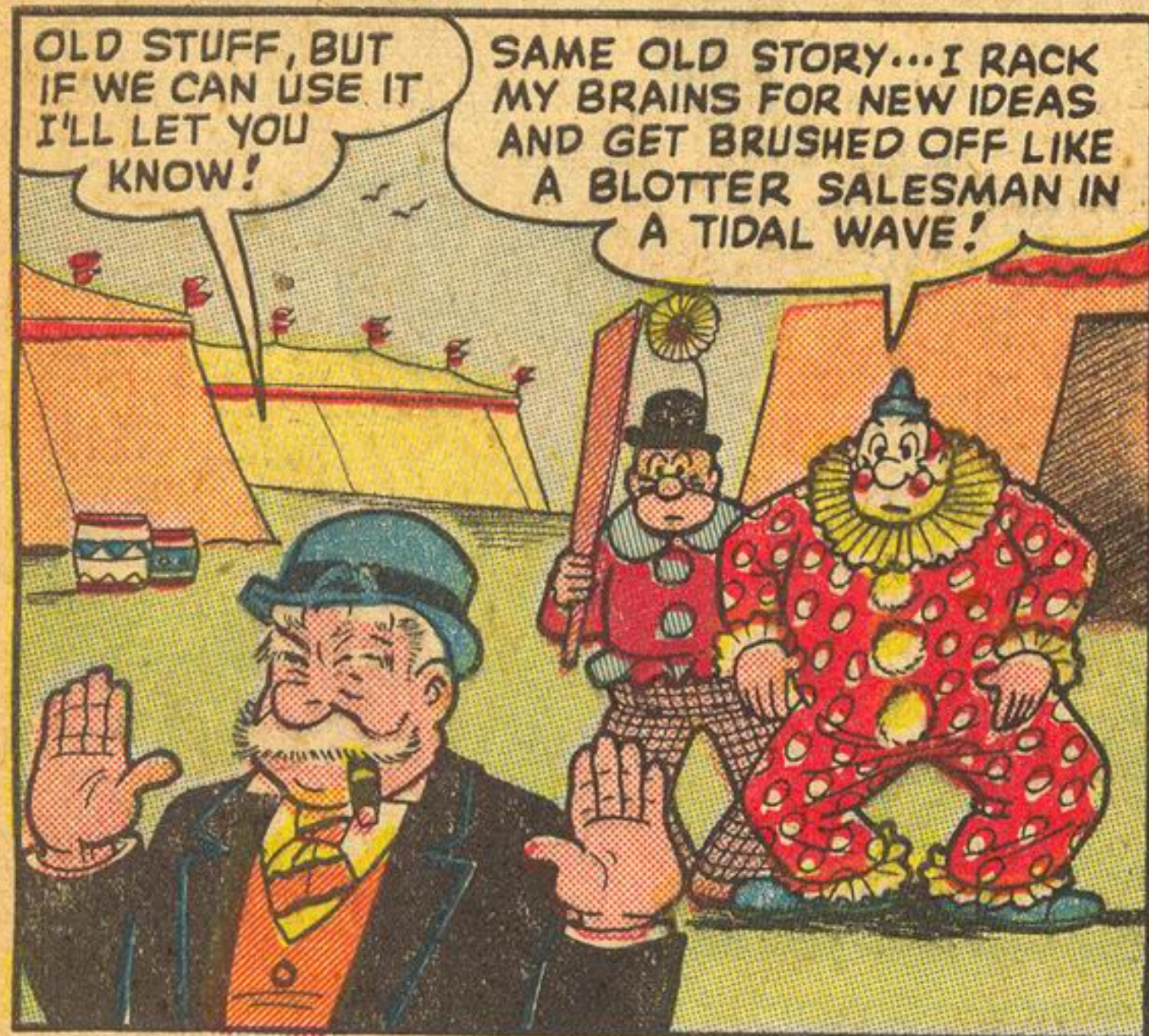
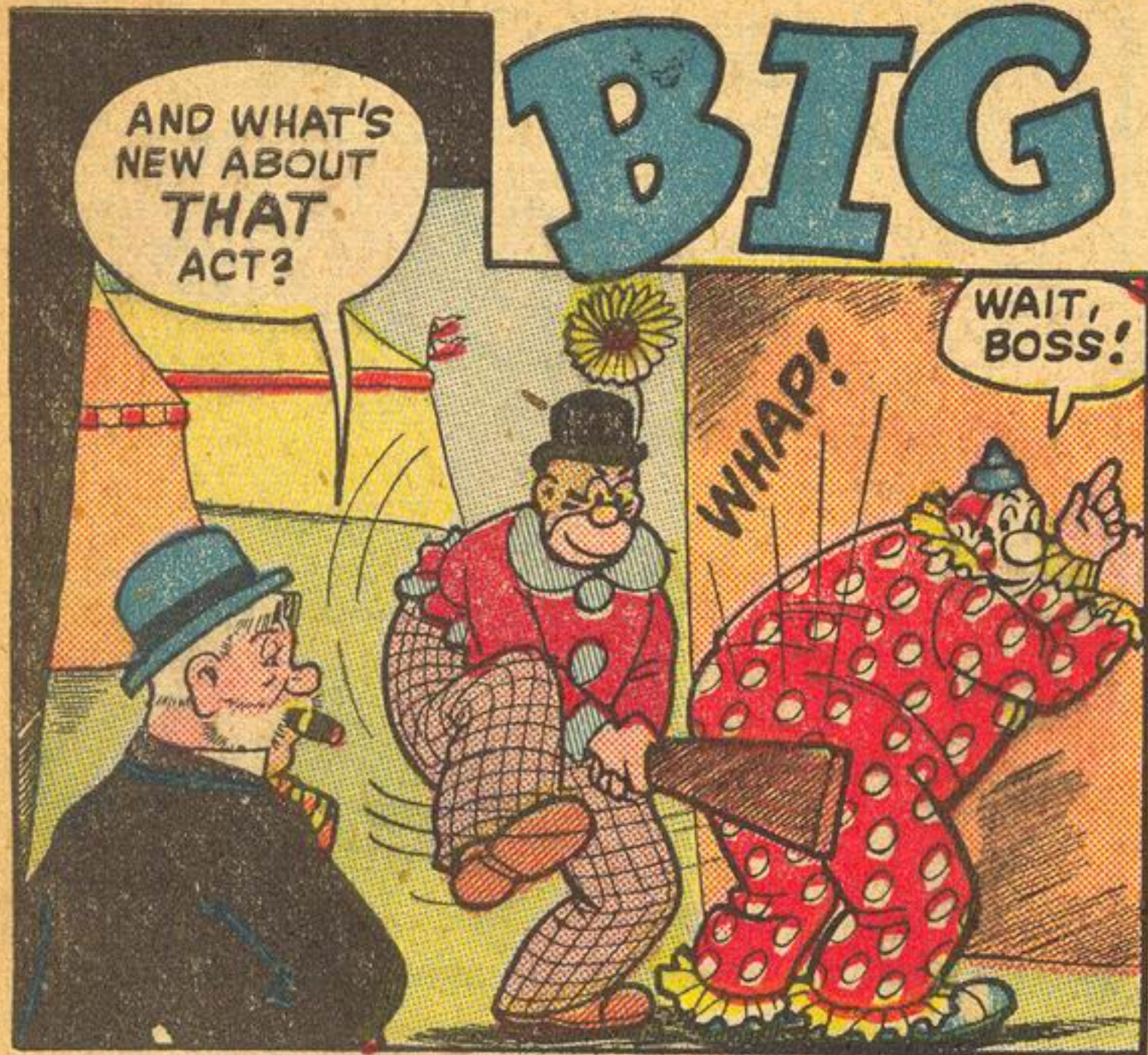


YOU'VE KILLED ME!

FEATURE COMICS

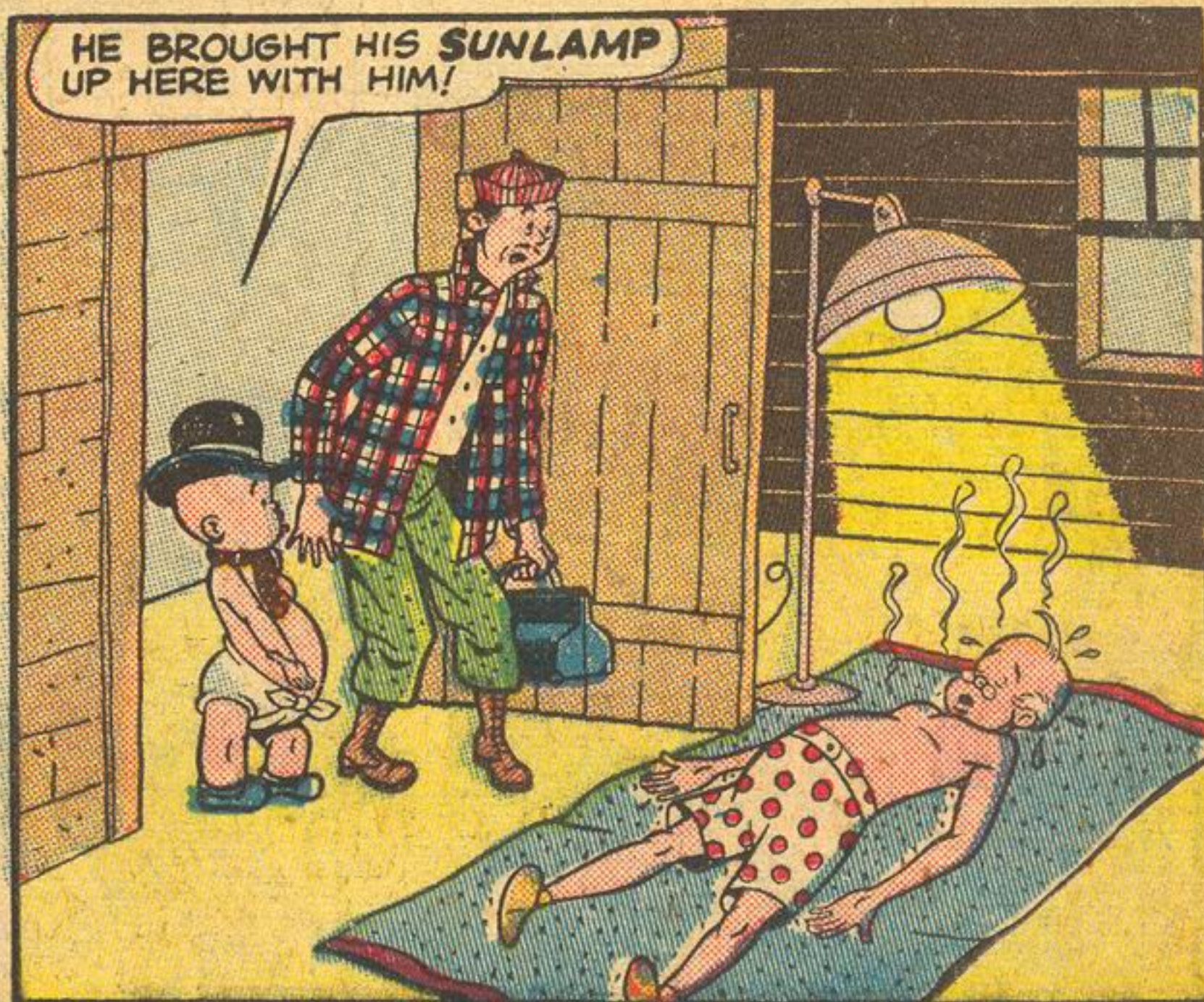
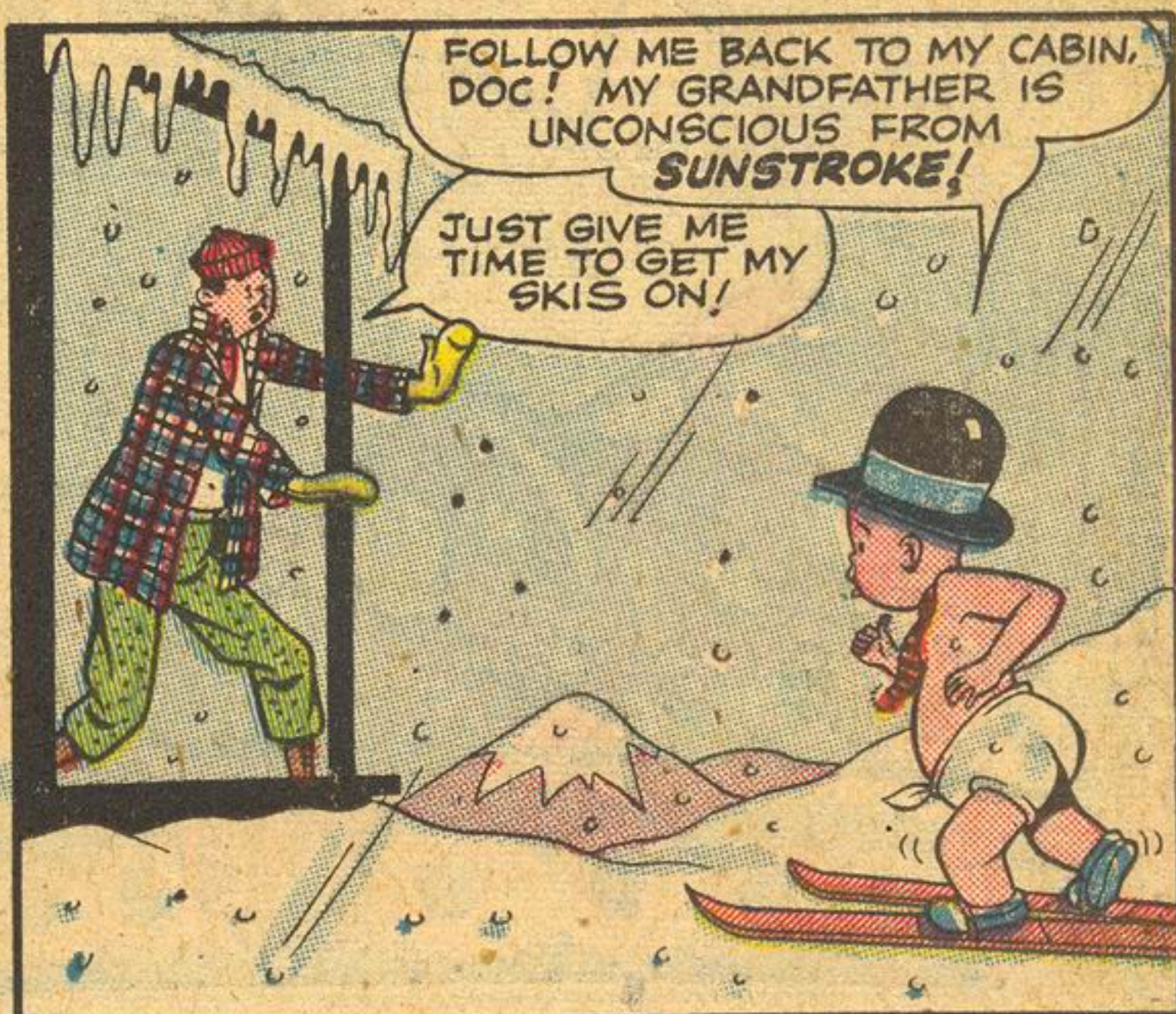
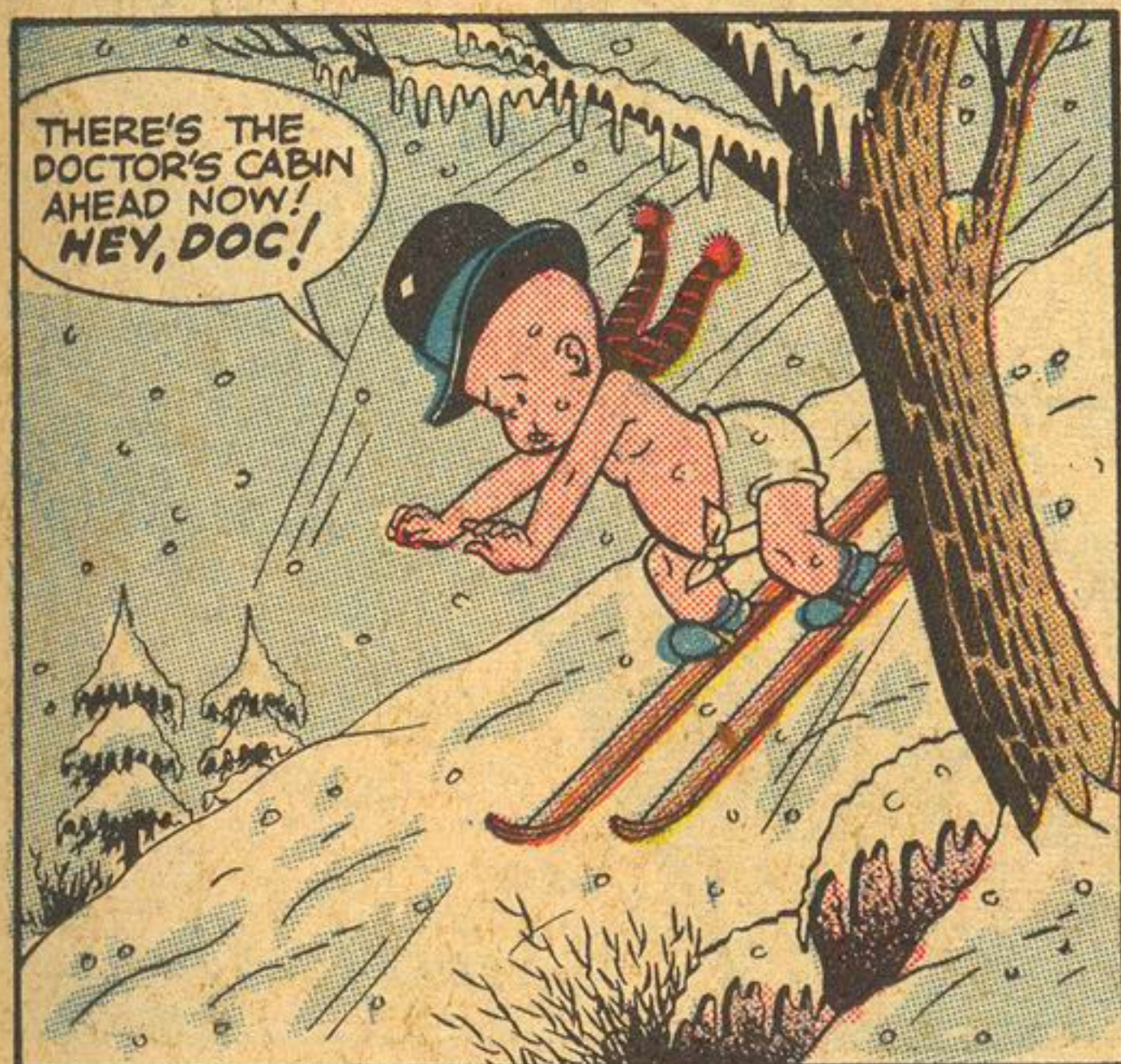
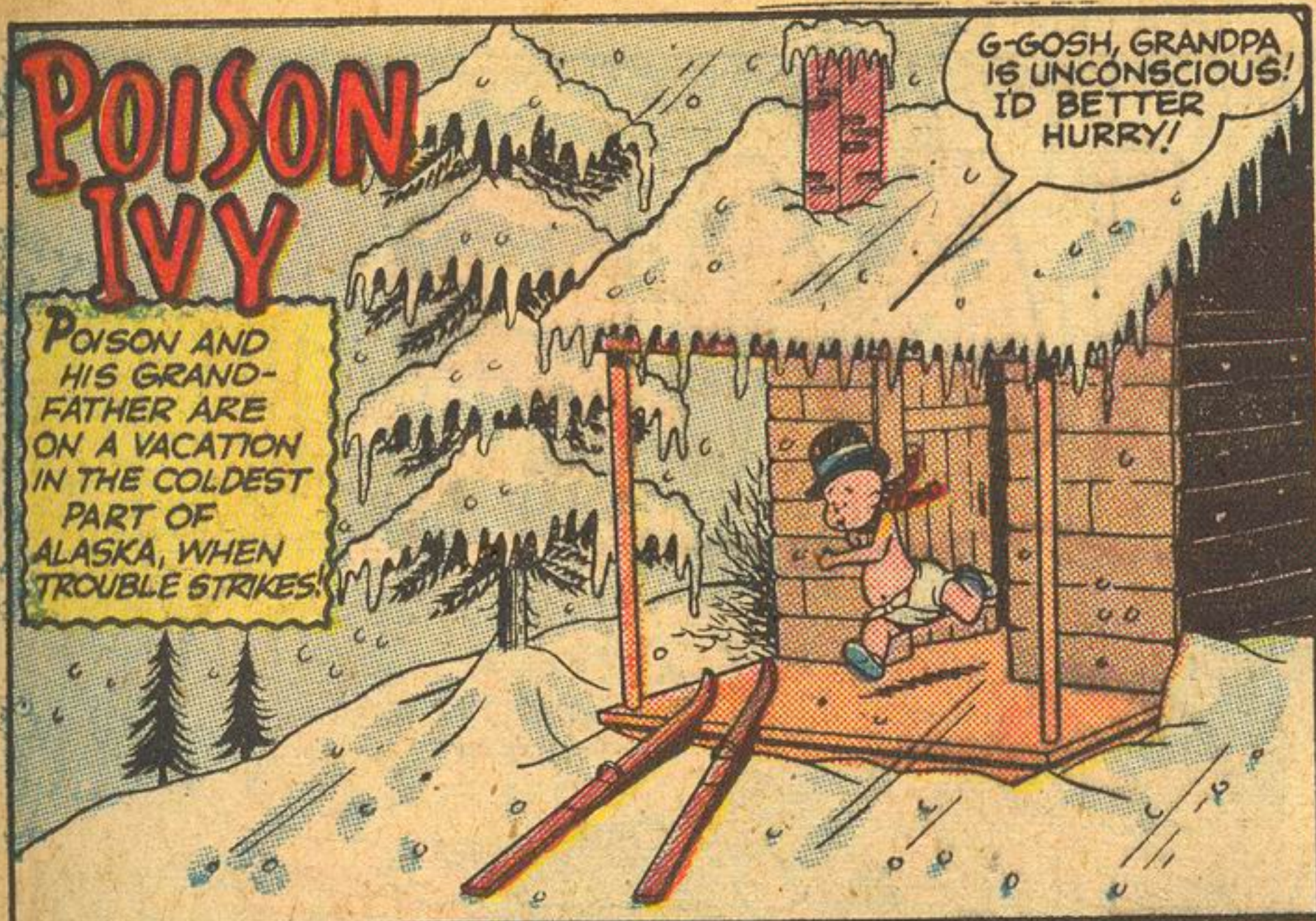


BIG TOP



POISON IVY

POISON AND HIS GRANDFATHER ARE ON A VACATION IN THE COLDEST PART OF ALASKA, WHEN TROUBLE STRIKES!



BLIMPY

TELL ME, O MIGHTY
CRYSTAL BALL,
WHAT DOES THE
FUTURE HOLD IN
STORE FOR **ME?**

DON'T ASK FOOLISH
QUESTIONS, BLIMPY!
YOU'LL GET INTO
TROUBLE AS
USUAL!

**FORTUNES
TOLD AT
BARGAIN
PRICES!**
FIVE 'BUCKS
for EACH
YEAR INTO THE
FUTURE!

Scene: a criminal hideout...

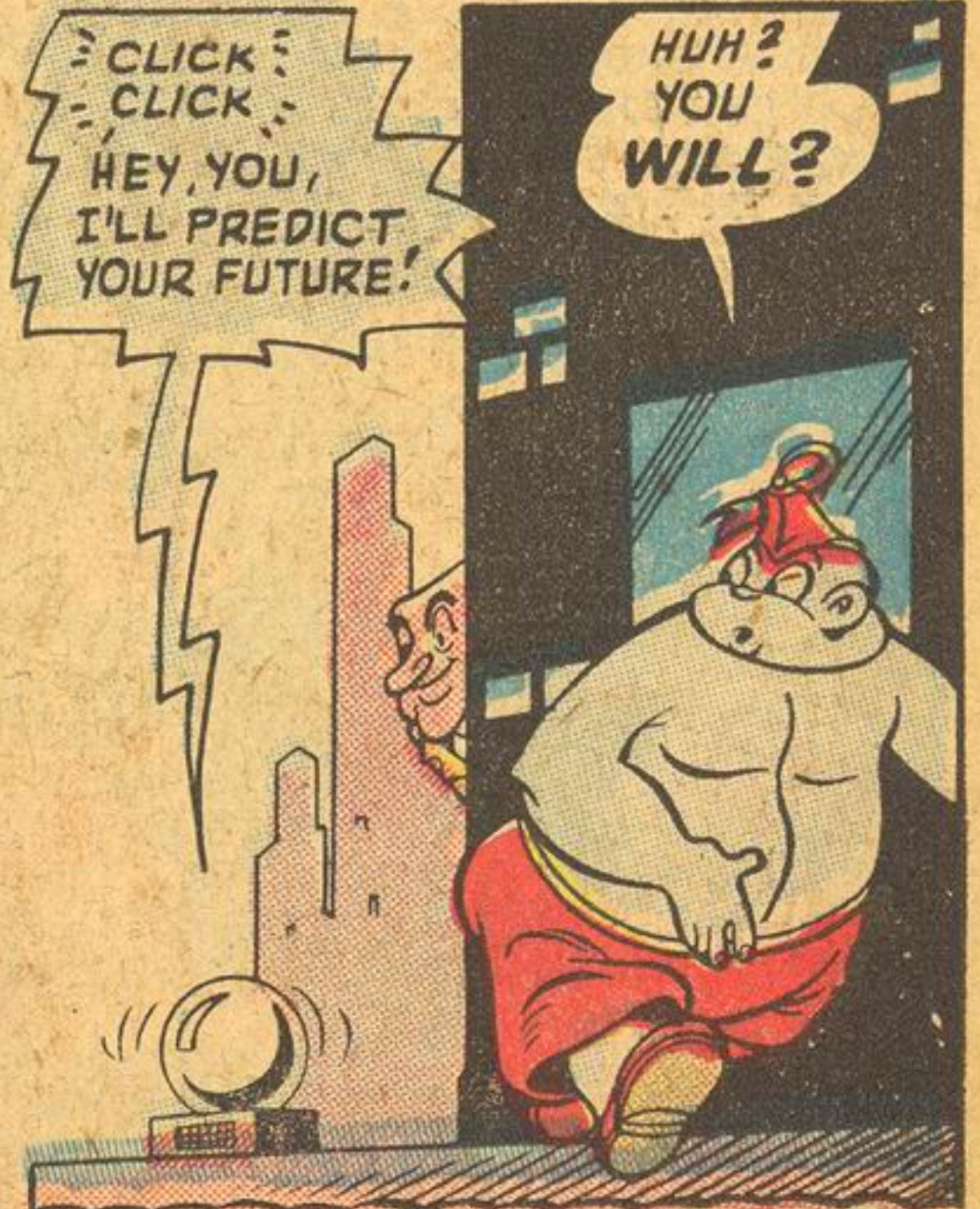
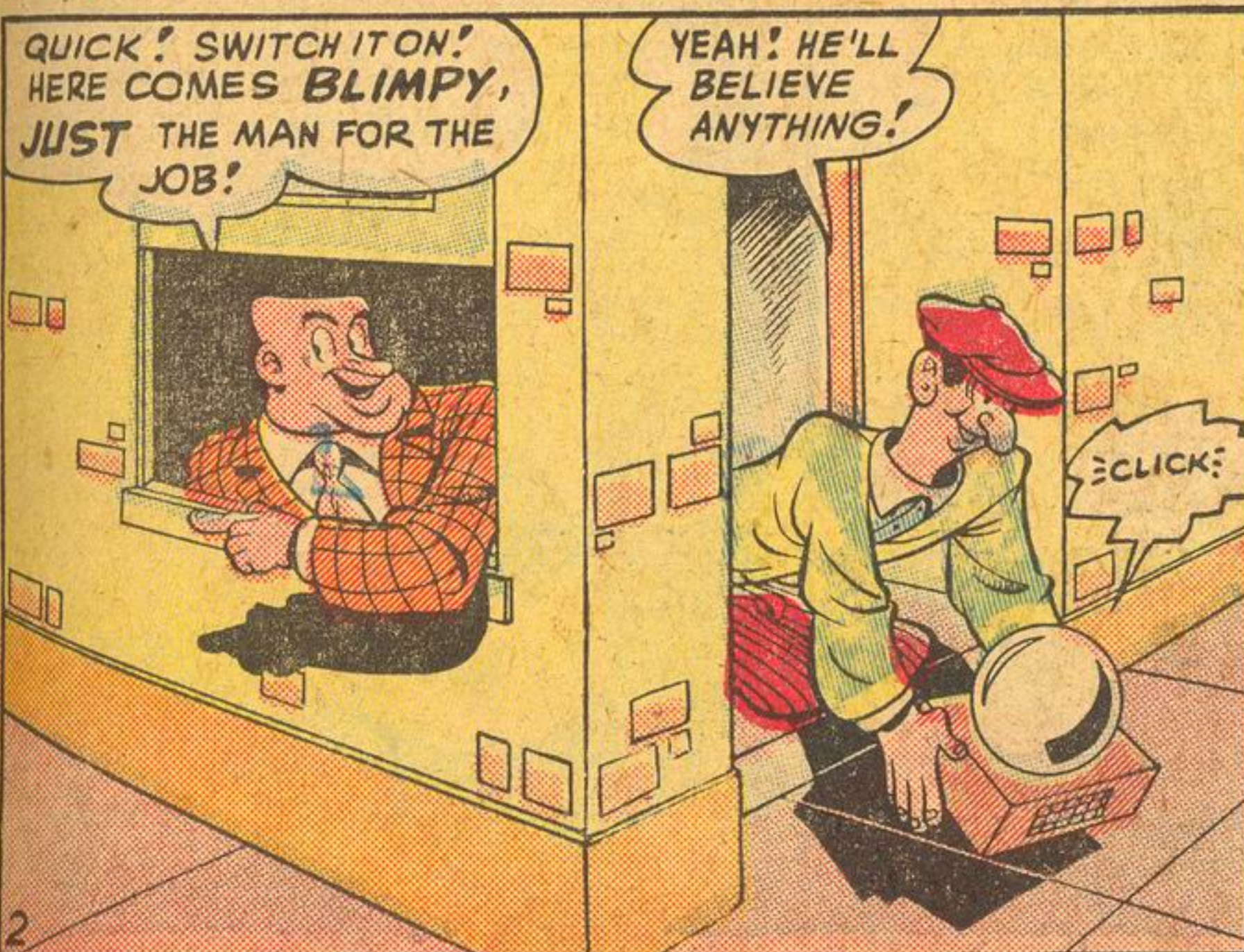
YEP, LOUIE! WHAT CRIME NEEDS IS
A NEW LOOK...A DIFFERENT
APPROACH! THAT'S WHY I HAD
THIS **CRYSTAL BALL**
BUILT!

HOW DOES
IT WORK,
BOSS?

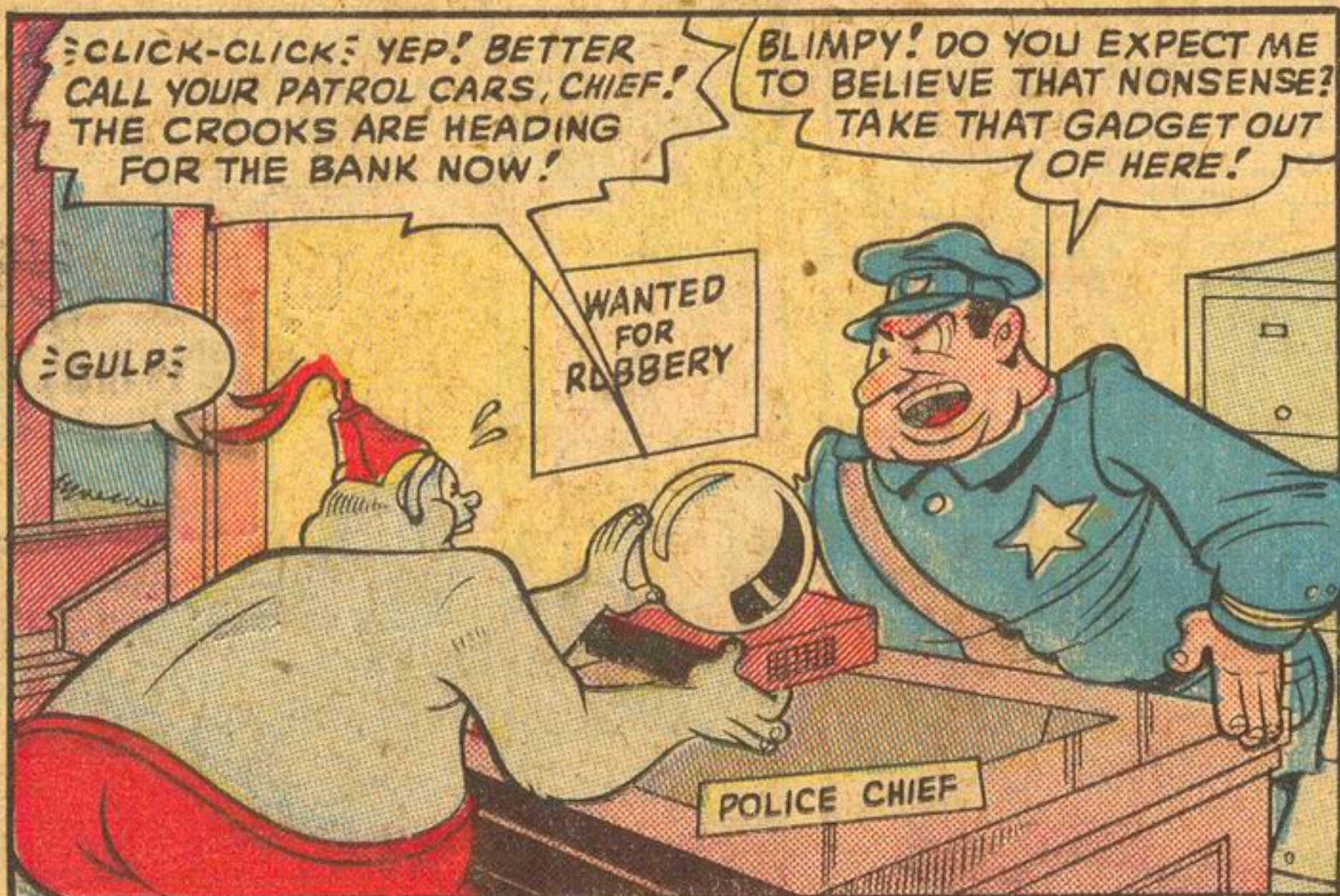
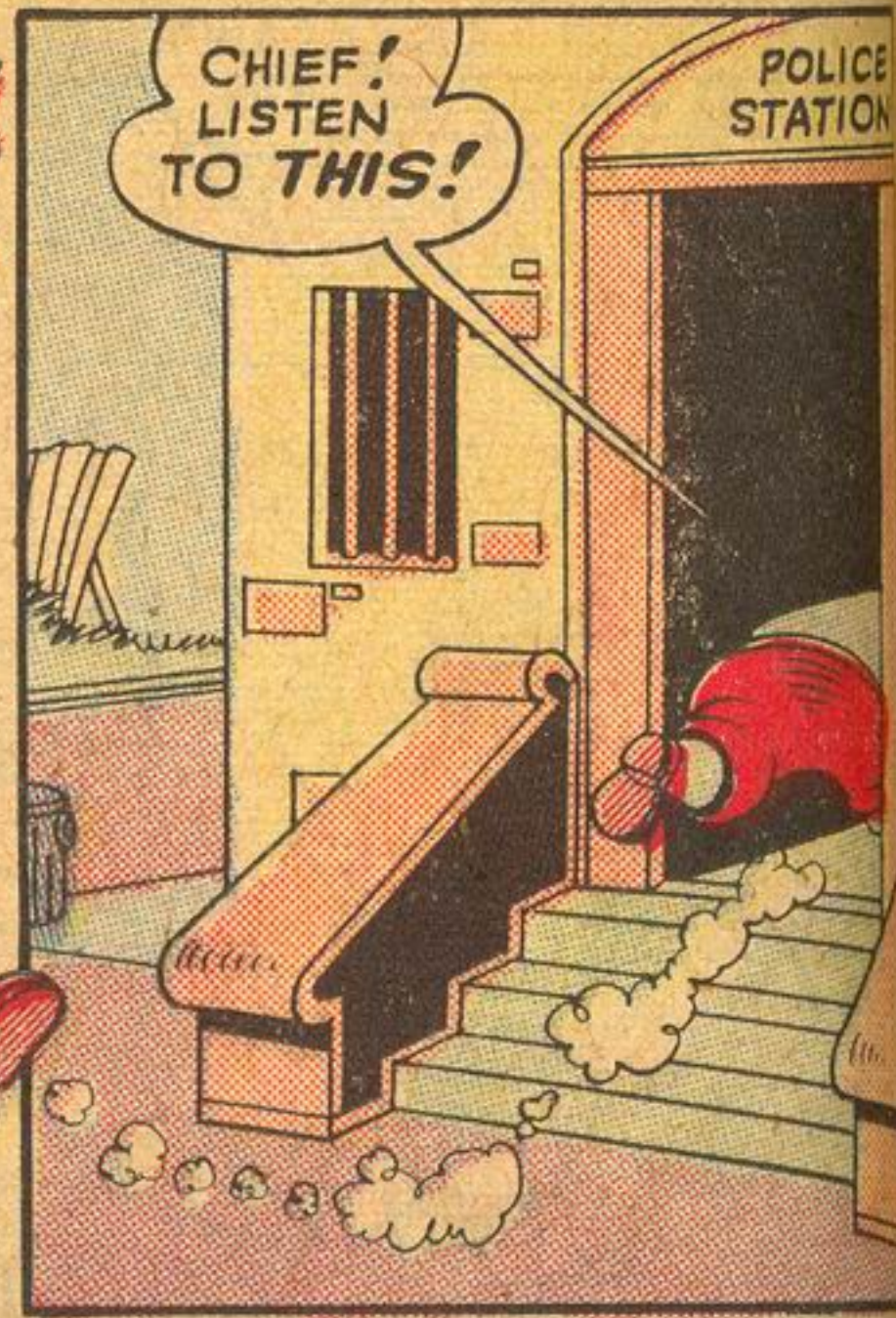
SIMPLE! THERE'S A
HIDDEN PHONOGRAPH
WITH A RECORDED
MESSAGE!
LISTEN!

CLICK! CLICK!
ATTENTION, ALL
COPS! I SEE THE
FUTURE! AT ONE
P.M. SOME CROOKS
WILL BLOW THE
FIRST NATIONAL
BANK VAULT!

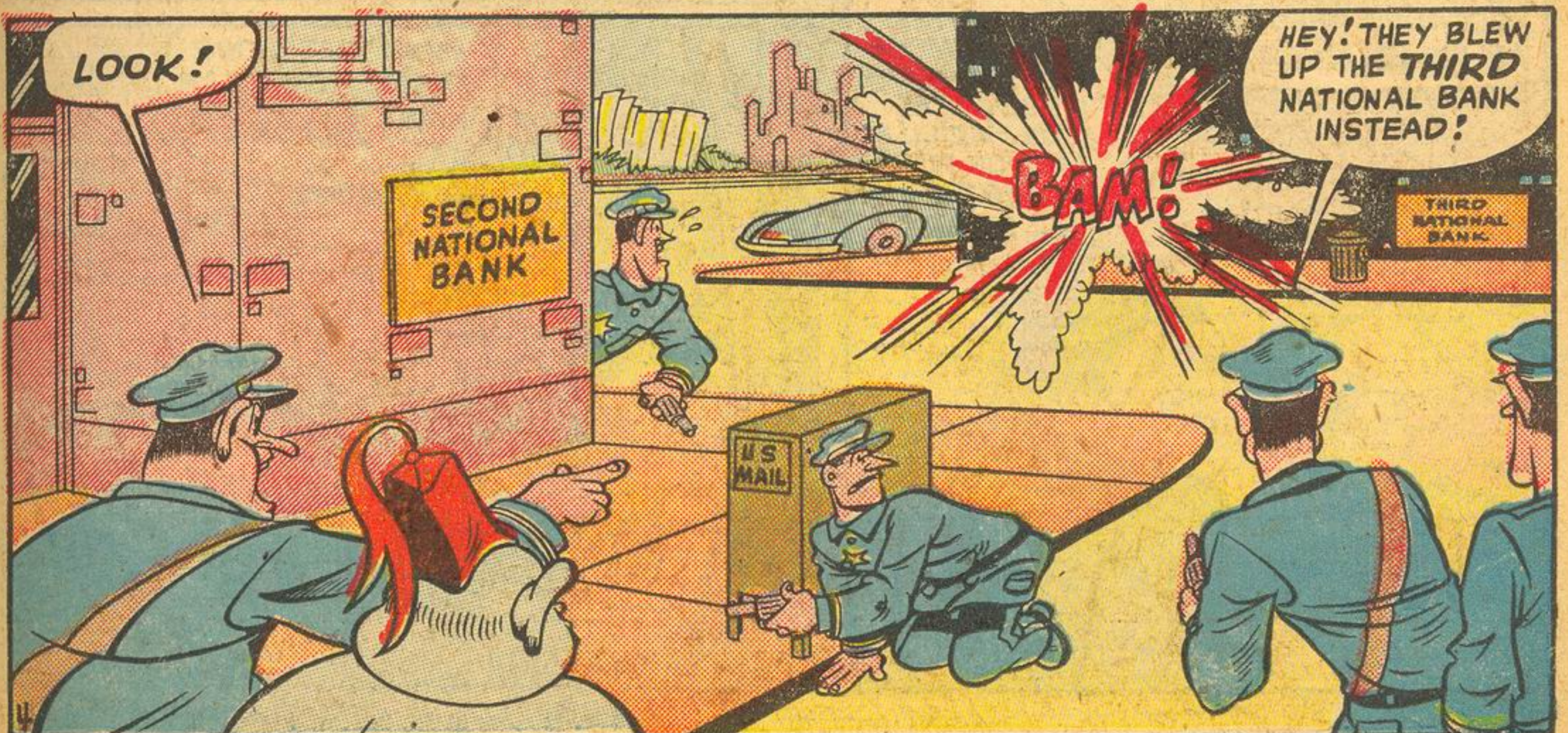
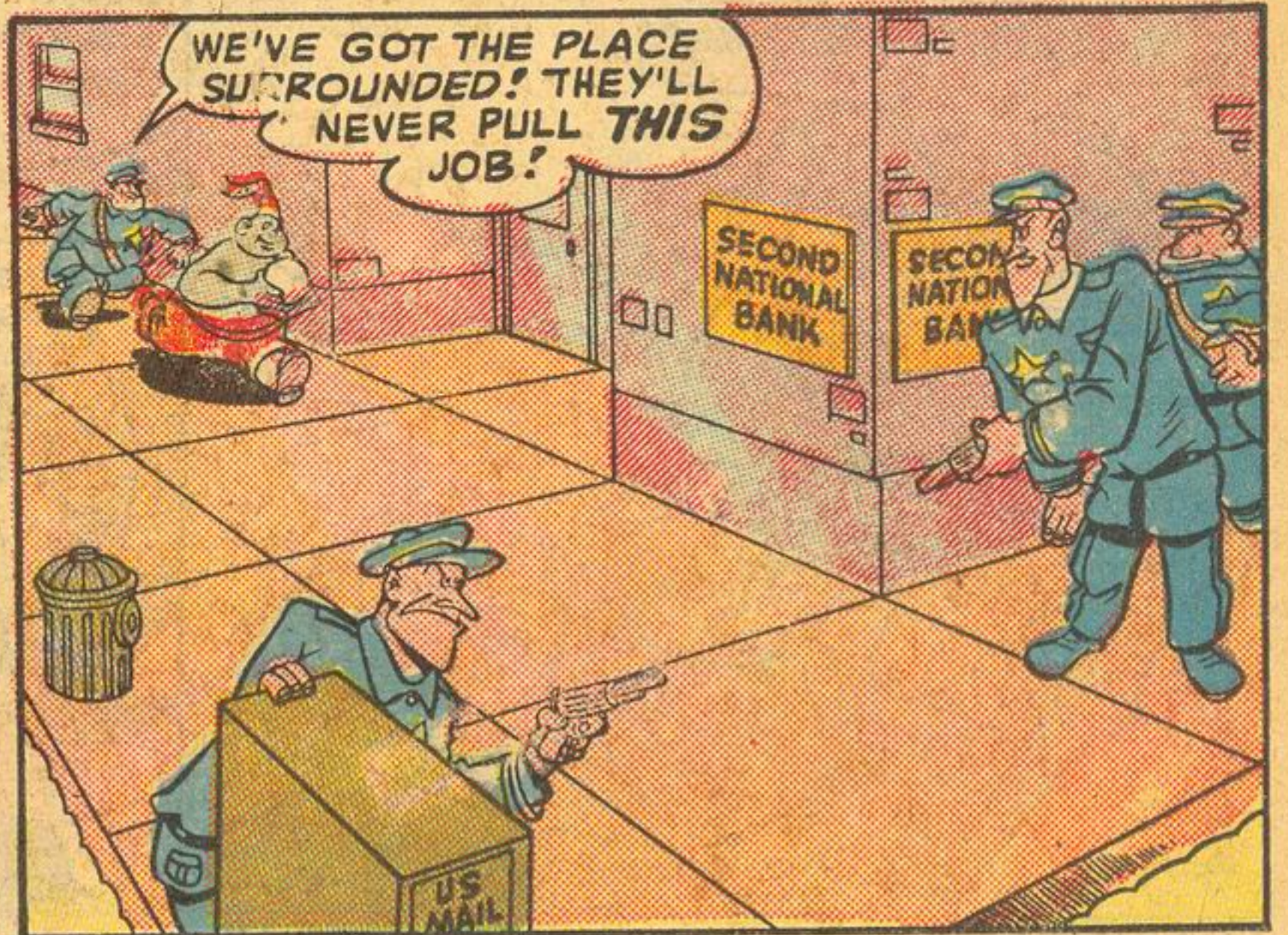
FEATURE COMICS



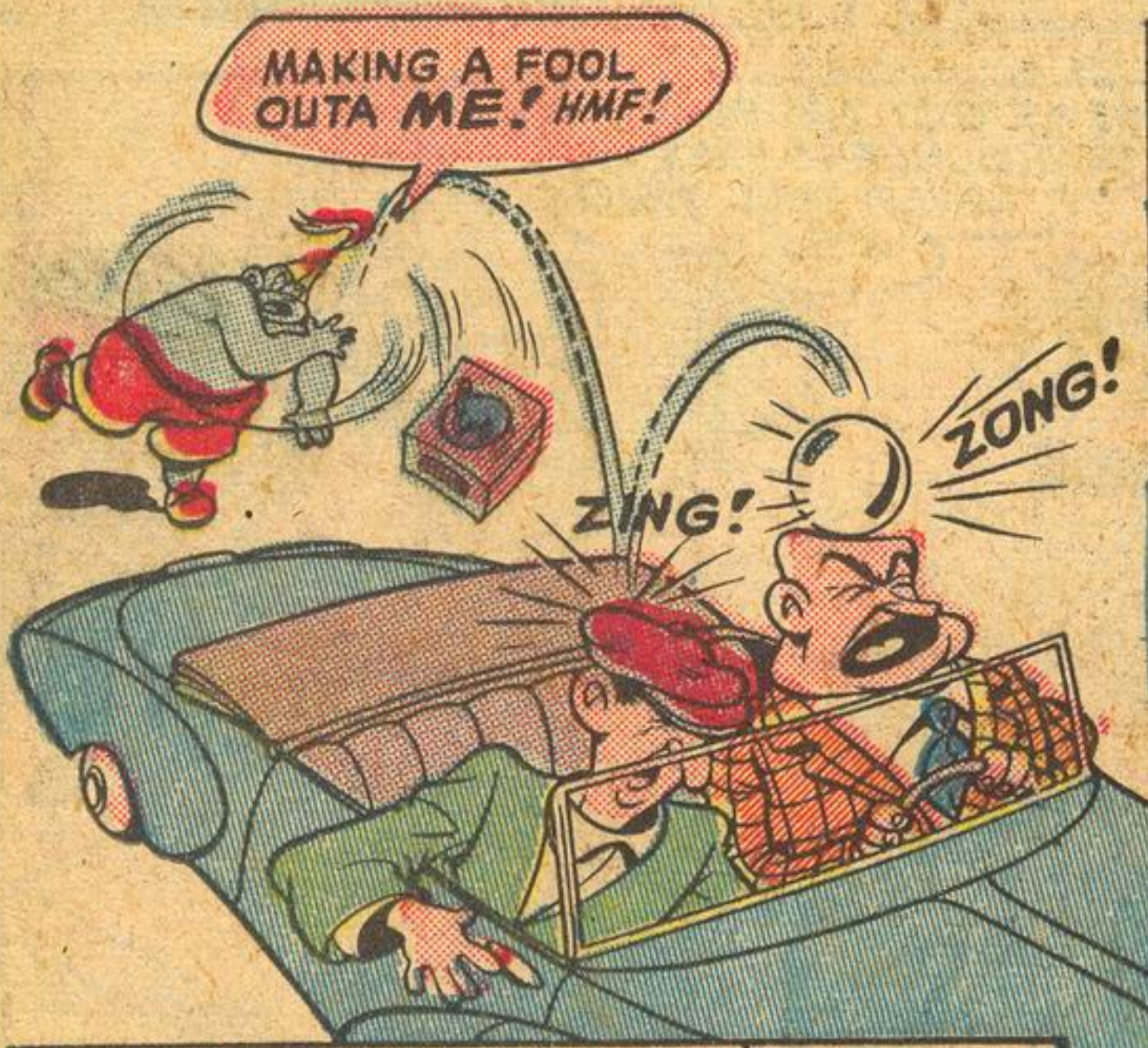
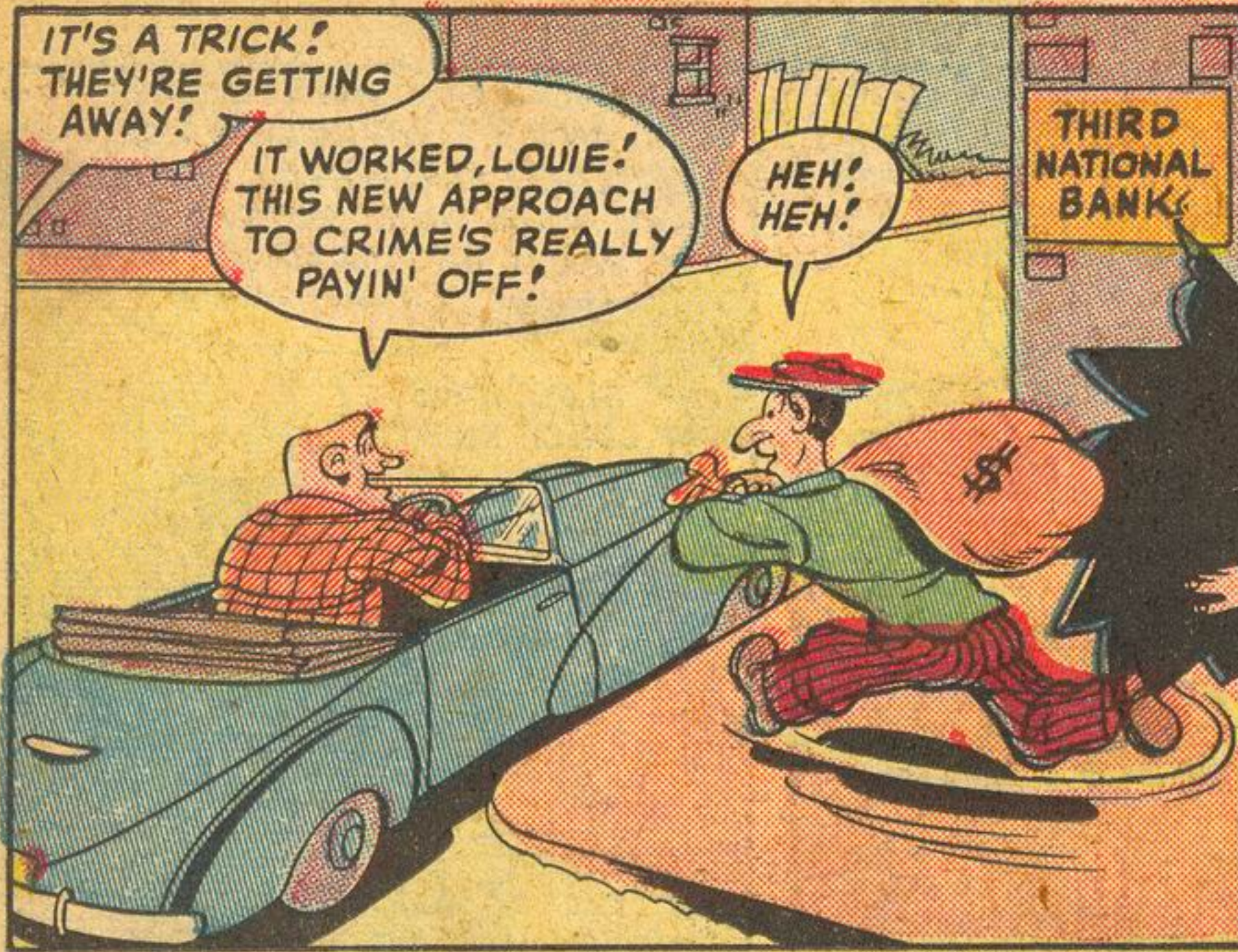
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

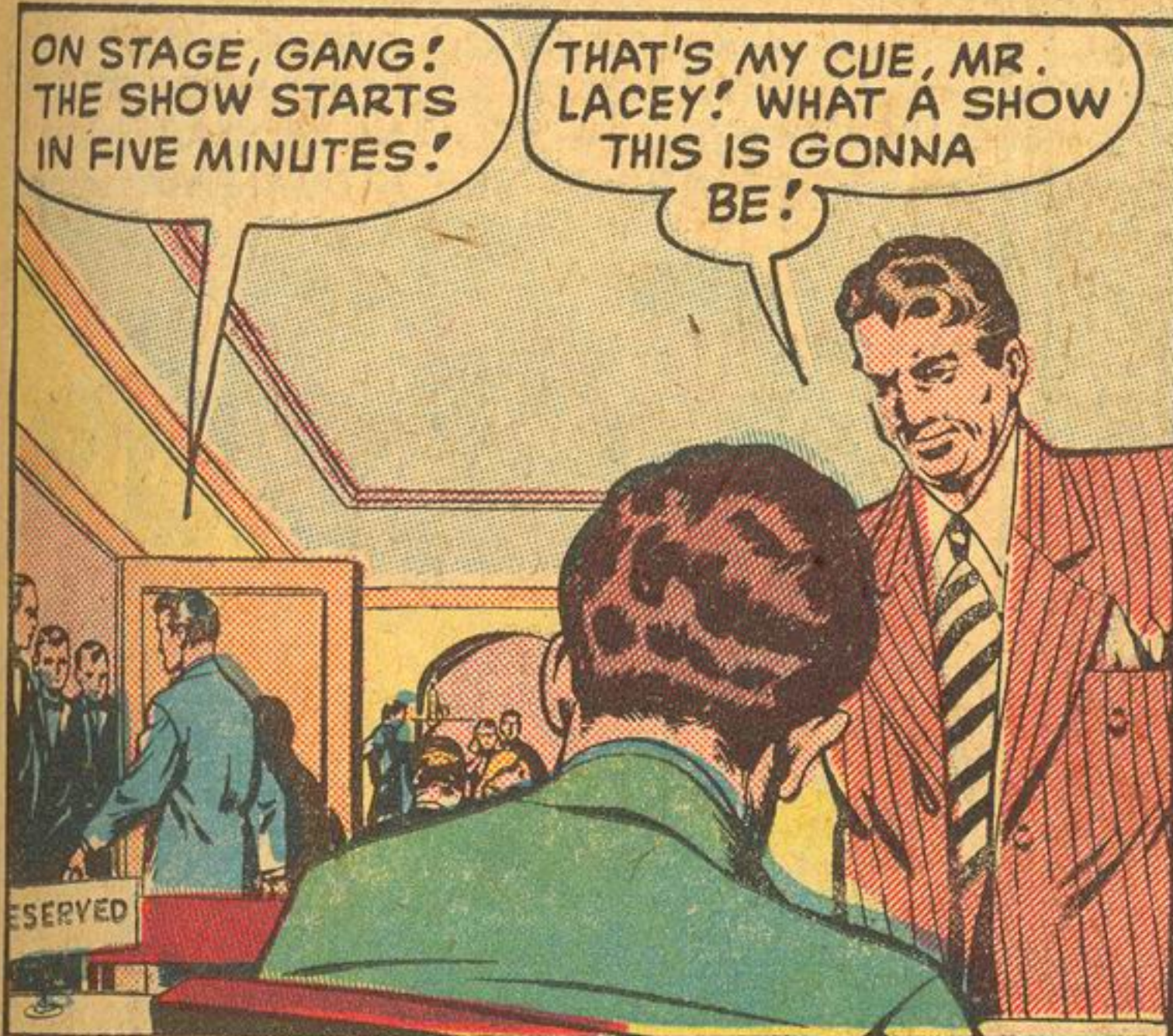
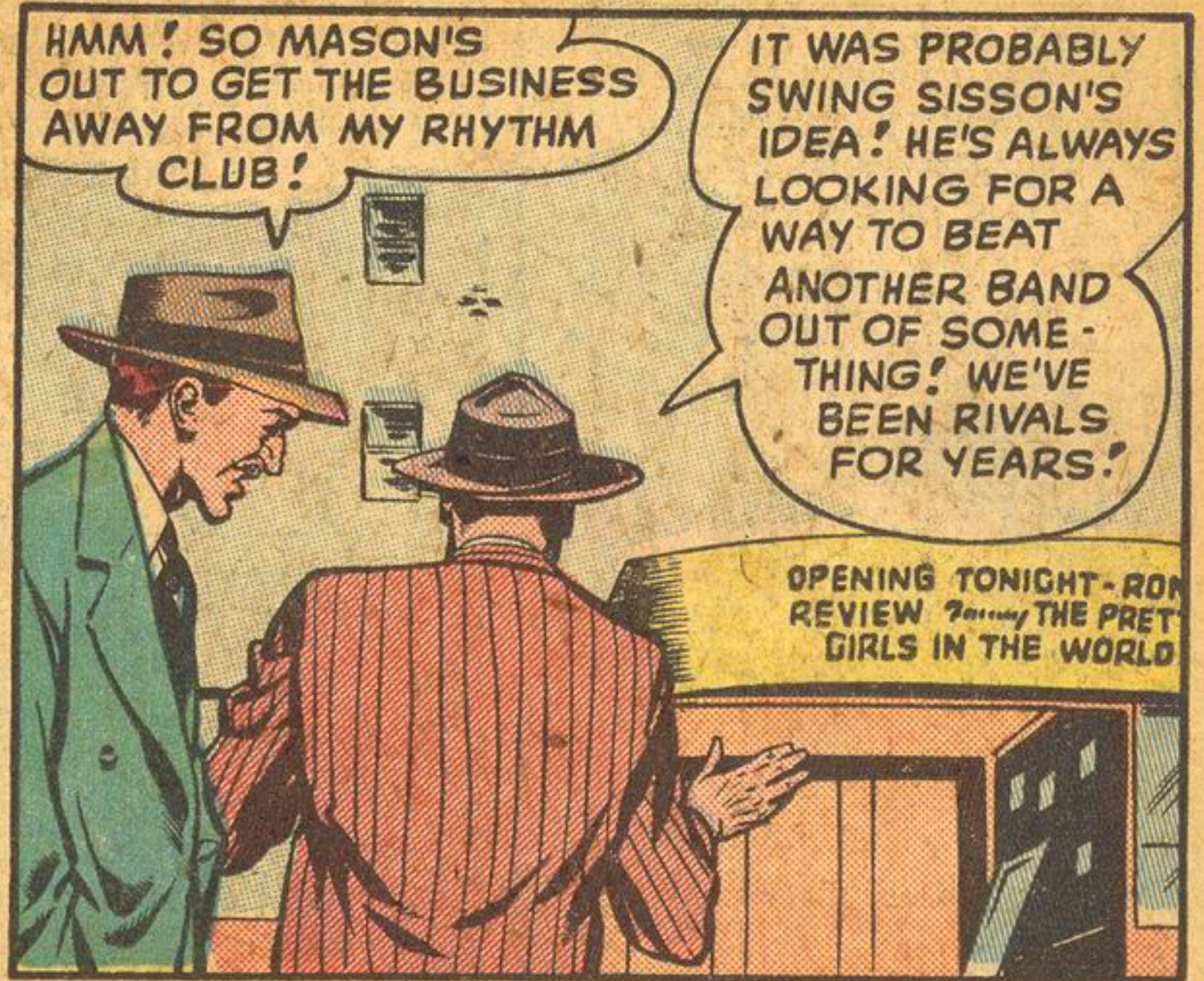




FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



A PADLOCK ON THE DOOR AND THE KEY IN MY POCKET...THAT'LL KEEP THEM WHERE I WANT THEM!

SLAM!



CURTAIN CALL! LINE UP, GIRLS!

THE GIRLS I PICKED ARE LINED UP AT THE BACK DOOR AND WAITING! THEY'LL BE READY TO ENTER ON CUE!



THE CLOVER CLUB TAKES PRIDE IN PRESENTING ROMANCE REVIEW, FEATURING THE **PRETTIEST GIRLS IN THE WORLD!**



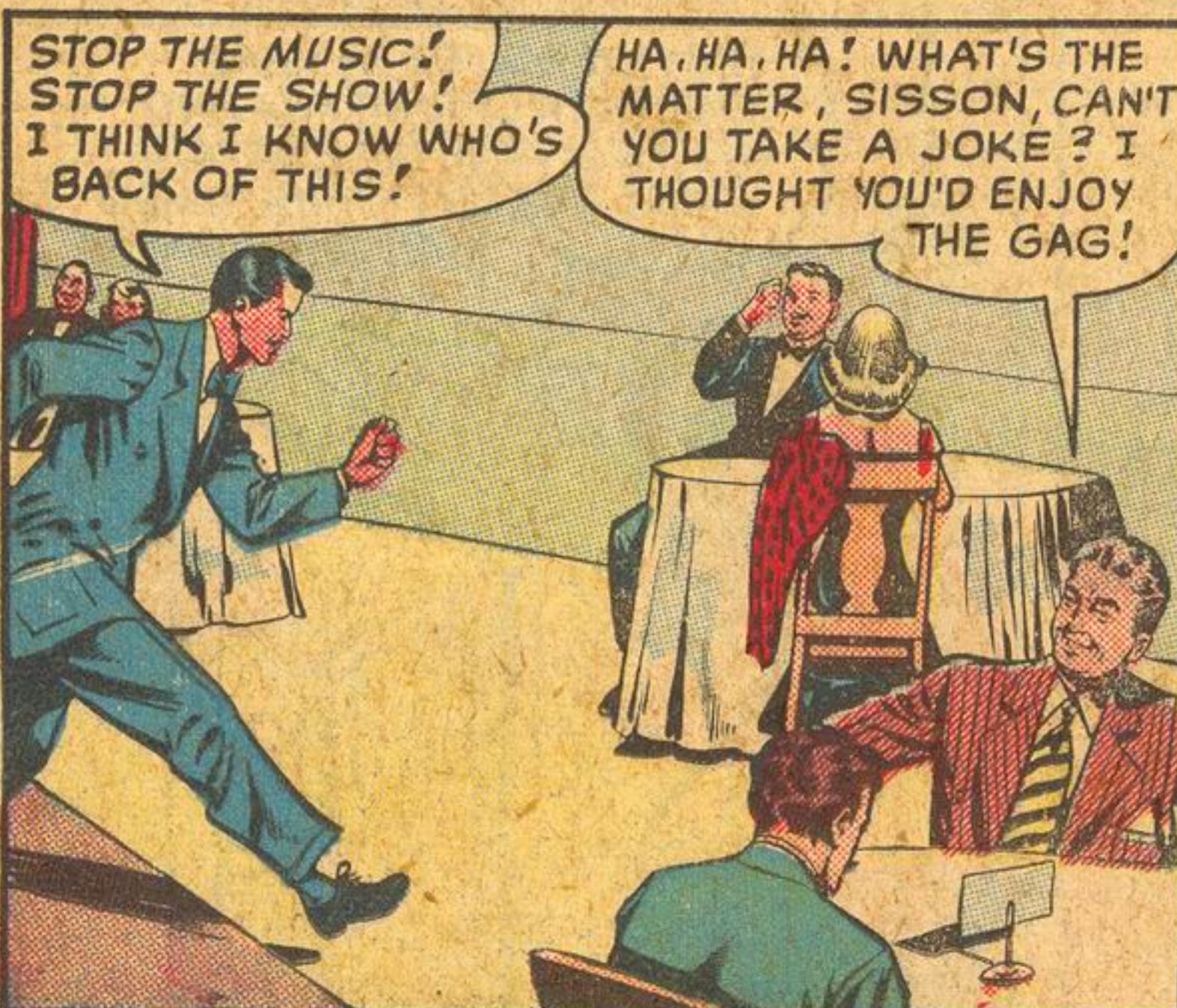
OKAY, GANG! GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT! MAKE IT SWEET AND DREAMY! ONE, TWO, THREE...



WHAT'S THIS? OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

DID HE SAY THE **PRETTIEST GIRLS?** HA, HA, HA!

ROMANCE REVIEW! HO, HO, HO!



STOP THE MUSIC! STOP THE SHOW! I THINK I KNOW WHO'S BACK OF THIS!

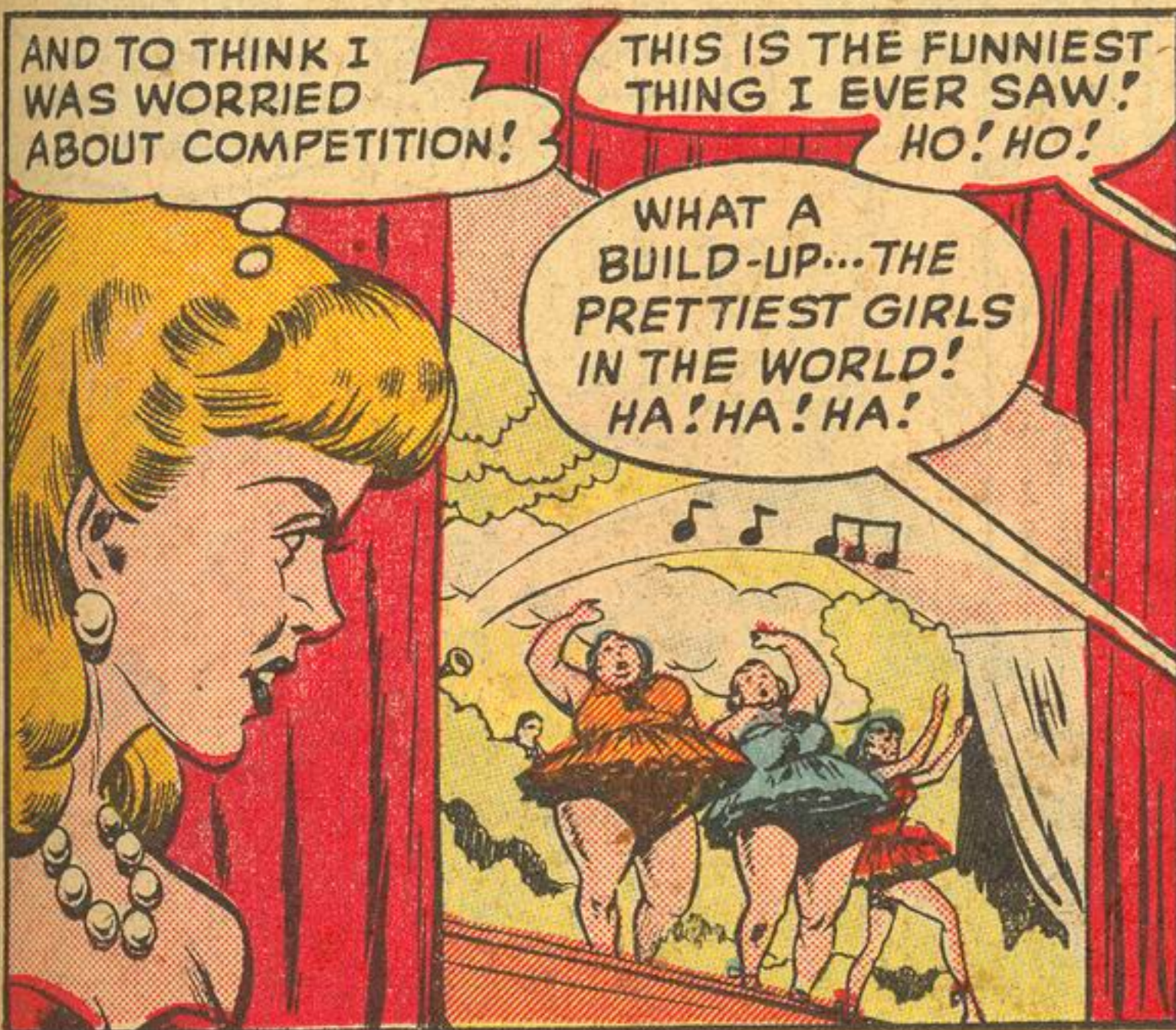
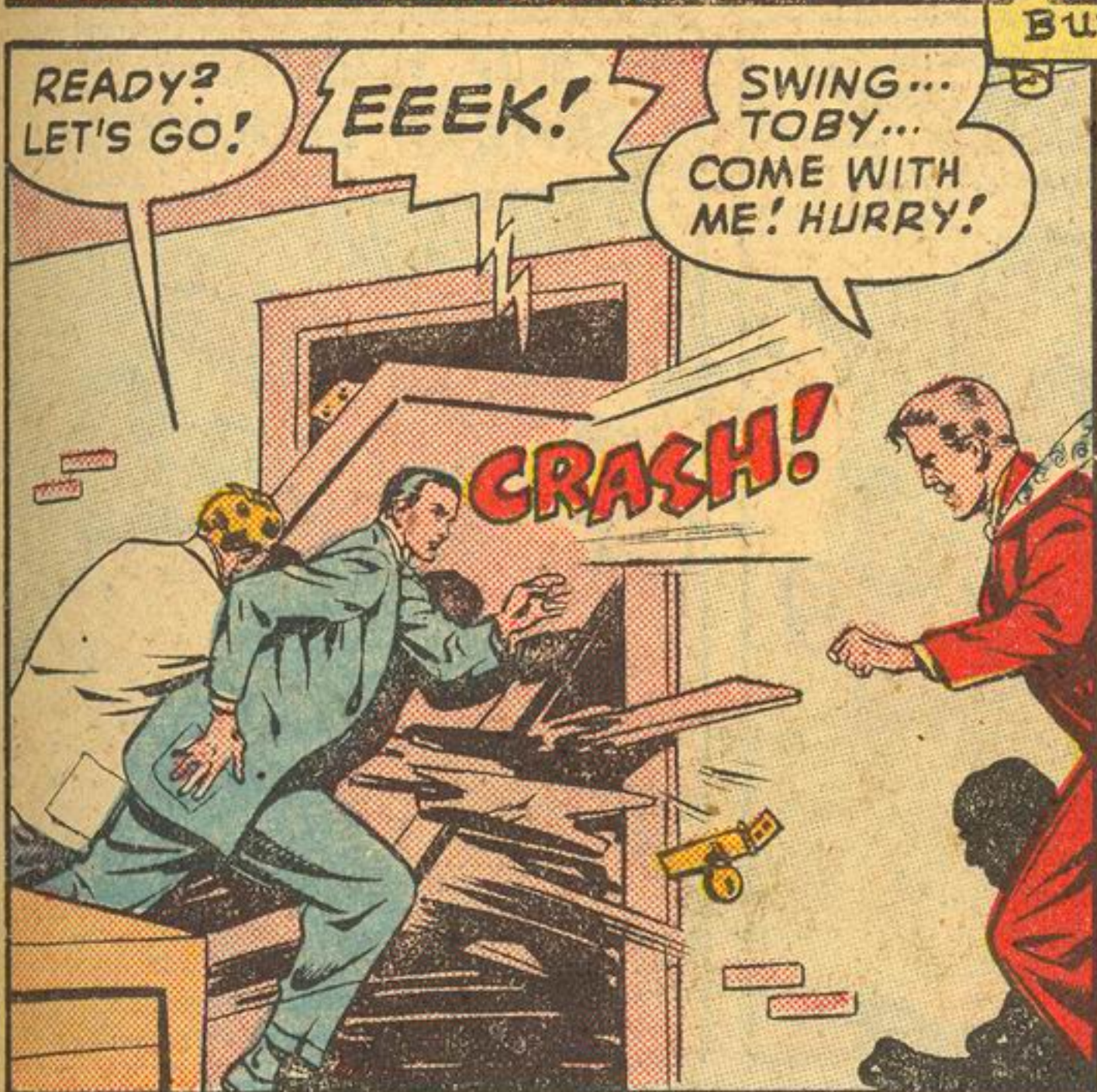
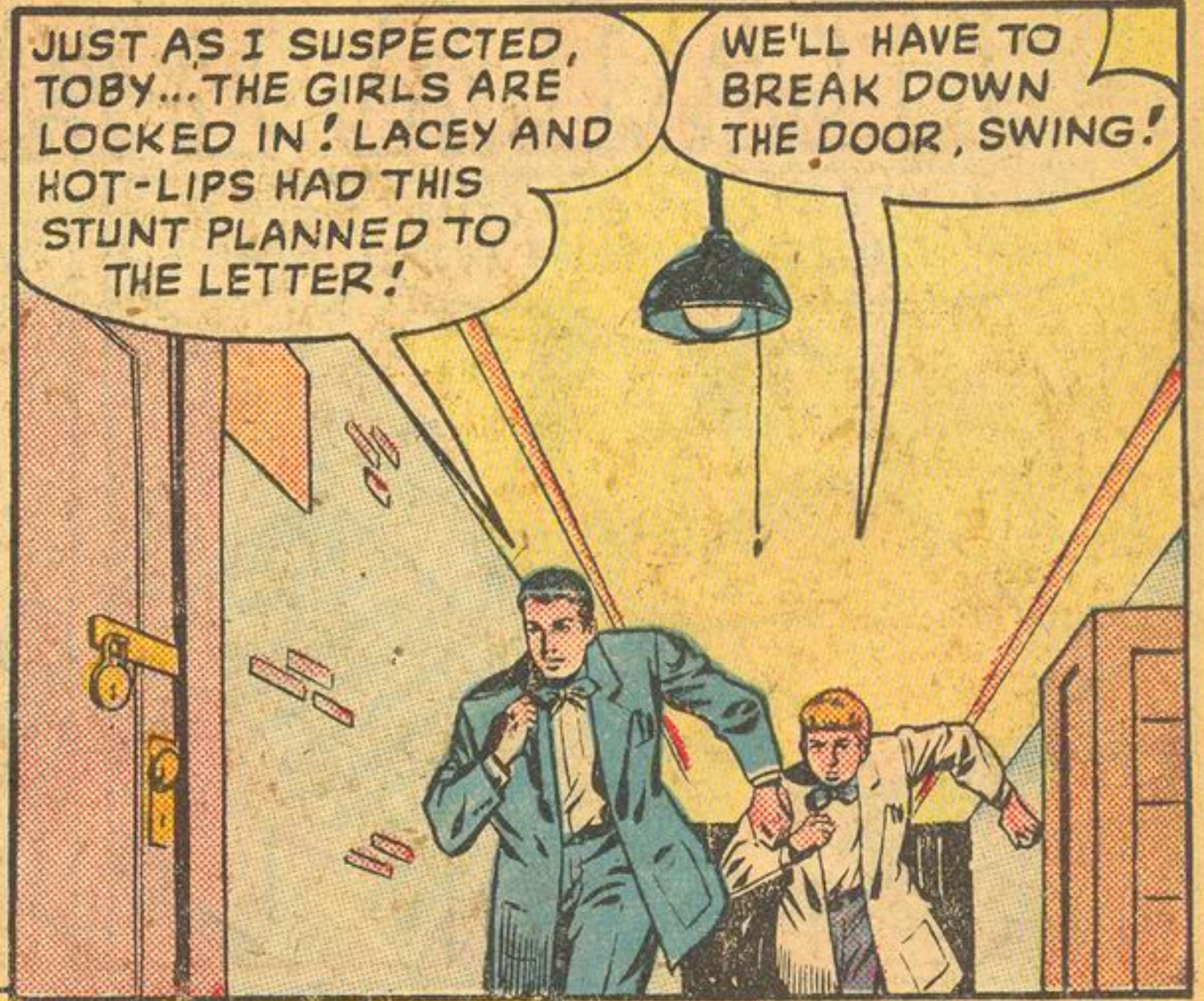
HA, HA, HA! WHAT'S THE MATTER, SISSON, CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE? I THOUGHT YOU'D ENJOY THE GAG!



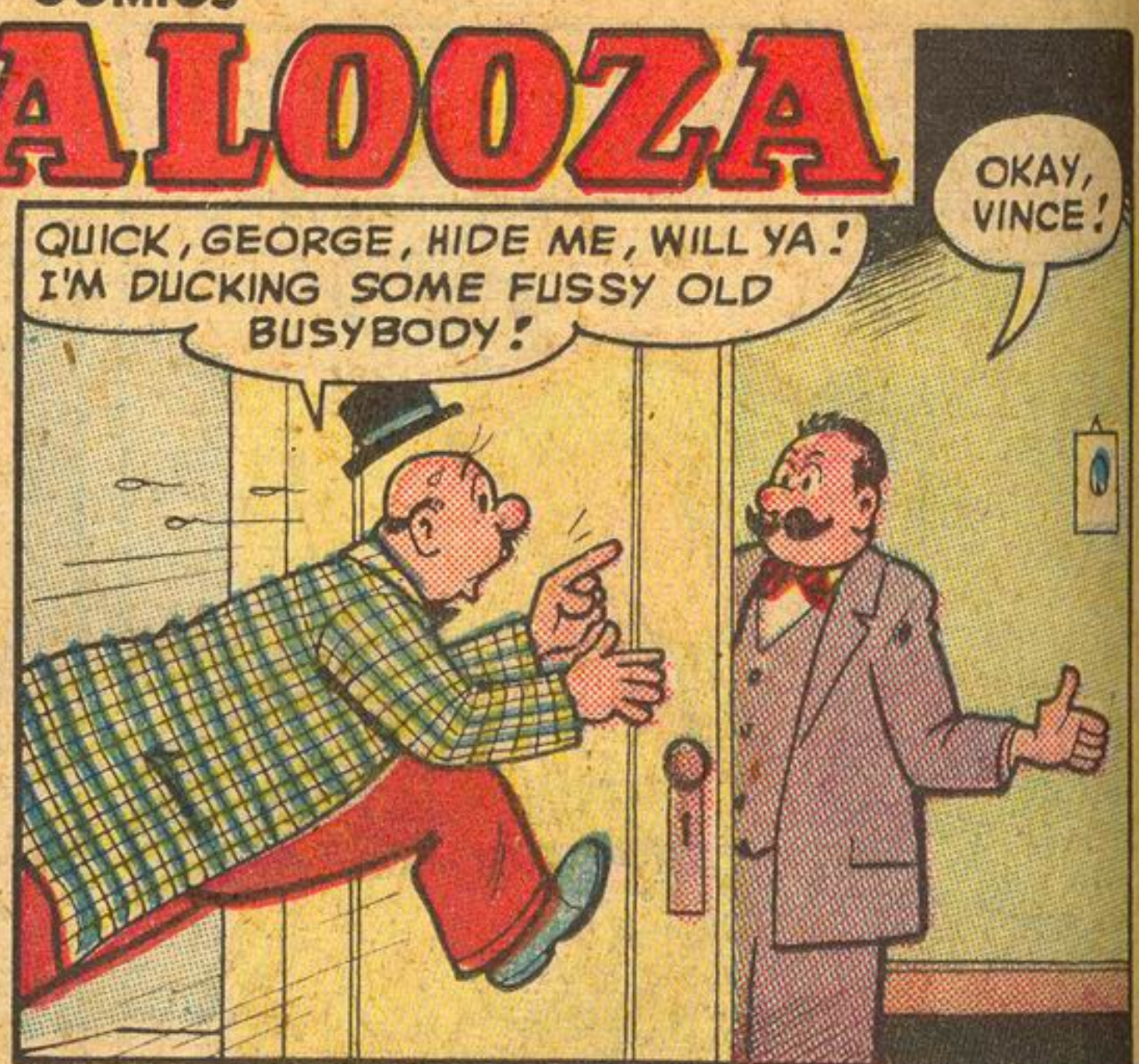
I'LL ENJOY GAGGING YOU MUCH MORE, HOT-LIPS!

SWING, WAIT! DON'T MAKE THIS ANY WORSE THAN IT ALREADY IS!

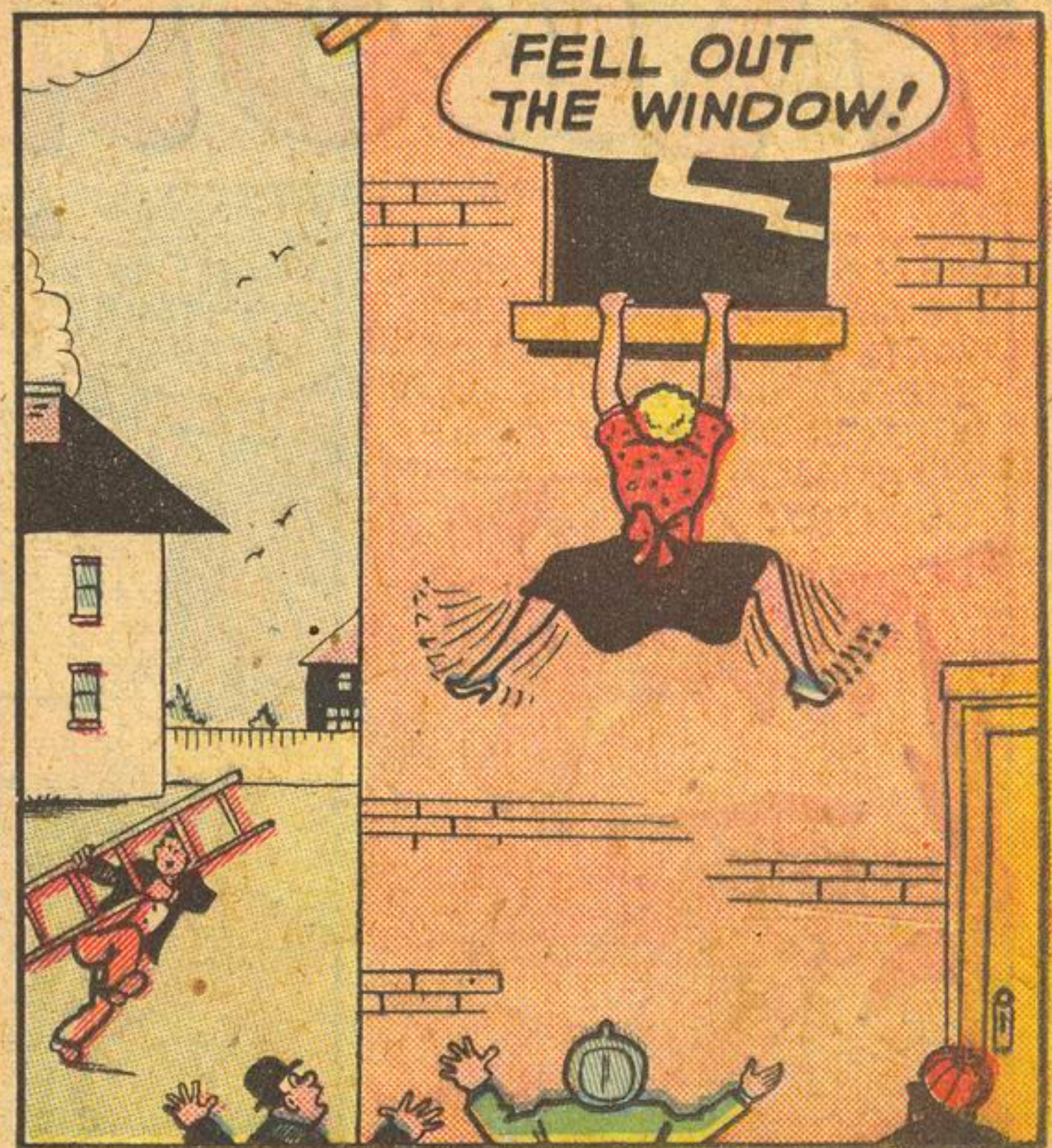
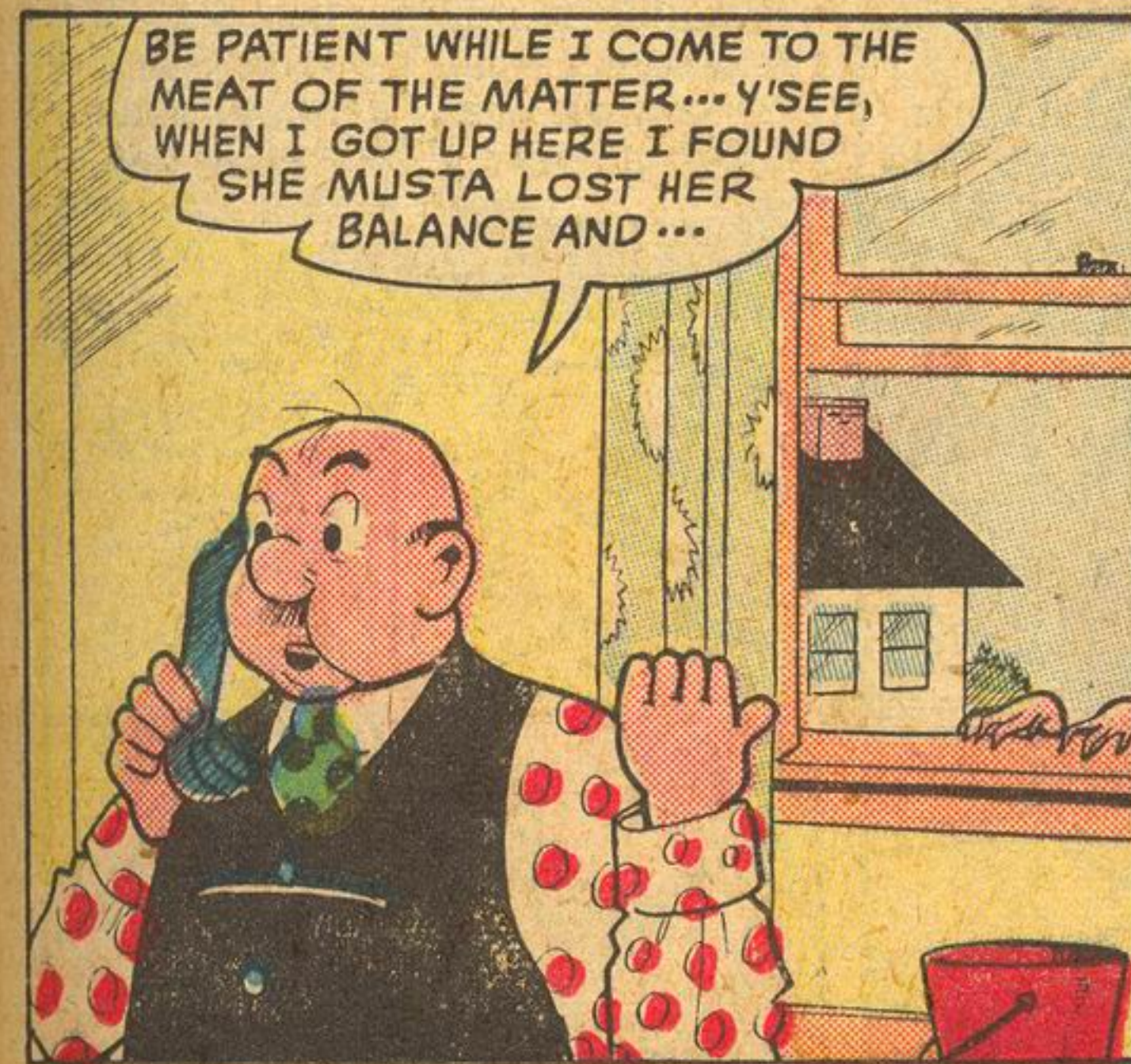
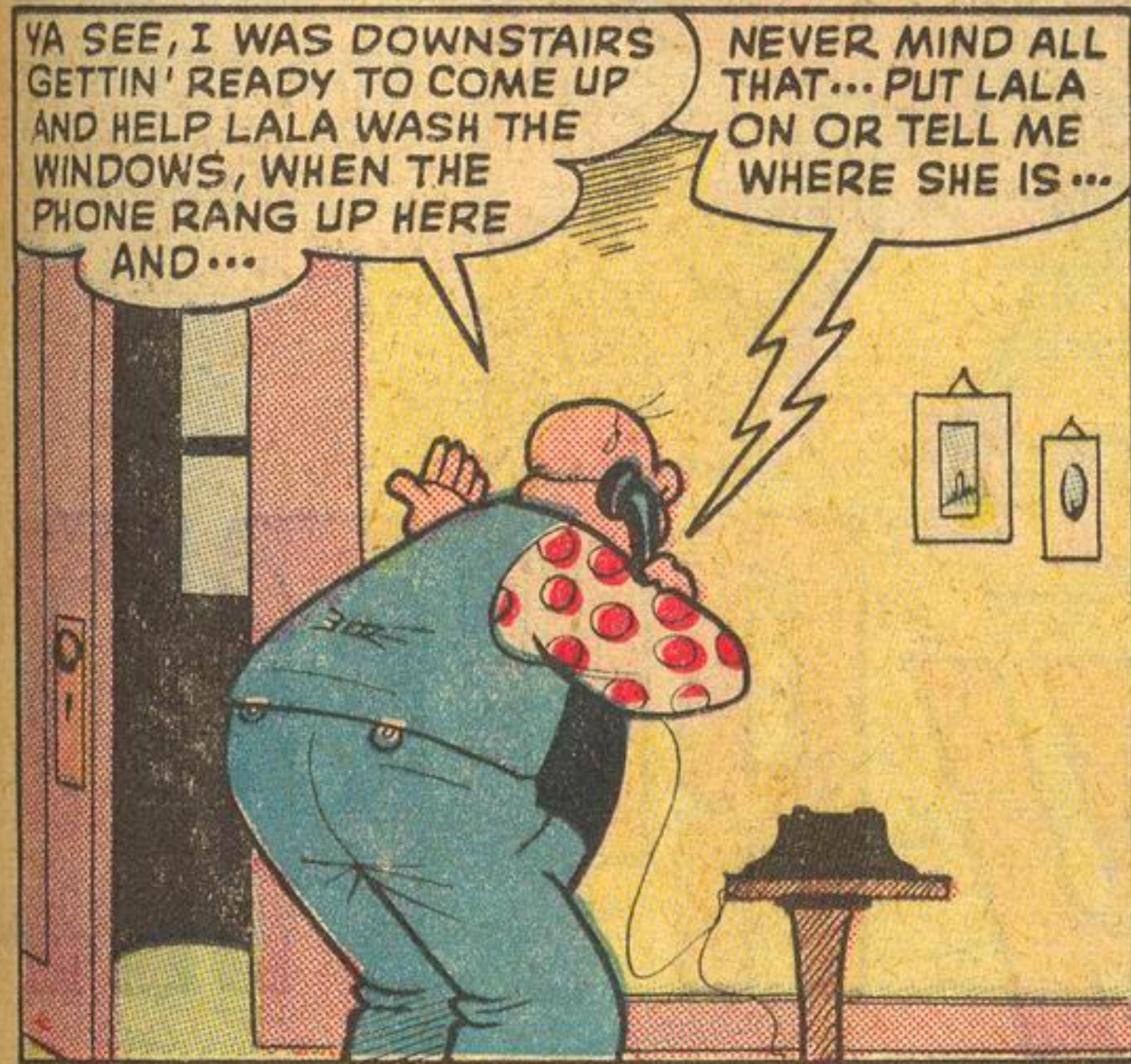
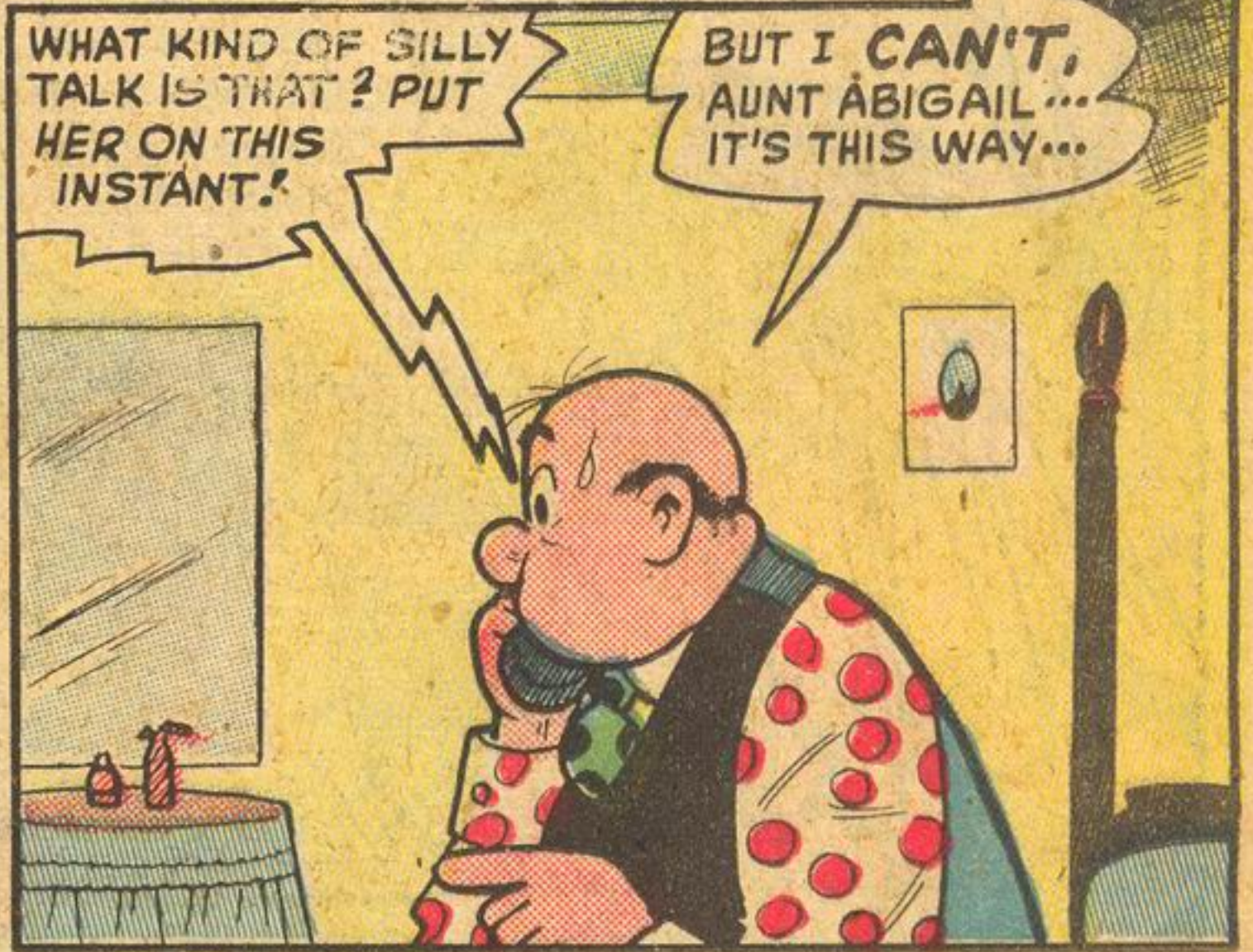
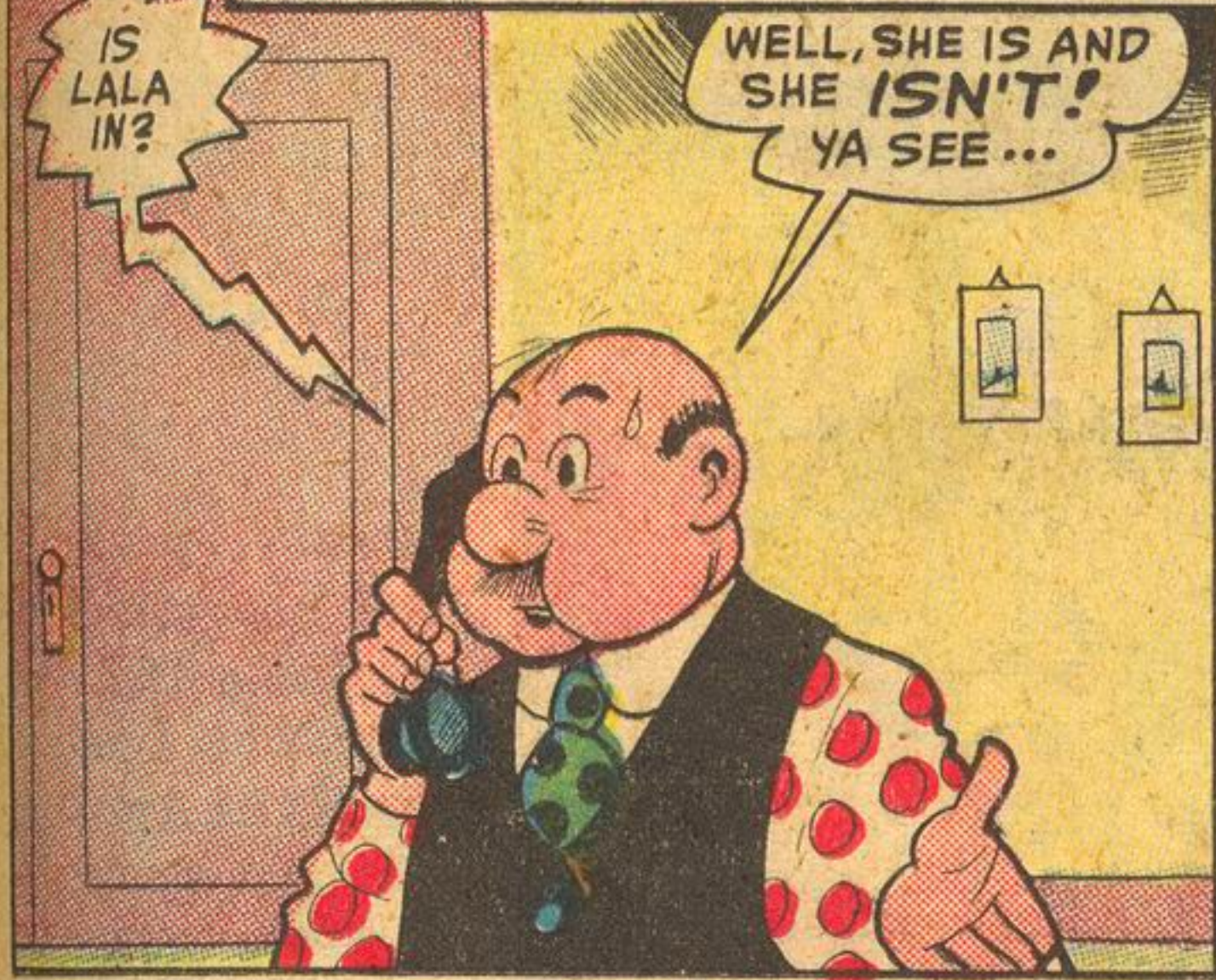
FEATURE COMICS



LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA





AT LAST
I'M MEETING
OUR FRIEND THE
SWAMP MAN
FACE TO
FACE!

BY
ALLAH,
NOT ME!

YEOW!
RIO, HERE
AH COMES!

Rusty Ryan
and his pals,
Alababa and
Pierpont Lee,
find the Amazon
jungles no more
mysterious
than the sinister
SWAMP MAN
who inhabits
them...

Rusty RYAN



THIS IS GREAT!
I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO
SEE THE
INTERIOR OF
THE AMAZON
COUNTRY!

AH JES' HOPES
AH DON' SEE
THE INTERIOR
OF THIS HERE
CROCODILE!



HERE IS NATURE,
UNDISTURBED
BY MAN!

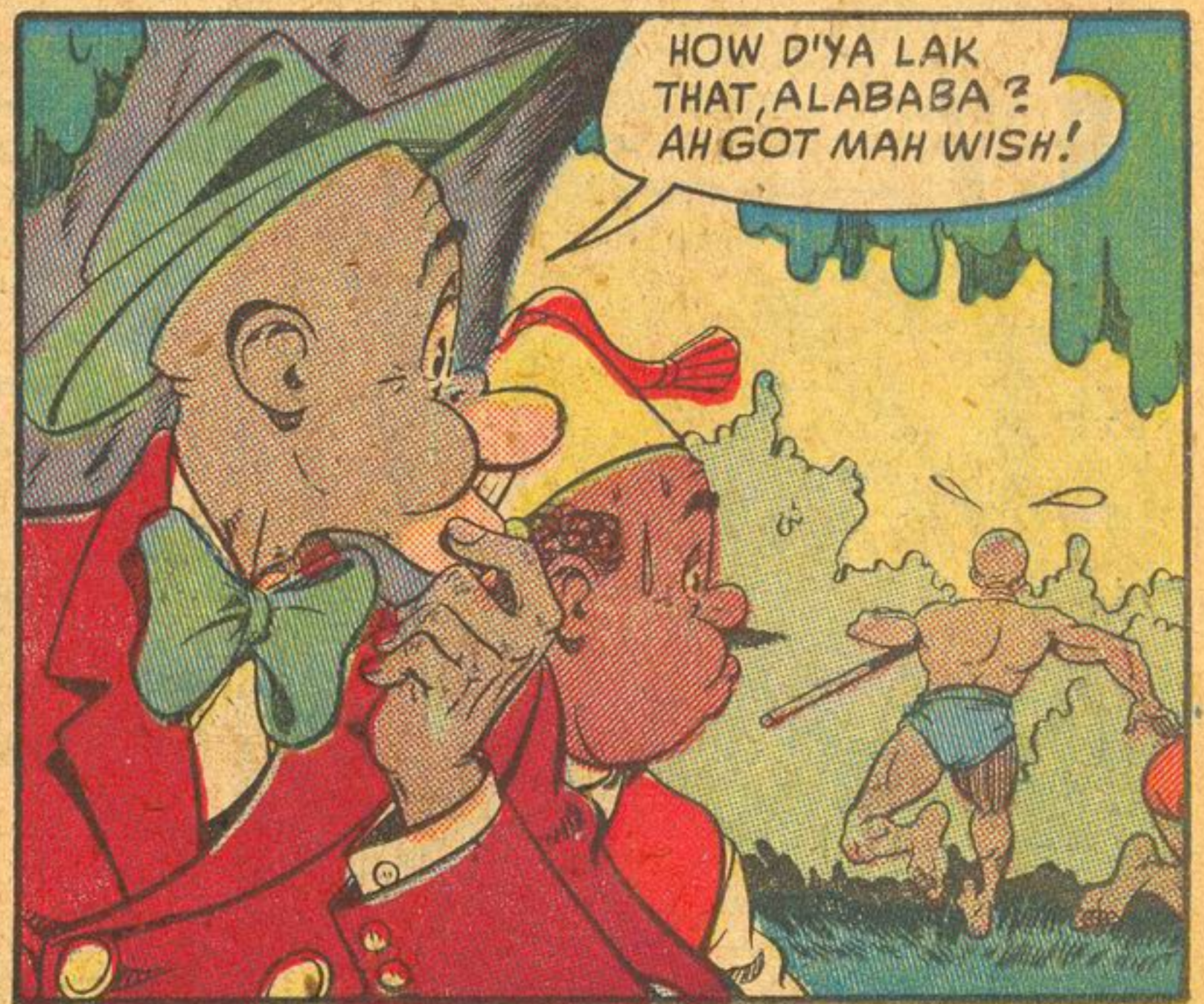
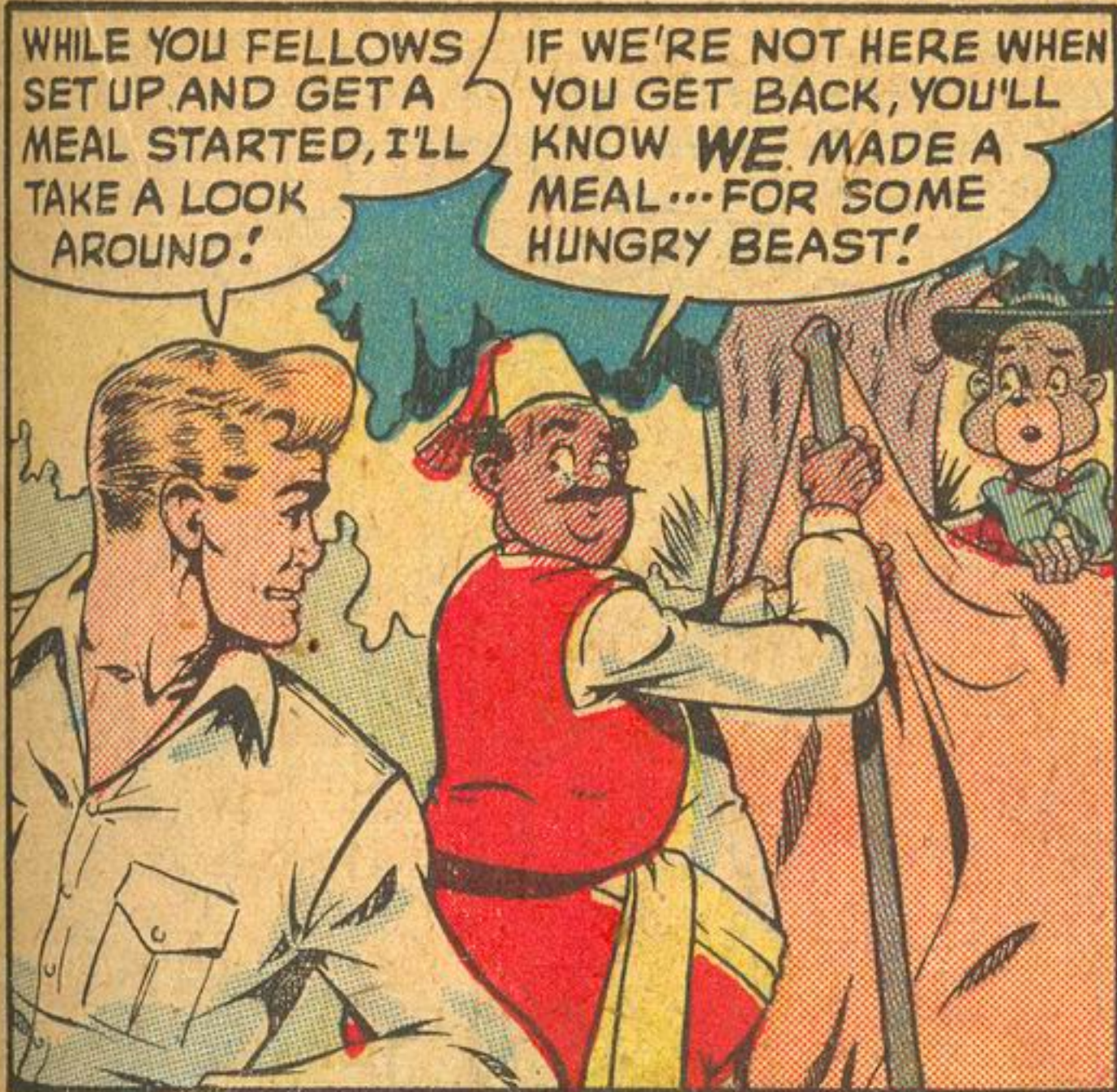
ANY MAN'D
BE A FOOL
TO DISTURB
IT, RUSTY!



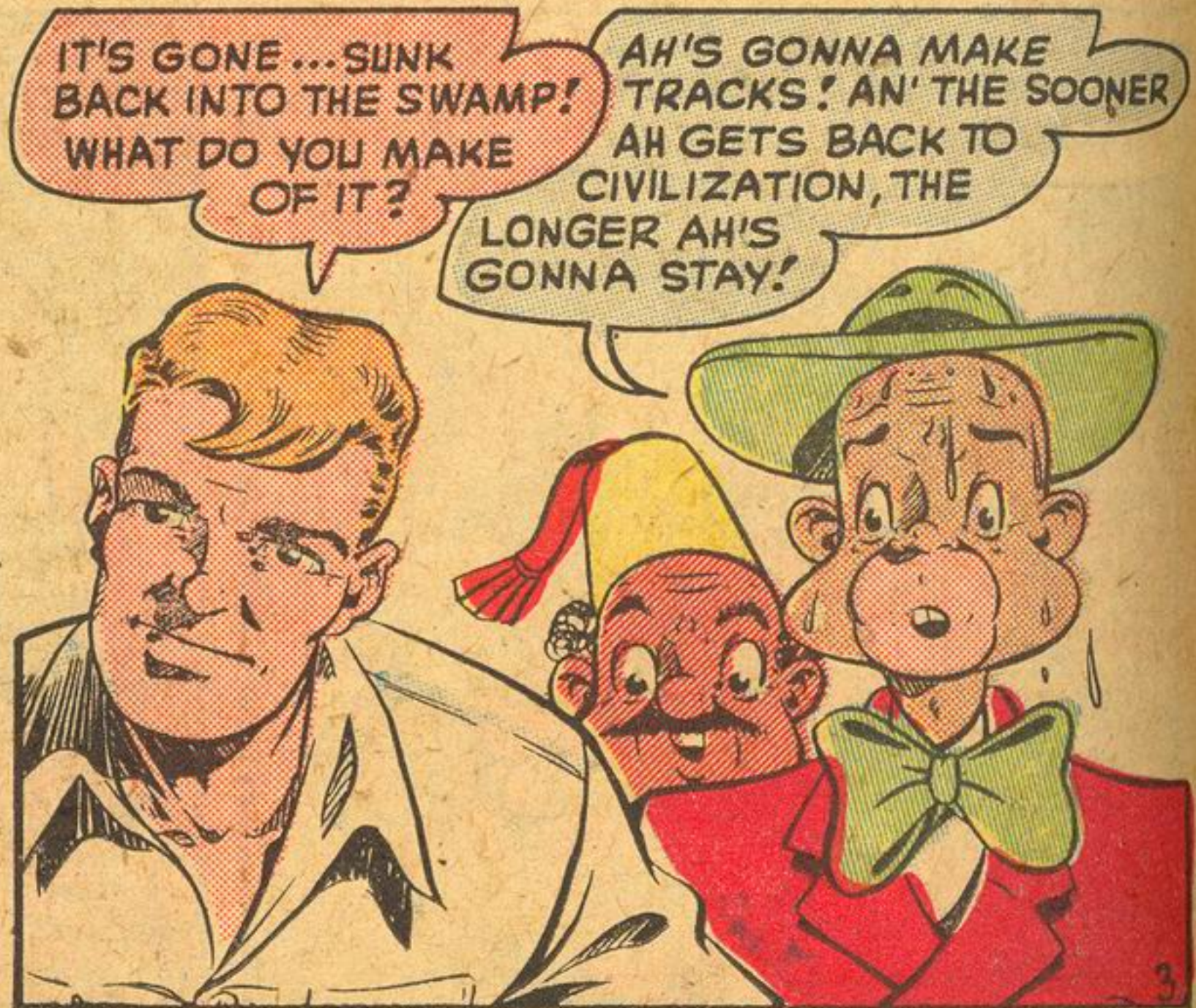
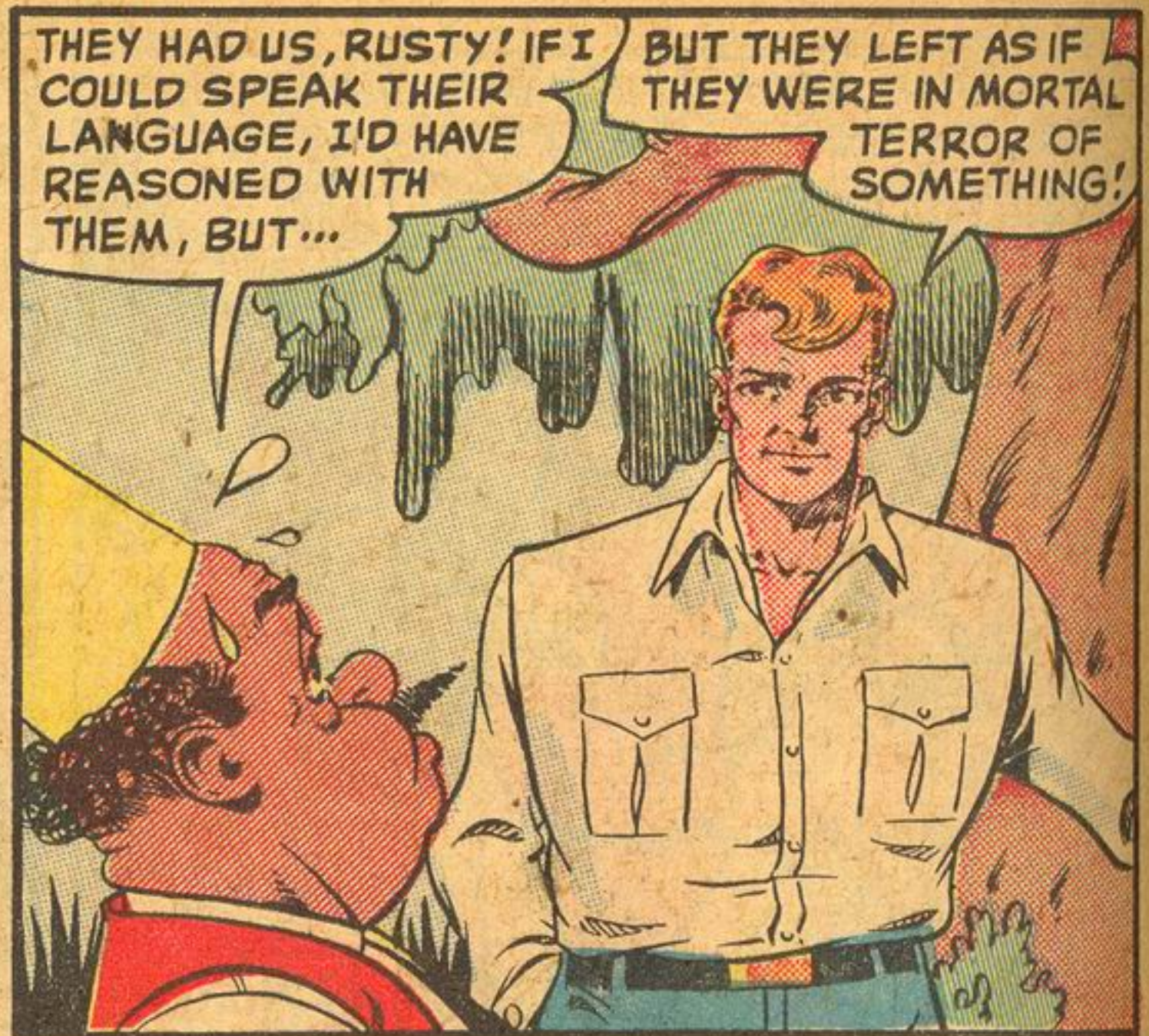
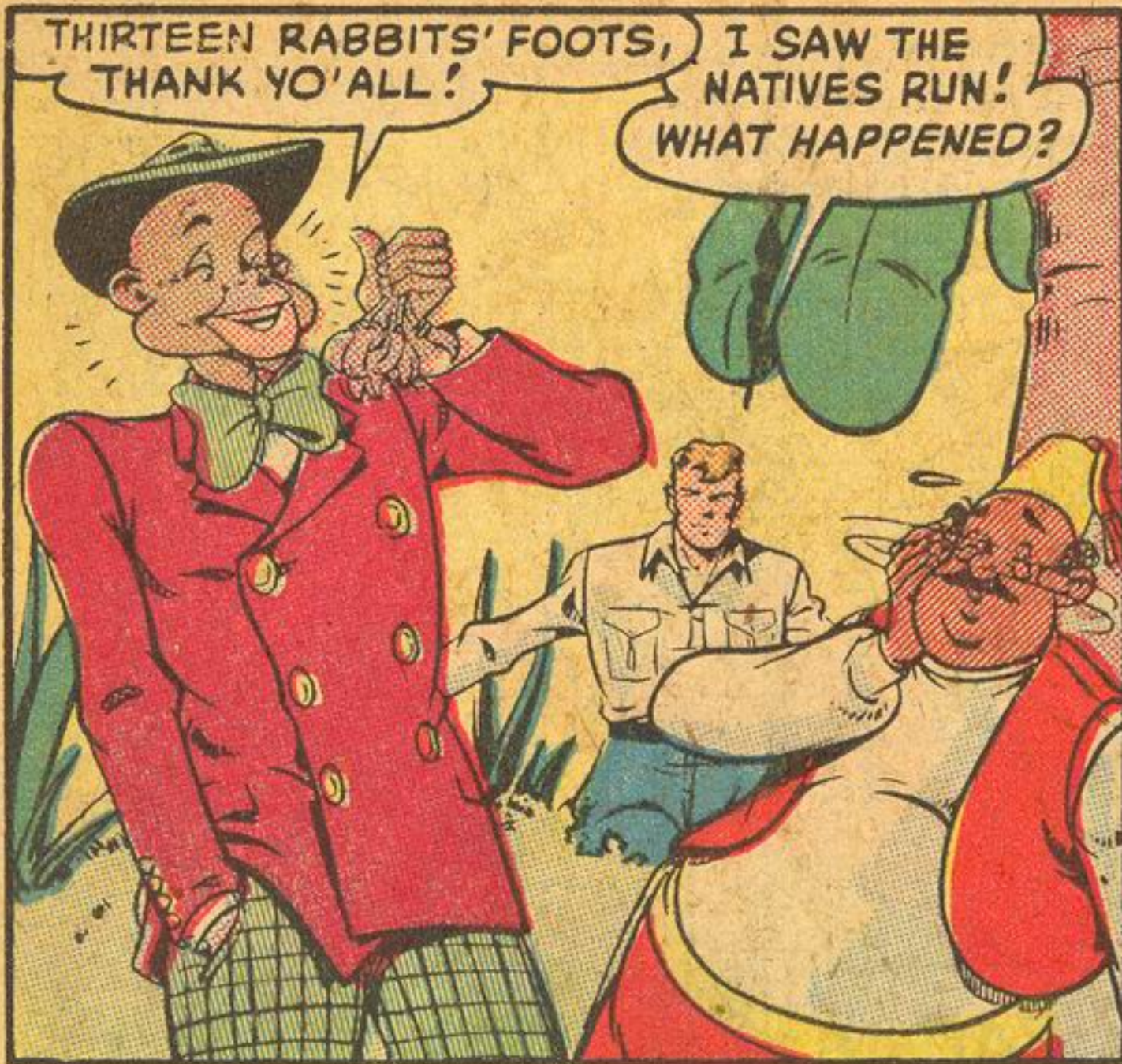
NOW WE'LL PULL
TO SHORE AND
MAKE CAMP!

SHORE? GULP!
NOT EVEN MAH
THIRTEEN RABBITS'
FOOTS CAN SAVE
ME NOW!

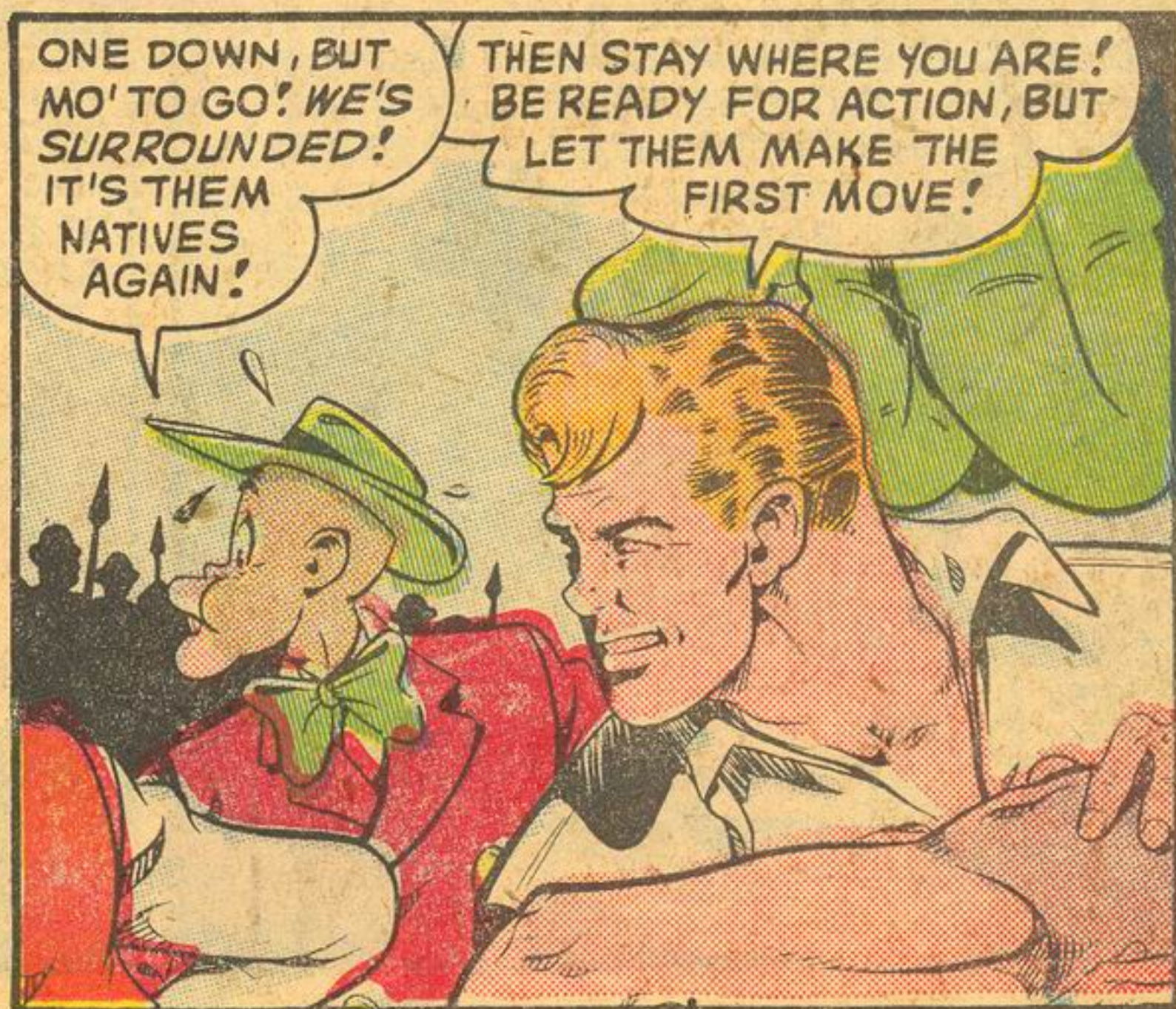
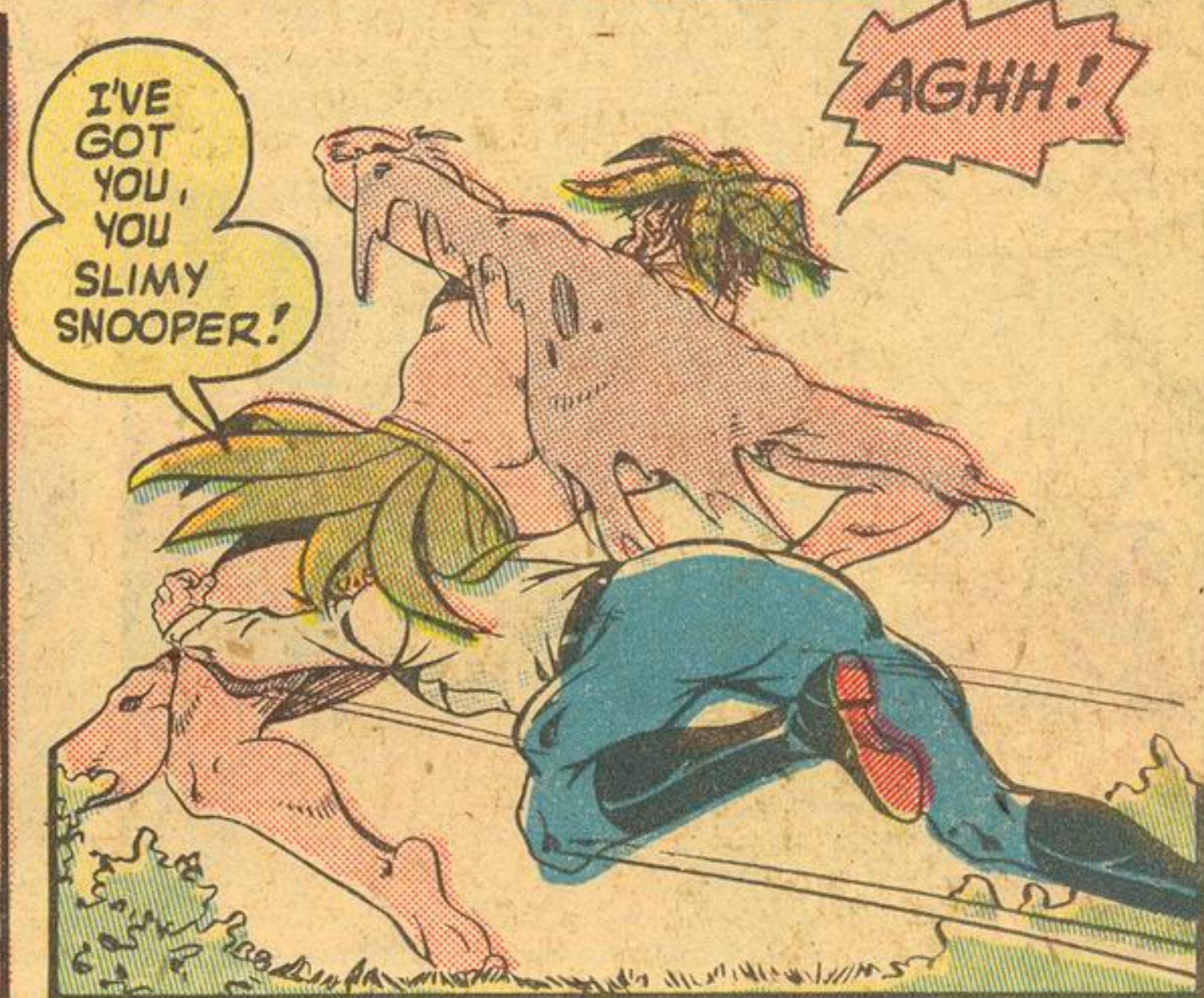
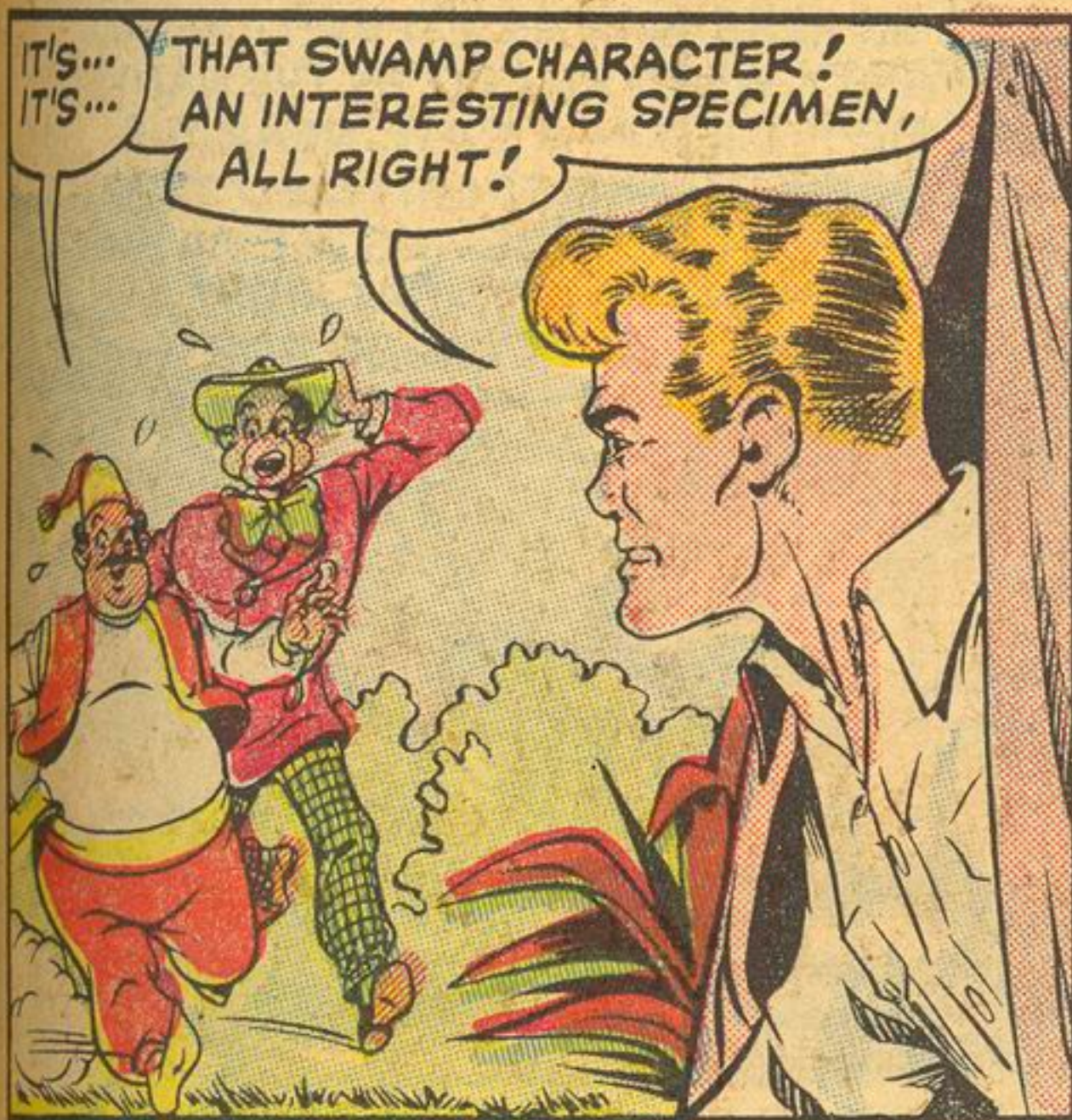
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



CHICO LOOGA!
WHA HOPN FLAXA
FIG PLOOKA!



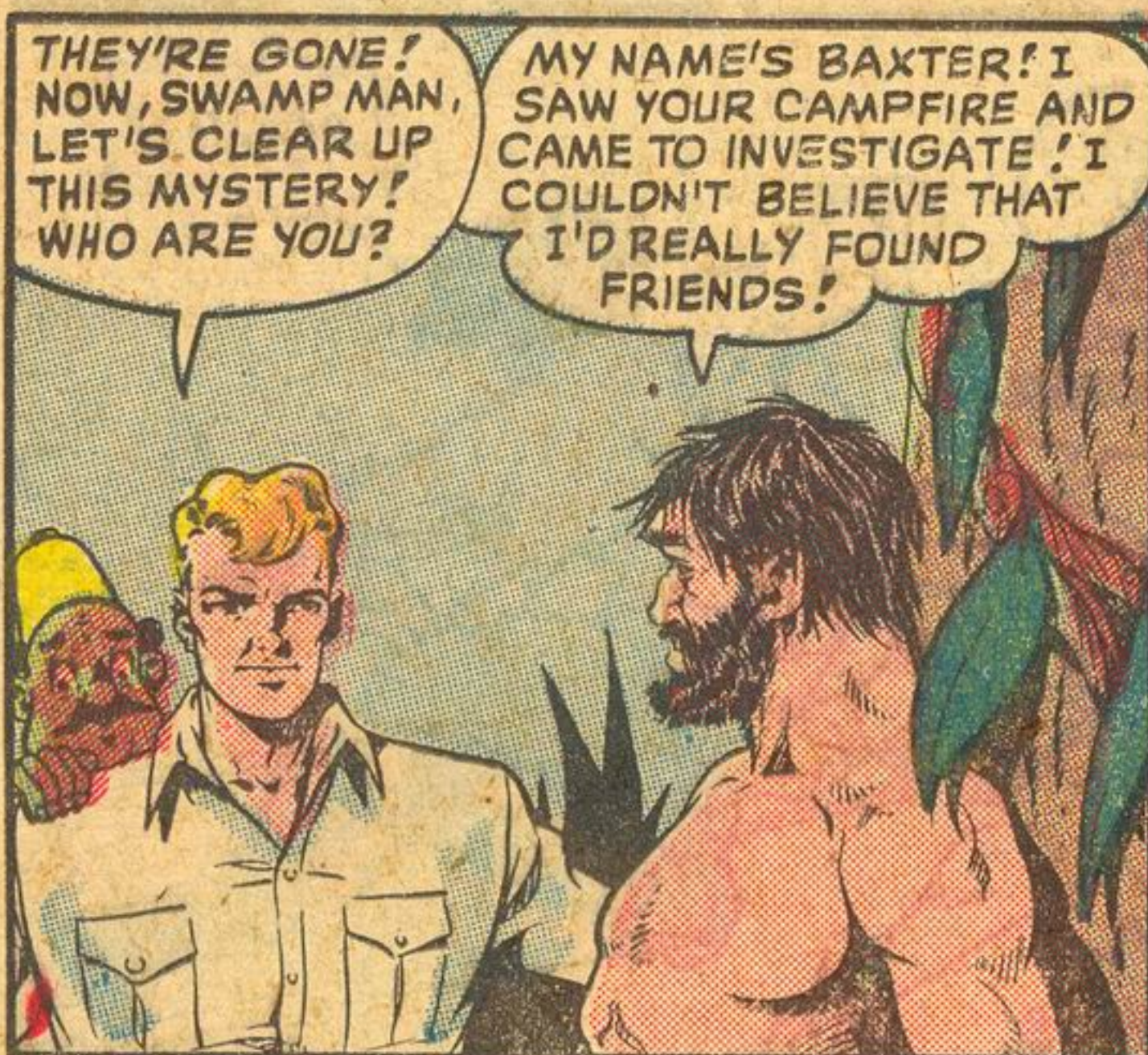
HE IS SAYING THAT
YOU ARE HIS FRIEND
BECAUSE YOU HAVE
OVERCOME THE
EVIL SWAMP
MAN! PLAY UP
TO HIM!

HMM... YOU SPEAK
ENGLISH! AND YOU
UNDERSTAND THEIR
LANGUAGE! MIGHT
AS WELL TAKE A
CHANCE ON DOING
AS YOU SAY!



YES, AND WE'RE
YOUR FRIENDS!
THE SWAMP MAN
WILL NO LONGER
BOTHER YOU!
NOW GO HOME
AND GET A
GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP!

THAT'S A
KEEN
SPEAR!
HERE'S A
RABBIT'S
FOOT FO'
YO'ALL! AN'
AH WISHES
YO' GOOD
LUCK!



THEY'RE GONE!
NOW, SWAMP MAN,
LET'S CLEAR UP
THIS MYSTERY!
WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S BAXTER! I
SAW YOUR CAMPFIRE AND
CAME TO INVESTIGATE! I
COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT
I'D REALLY FOUND
FRIENDS!



I CAME HERE WITH AN EXPEDITION! ALL
MY PARTY WERE KILLED BY THE NATIVES
BUT ME! I HID IN A CAVE NEAR THE
SWAMP AND FRIGHTENED THEM
INTO BELIEVING ME AN EVIL
GOD! AT NIGHT I
FORAGED FOR
FOOD!



GOSH! I'M
SORRY I
GAVE YOU
SUCH A
WALLOP!

IT WAS WORTH IT!
BY THE WAY, DO
YOU HAVE SOME
CLOTHES I CAN
WEAR AND A
RAZOR?

YASSUH!
AH ALWAYS
CARRIES
MAH TRUSTY
BLADE!

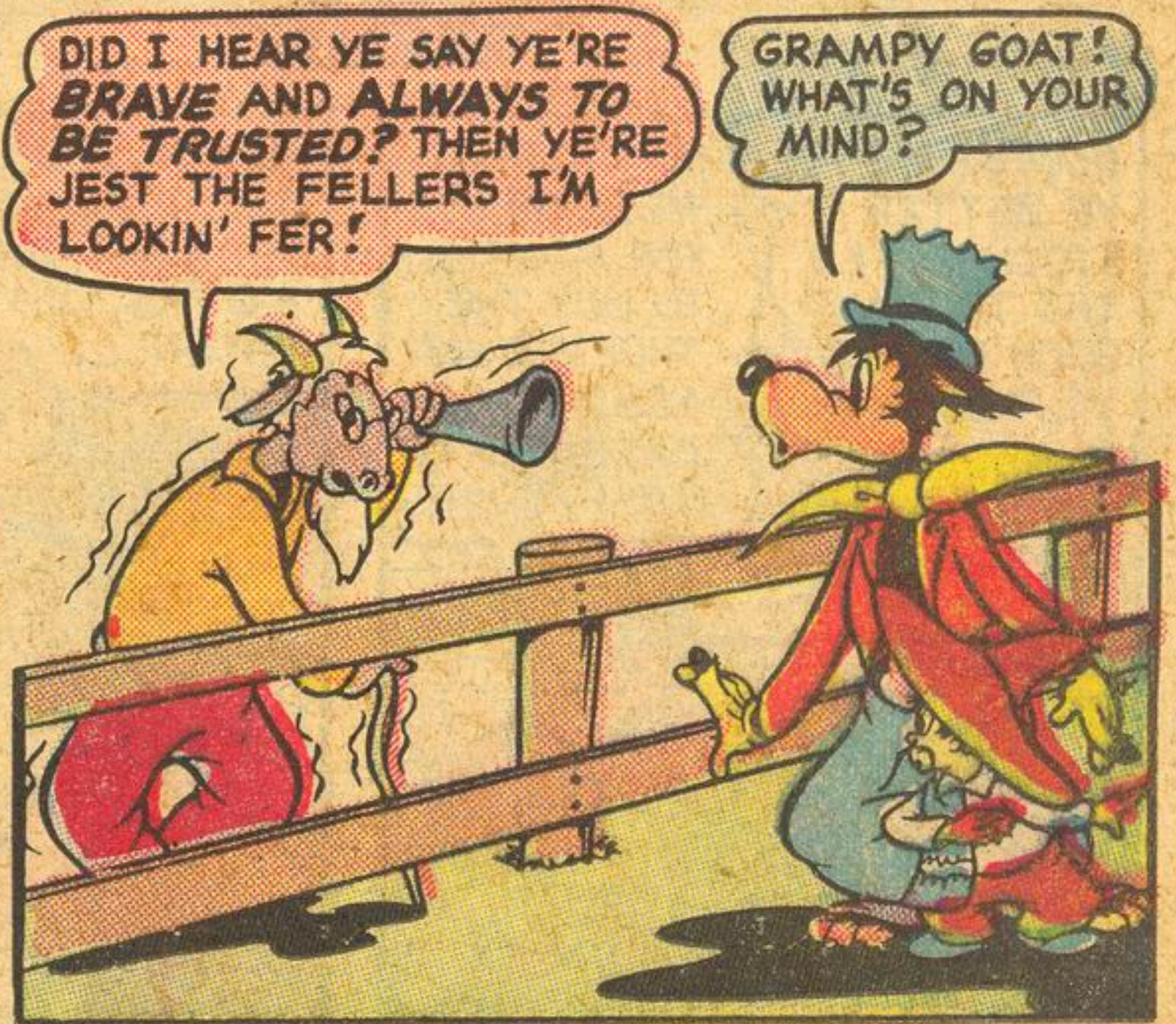
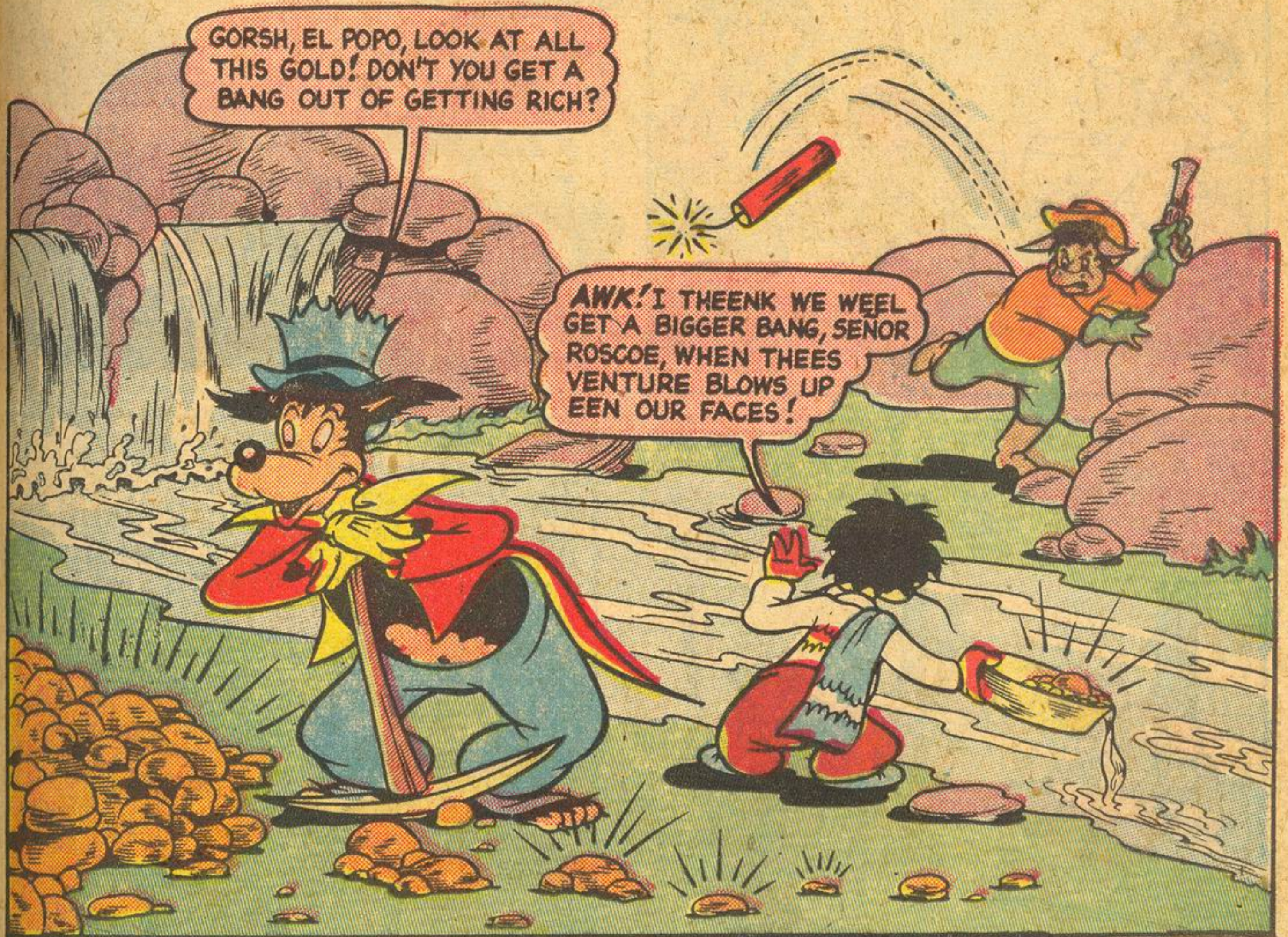


Next day...

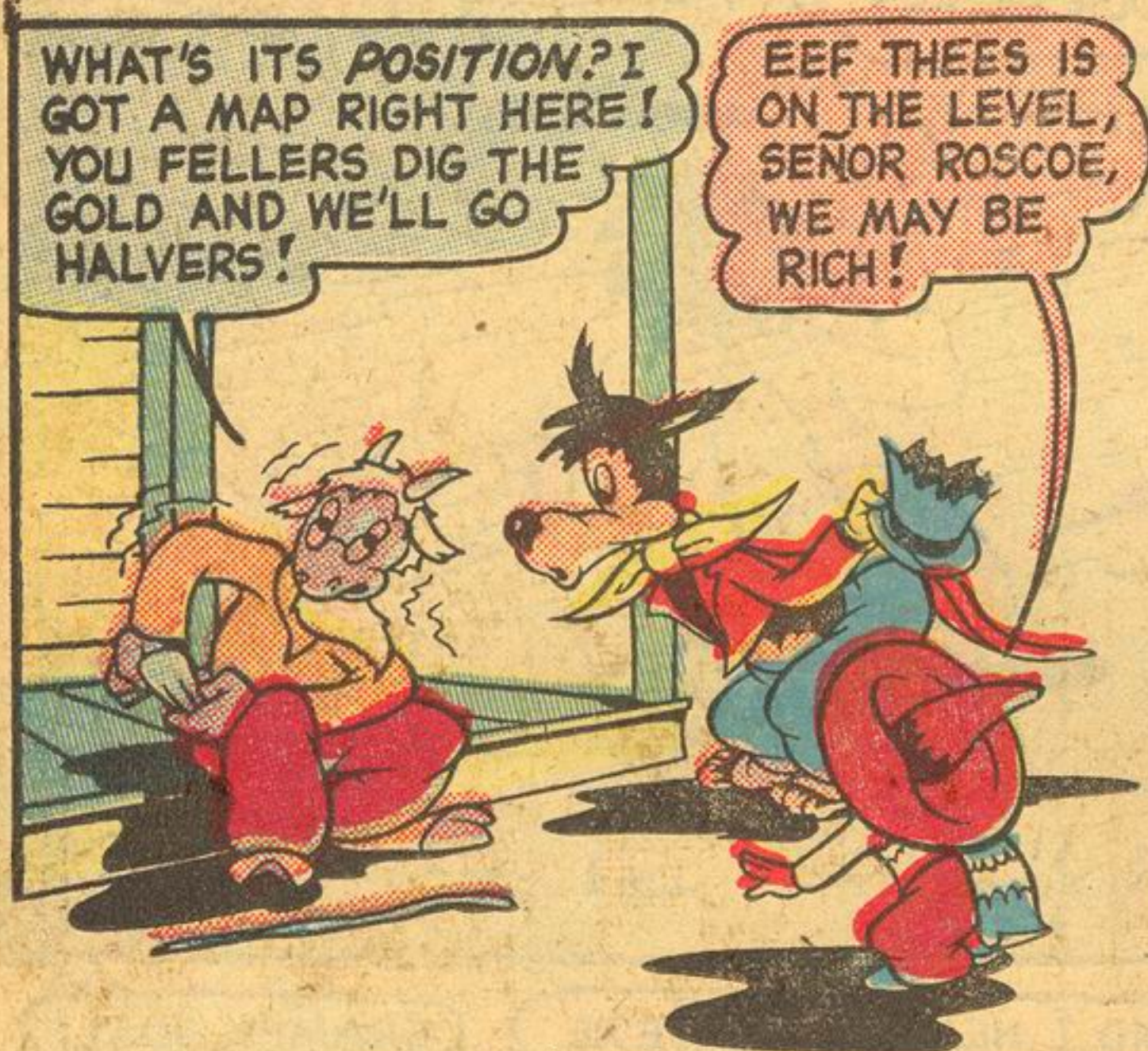
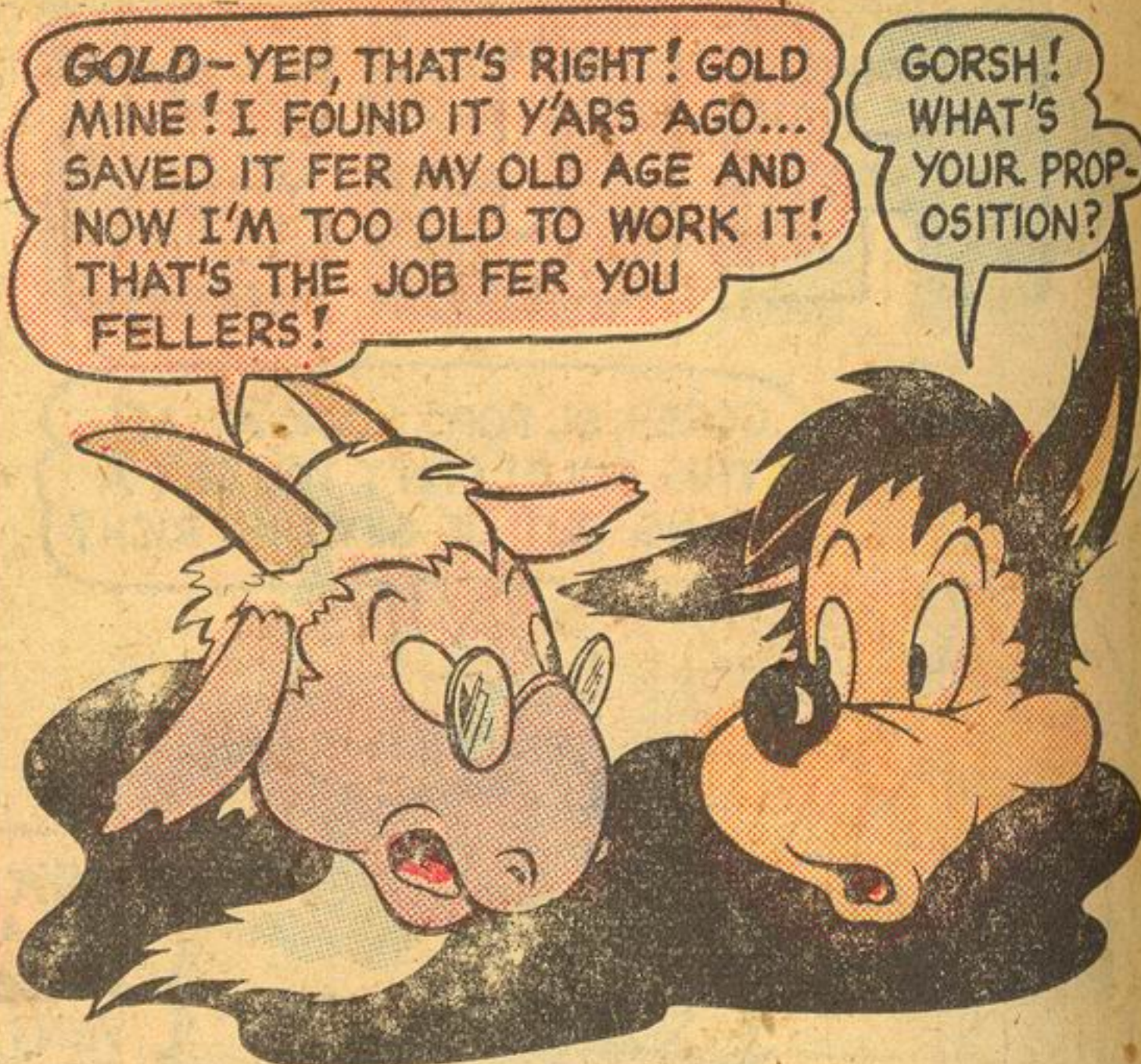
YOU'LL
NEVER KNOW
HOW IT FEELS
TO BE GOING TO
BACK TO CIVILI-
ZATION!

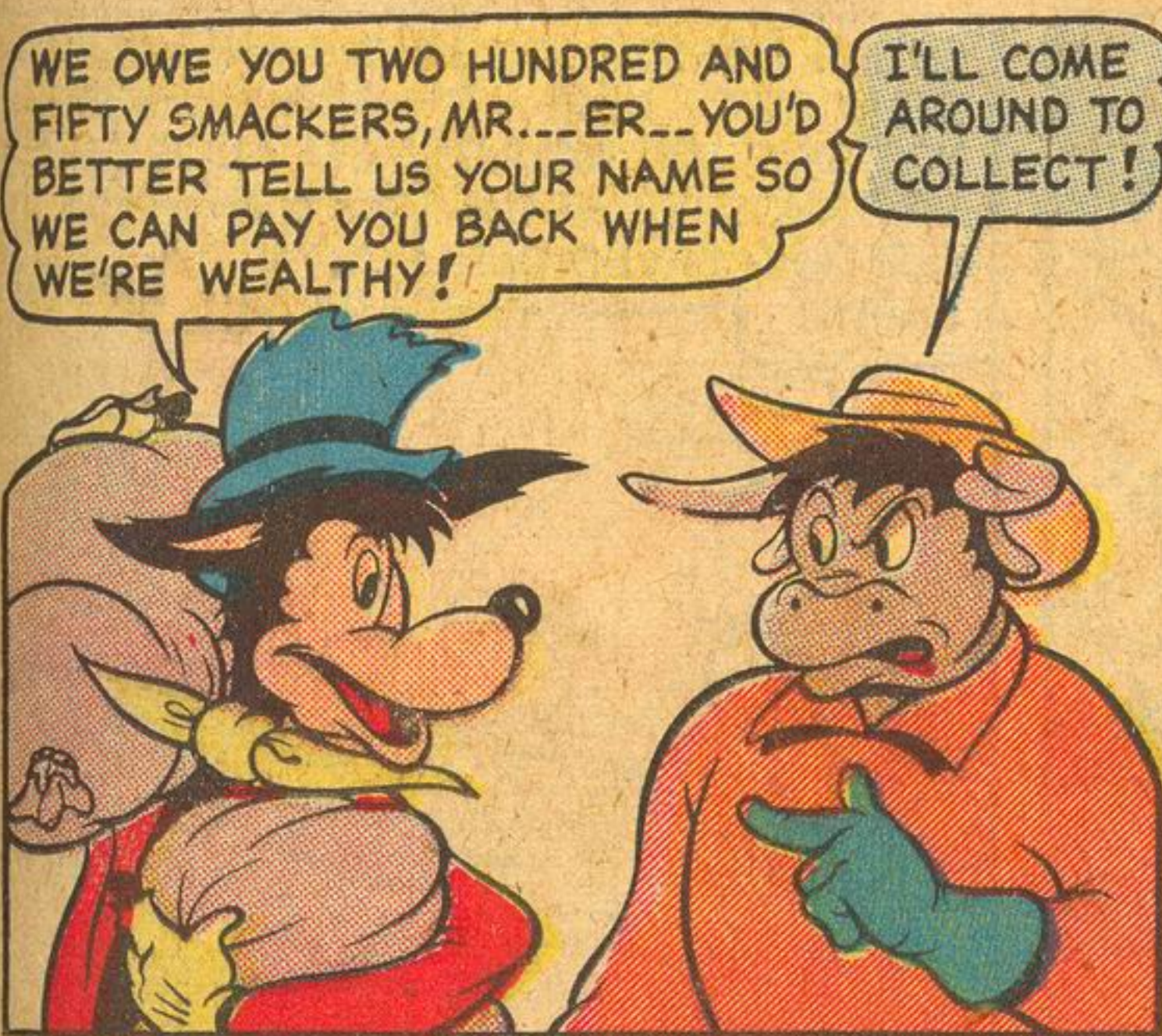
MISTAH BAXTER,
AH THINKS AH
DOES!

ROSCOE

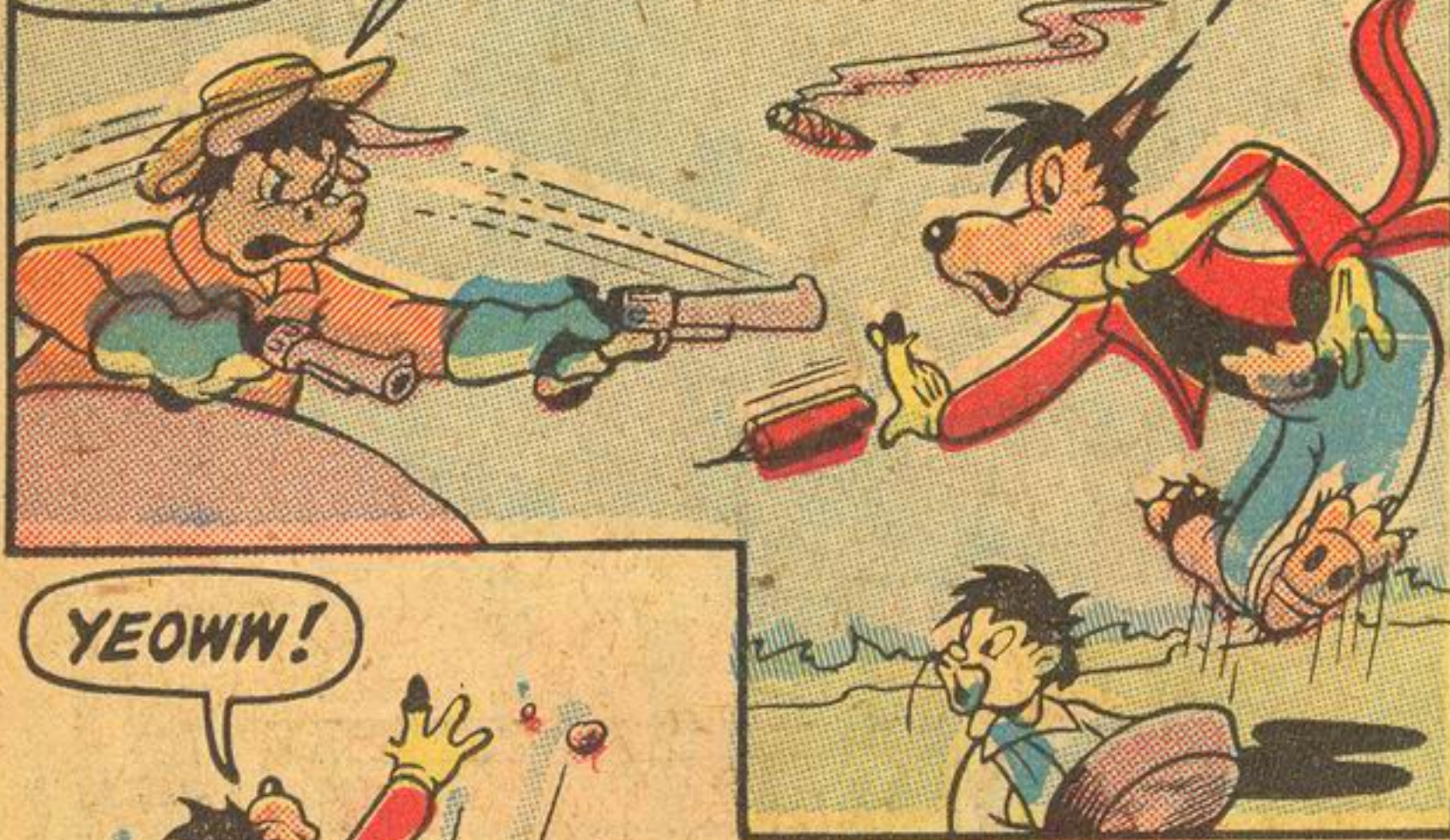


FEATURE COMICS



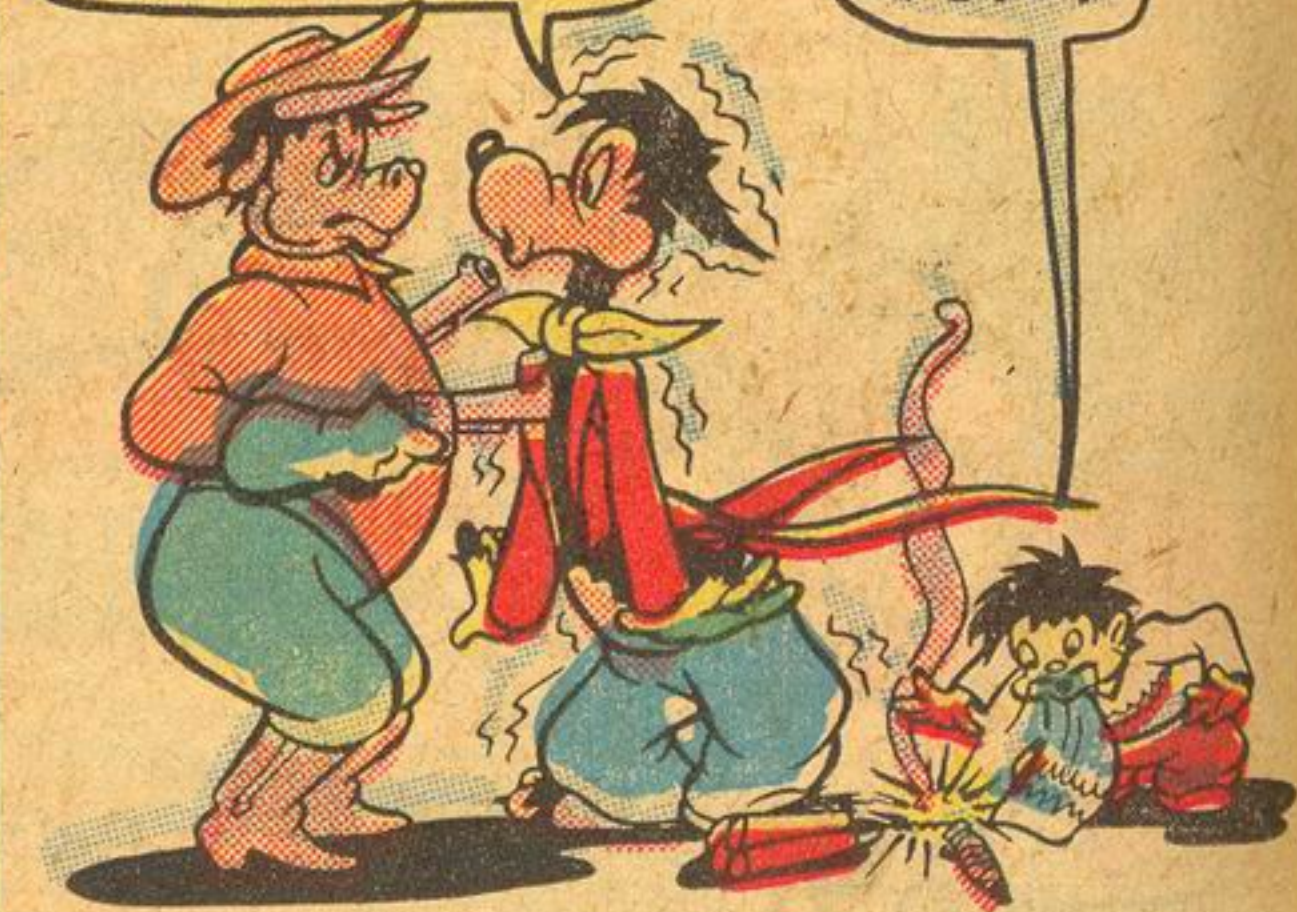


I'M GOING TO **BLAST** YOU, SUCKERS! I'M TAKING OVER THIS GOLD MINE! YOU WON'T NEED IT AFTER YOU'RE DEAD!



H-H-HAH! GULP! I'LL S-SAIL' RIGHT INTO HIM! I'LL L-LAND ON HIM AND KN-KNOCK HIM D-DOWN! I'LL ---

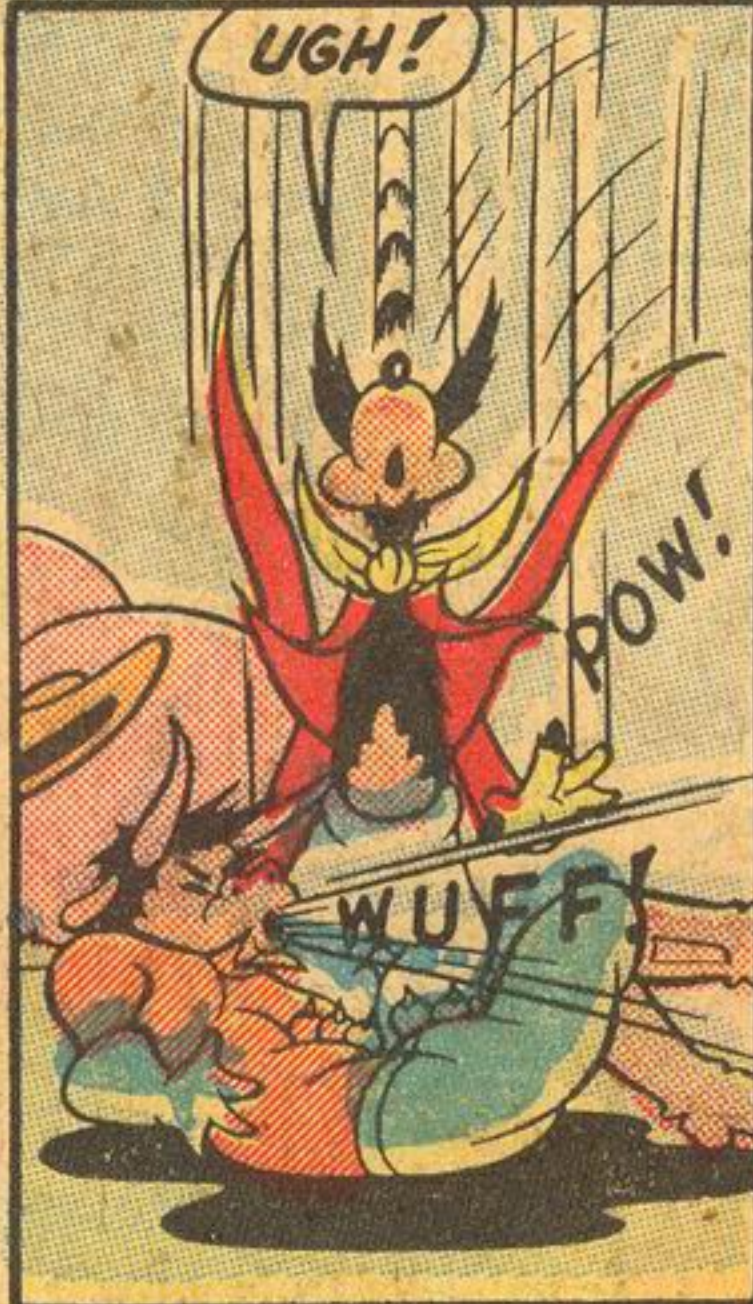
SEÑOR, LOOK OUT! YOUR CIGAR HAS LIT THE DYNAMITE FUSE!



YEOWN!

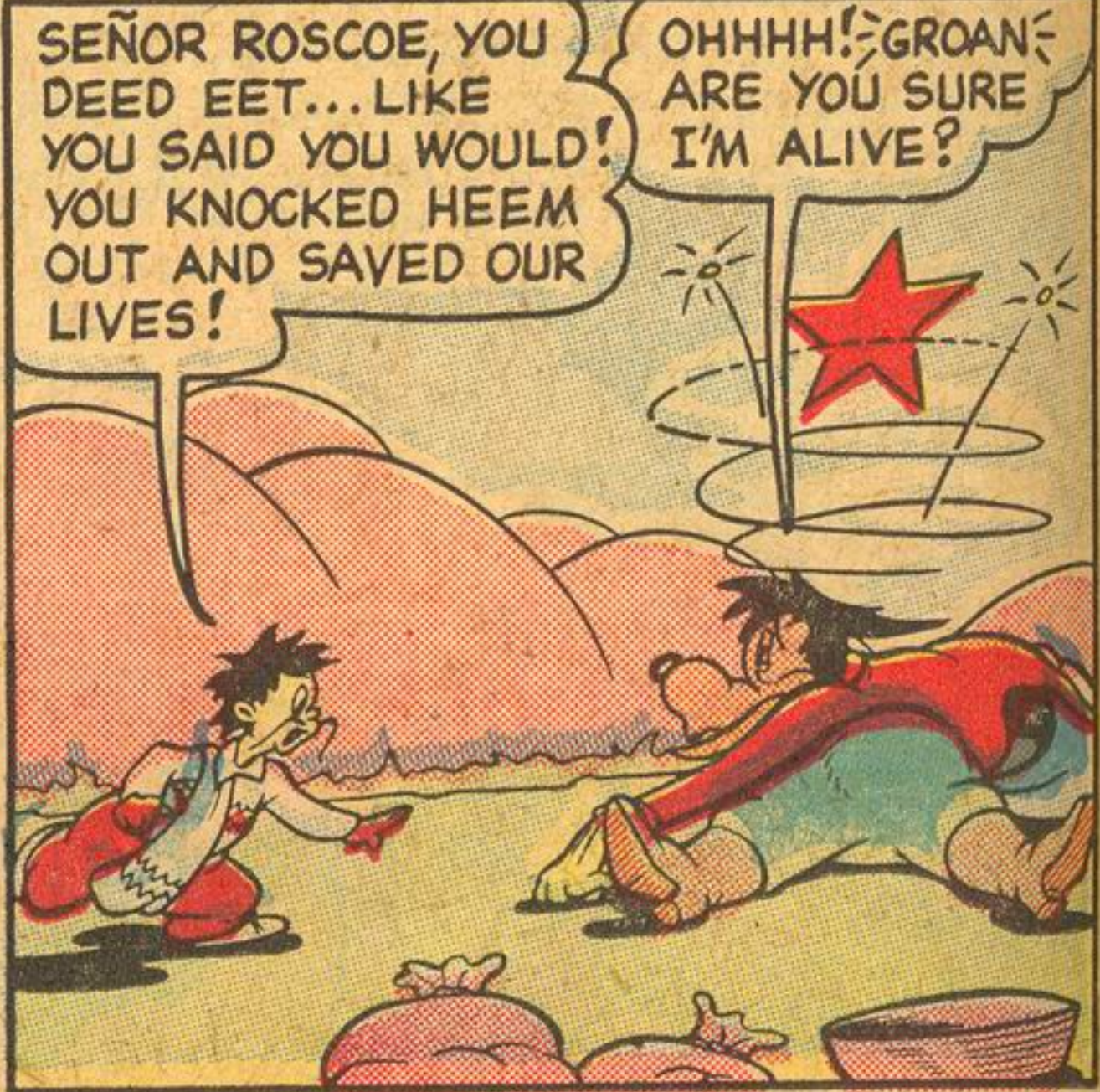


UGH!



SEÑOR ROSCOE, YOU DEED EET... LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD! YOU KNOCKED HEEM OUT AND SAVED OUR LIVES!

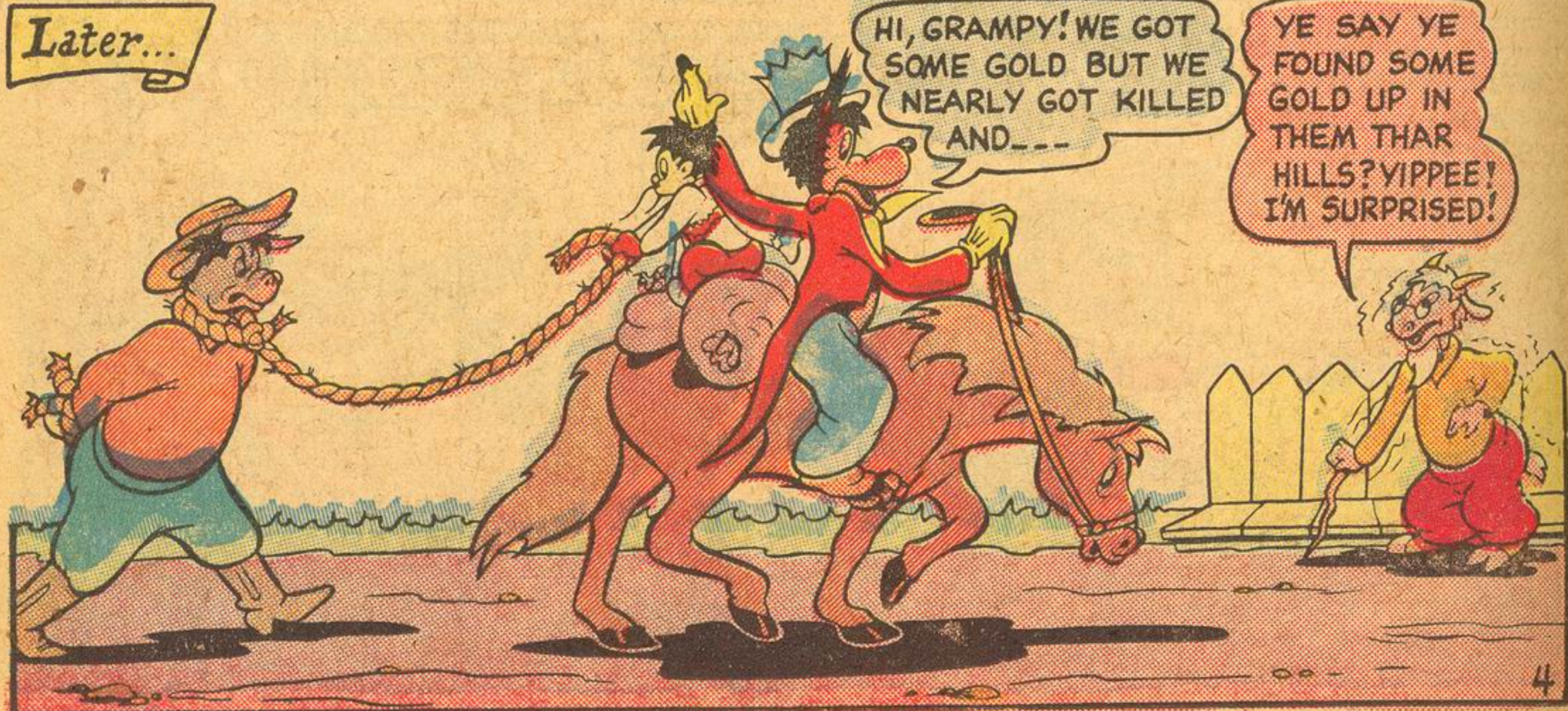
OH HHHH! GROAN! ARE YOU SURE I'M ALIVE?



Later...

HI, GRAMPY! WE GOT SOME GOLD BUT WE NEARLY GOT KILLED AND---

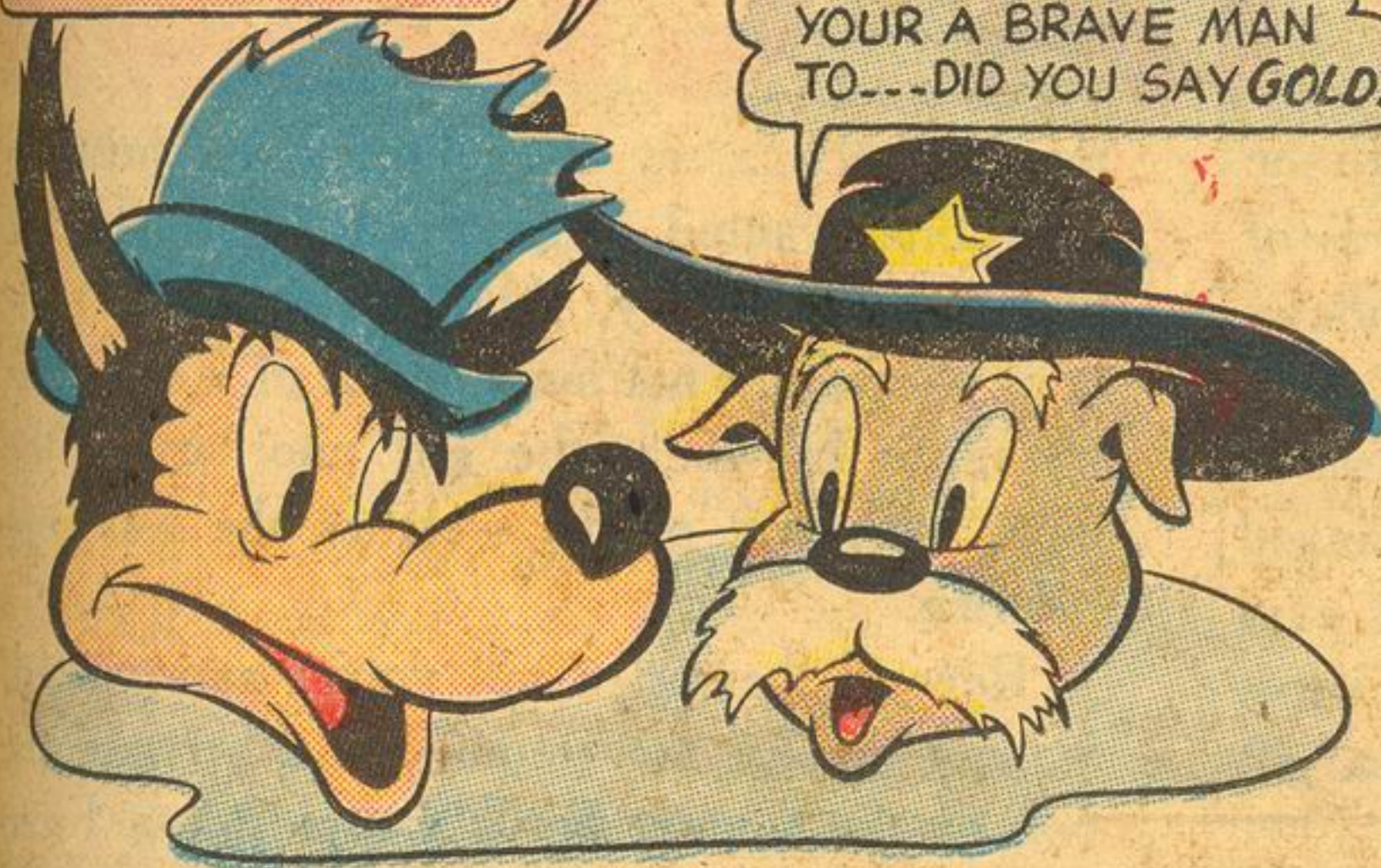
YE SAY YE FOUND SOME GOLD UP IN THEM THAR HILLS? YIPPEE! I'M SURPRISED!



FEATURE COMICS

SHERIFF, THIS GUY TRIED TO KILL US TO GET OUR GOLD! BUT AFTER I POUNCED ON HIM HE WAS HELPLESS!

GOOD GRIEF! THAT'S BRUTE BISON, A DESPERATE ESCAPED CONVICT! ROSCOE, YOUR A BRAVE MAN TO...DID YOU SAY GOLD?



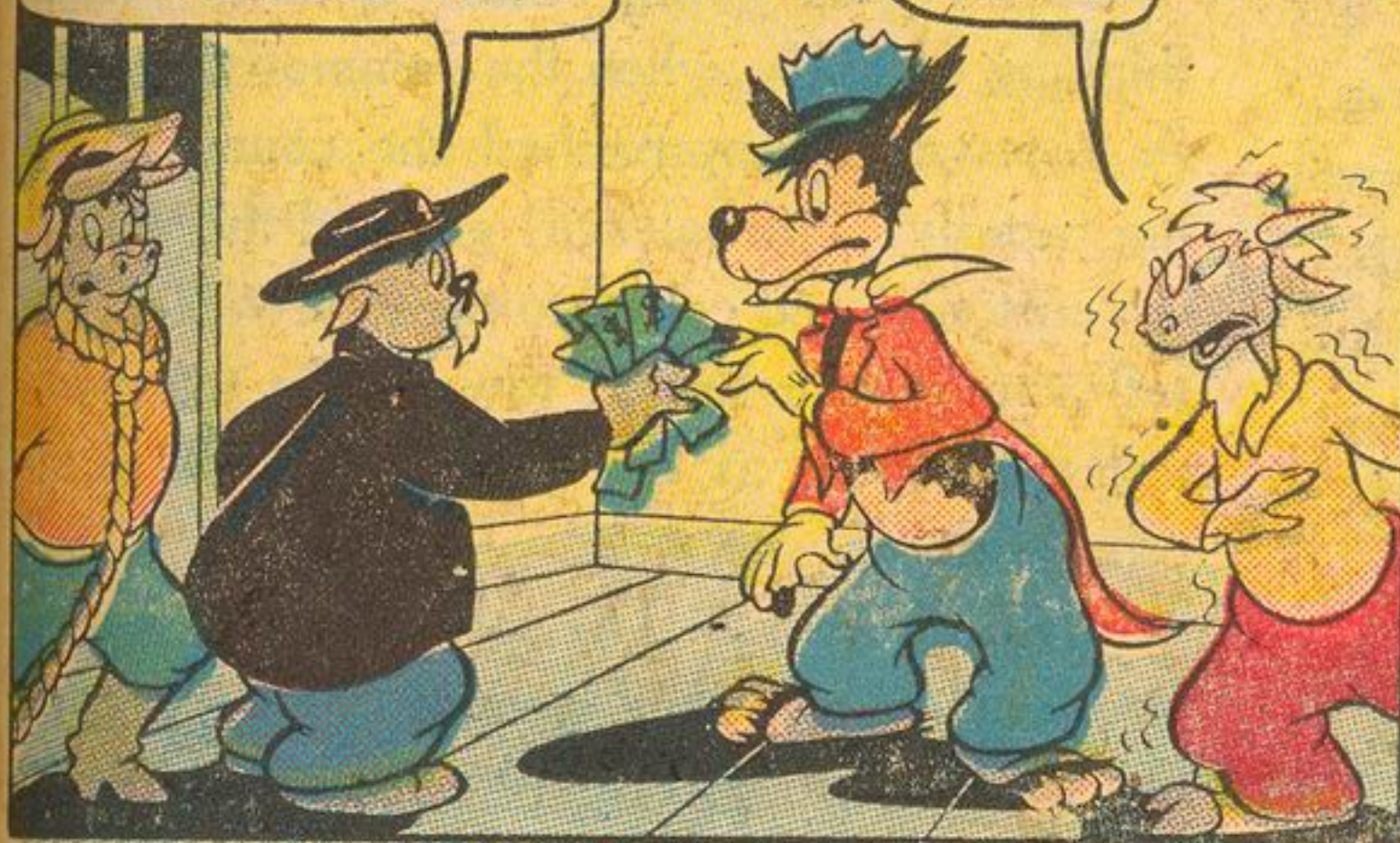
I'M NOT ONLY BRAVE, BUT ALSO RICH! LOOK AT THESE, SHERIFF!

I HATE TO TELL YOU, BOYS, BUT THESE NUGGETS ARE ONLY IRON PYRITES, FOOL'S GOLD! THEY'RE NOT WORTH A CENT!



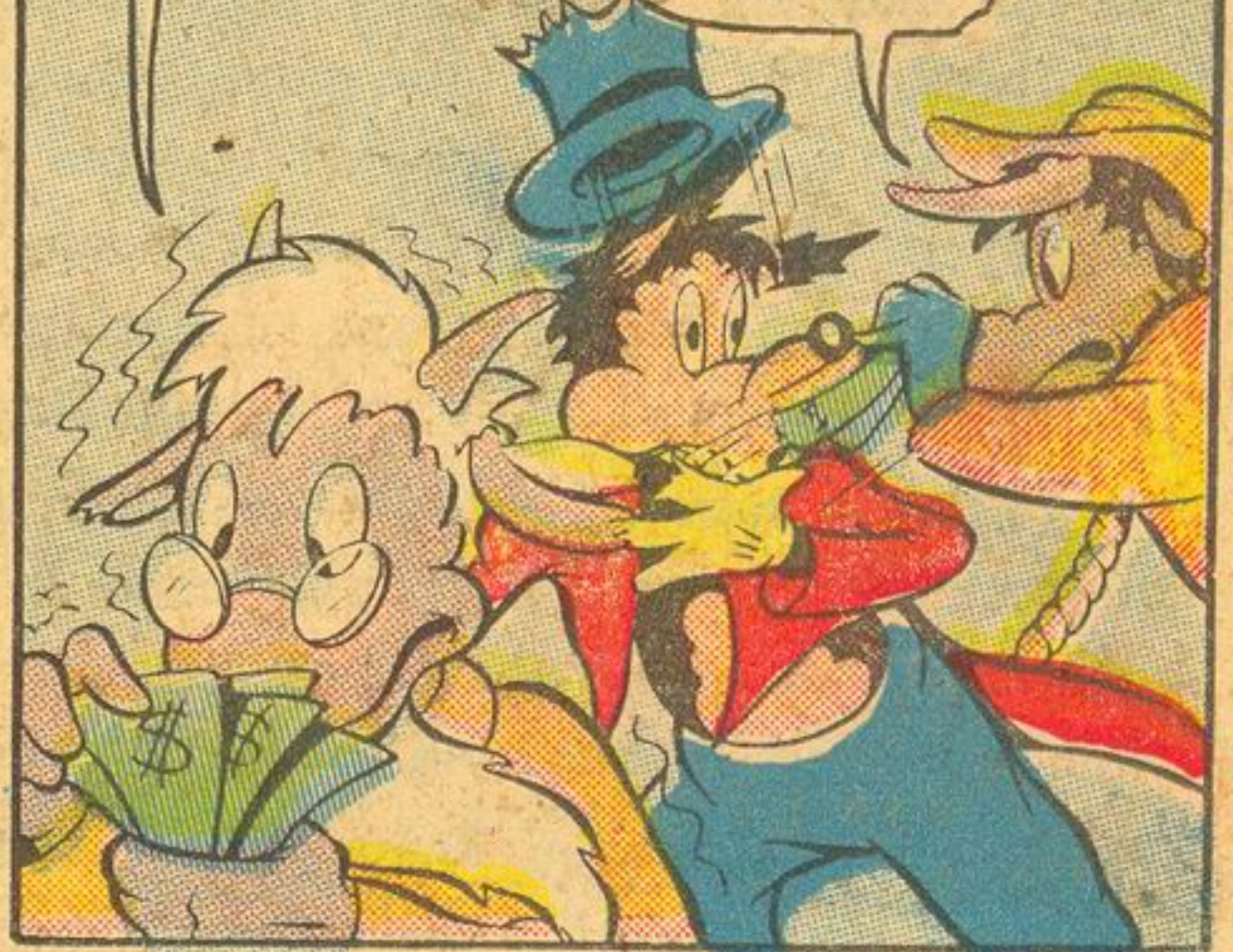
BUT THERE'S A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF BRUTE BISON... HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! YOU'VE GOT THAT COMING FOR THE BOLD CAPT---

DID YE SAY THAT'S WHAT'S COMIN' FER THEM GOLD NUGGETS? I GET HALF!



TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS IS MINE!

AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER HALF.. THAT'S WHAT YOU OWE ME!



HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT! THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

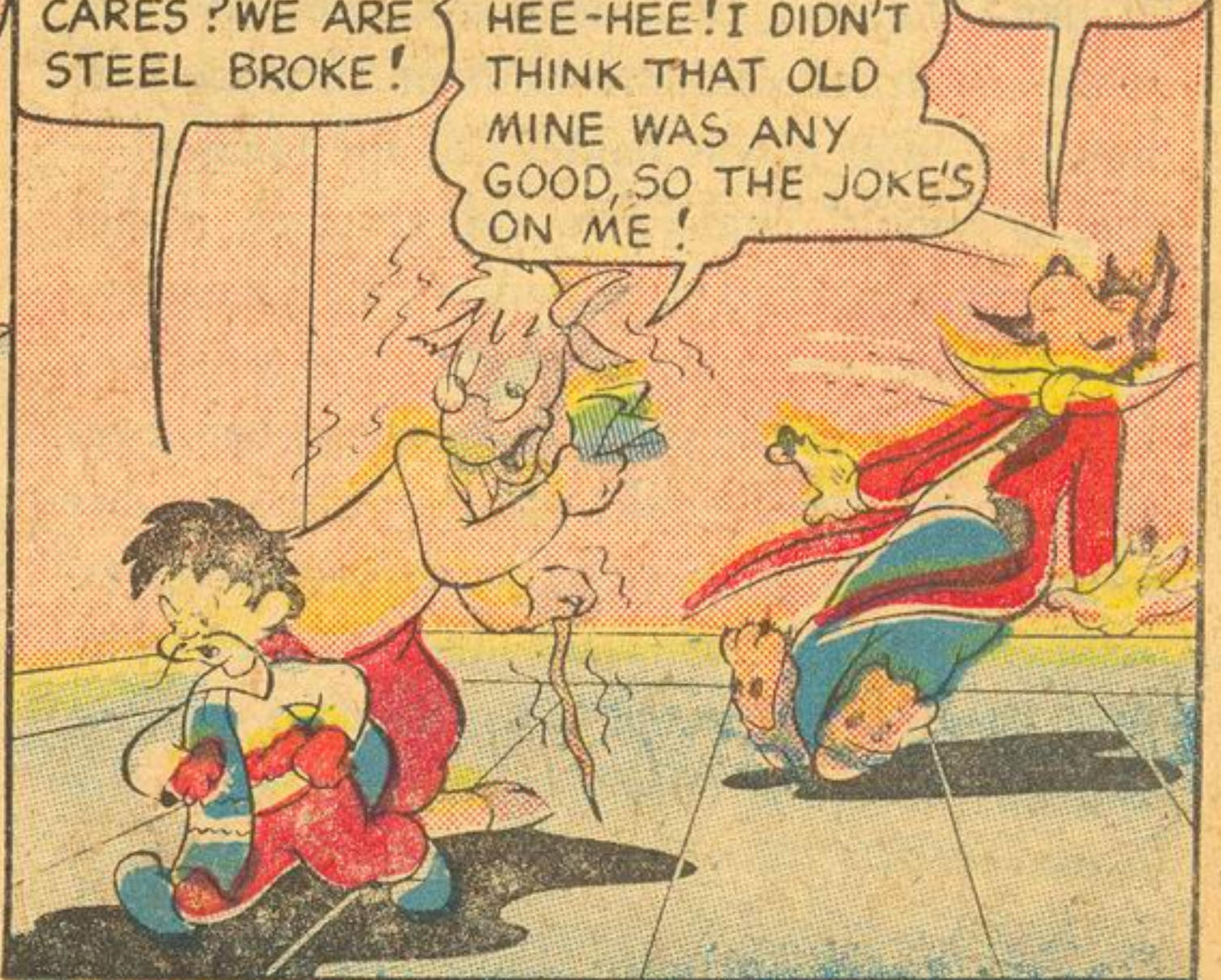
YESSIR, MY BOY... MIGHTY **COURAGEOUS!** YOU'RE A HERO, CATCHIN' THAT CROOK!



HERO, BAH! WHO CARES? WE ARE STEEL BROKE!

JOKE? I'LL SAY! HEE-HEE! I DIDN'T THINK THAT OLD MINE WAS ANY GOOD, SO THE JOKE'S ON ME!

GRAWK!





DETECTIVE SANTA CLAUS

DARREL DANE swung along through the drifting snowfall, dodging the crowds of shoppers on the sidewalk. The shop windows were impressively decorated for the Christmas season. A loudspeaker blared a jingling seasonal tune and a curbstone Santa Claus clanged his bell. Darrel grinned happily. It was easy to be caught up in the Christmas spirit, especially since he was on his way to buy a gift for his fiancée, Martha Roberts.

Turning in to one of the shops; he ducked past a heavy matron laden with parcels. It would be convenient, he mused, if he could do his shopping as the Doll Man—easier to get through the crowds. He stopped beside a counter at which tiny jeweled watches were displayed. He remembered having heard Martha admire one worn by one of her friends. Perhaps this would make an appropriate gift.

The only salesgirl in sight was busy down the counter, showing a young woman a tray of men's watches. With nothing else to do, he found himself overhearing their conversation.

"Well, really, you know, you'll have to make up your mind!" The saleswoman's tone was so unpleasant that Darrel turned to look at her. She was tall, sleek and well-dressed, with an air of extreme hauteur. Darrel felt, however, that it was hauteur of the moment—that it would change to subservience if her customer happened to be impressive. This woman customer certainly was not. She was now fingering two of the watches, her head bent over them, but Darrel could see from flush on her cheek that she was embarrassed at the saleswoman's tone. She was slender, even thin, and dressed in cheap, inconspicuous clothes. As she looked around hesitantly Darrel also observed that she was very young. It was easy to figure out her dilemma. She was buying a

man's watch . . . undoubtedly a Christmas gift. She wanted a good one, but couldn't afford much money. And the salesgirl, realizing she would not make much of a sale, was trying to browbeat the girl into buying the more expensive of the watches she was considering.

Beyond the girl a tall young man waited, leaning against the counter, and between the two on the counter lay a shopping bag. From his clothes and manner it was obvious that the man was not with the girl. Also it seemed obvious that the bag belonged to the girl, not the man.

Darrel was noting these details, without thinking of them, when the commotion started. A floorwalker approached the counter, moving rapidly. The salesgirl grasped the wrist of her customer and called to the floorwalker. The tall young man turned toward the two, looking astonished, as did Darrel himself on the other side.

"Mr. Murray!" The salesgirl addressed the floorwalker, gesturing significantly at the wrist she held.

"What's the trouble, Miss Evans?"

"Look!" The salesgirl, identified as Miss Evans, nodded toward the customer and the shopping bag. "I just caught this woman trying to slip a watch into her bag!"

The young girl gasped and turned white. "Why!" she cried. "I—I didn't!"

"Look here!" The saleswoman reached for the shopping bag and pointed to a strap hanging from one corner. She tipped up the bag, and an expensive watch fell out onto the counter.

"But it's not my bag!" the girl protested. "I don't know anything about it!"

"Is it your bag, sir?" the floorwalker asked.

FEATURE COMICS

ed politely of the young man standing on the other side.

He raised his eyebrows and grinned. "Do I look like it was mine?" It was an obvious answer. It was hard to imagine the immaculate and well-dressed young man carrying the cheap shopping bag.

The floorwalker looked around at the curious crowd that was gathering.

"I'm sorry, Madam," he said to the young girl. "If you'll just step into the office with me . . . and these two gentlemen as witnesses . . . we'll straighten it all out."

"I'm in an awful hurry and I didn't see a thing," the young man said. "No use my going to the office with you. I'll leave my name and address."

Politely but firmly, the floorwalker turned the young girl over to the store detective with instructions to take her to the manager's office. Miss Evans followed them, while Darrel and the floorwalker brought up the rear. The young girl, Darrel could see, was struggling against tears. He couldn't help feeling that there must be some mistake.

"Don't feel too sorry for her," the floorwalker said, as if he could read Darrel's thoughts. "These shoplifters can be very plausible and pathetic. I've had my eye on that counter for some time; we've lost a lot of merchandise from it recently."

The session in the manager's office was brief. Miss Evans and the floorwalker told their stories. The young girl, Ruth Lawrence, denied everything. And Darrel had seen nothing that would add to the evidence one way or the other. Obviously the store people felt that it was an open and shut case. The manager phoned for the police and prepared to prefer charges.

The girl stood there as if she were stunned. "But it's absurd!" she half-whispered. "It can't be happening to me! I haven't done anything."

Darrel wondered. The evidence was all against Ruth Lawrence, but it was hard for him to believe she could fake such innocence. There was one explanation that would make her not guilty—if someone else were lying. He made up his mind to find out.

When the store closed for the night, Dar-

rel was waiting outside the employees' exit. His hat brim pulled low over his face, he stood behind a post and watched the hurrying faces. Soon he saw the one he was waiting for—the salesgirl, Miss Evans. As she walked away from the store, she was joined by a tall young man. Darrel's eyes narrowed. It was the man who had been leaning on the counter.

Darrel followed them down the street, and saw the young man steer Miss Evans toward a parked roadster. Darrel looked around for a cab, but then he had a better idea. Stepping into a dark doorway, he called upon every iota of his will power. Speedily he changed into the tiny, compressed form of the Doll Man. Then he dashed across the sidewalk, leaping onto the running board of the roadster just as it pulled away from the curb.

As he hung onto the door handle, he could hear voices over the traffic noises. The two inside the car were quarrelling.

"That was a bright trick!" the man said angrily. "Why on earth did you yell for the floorwalker?"

"It was a bright trick, you fool! He's been getting suspicious lately. I saw him watching my counter . . . and if you'd started off with that shopping bag, you'd have been arrested sure!"

Here was the explanation for which the Doll Man had been searching. These two had been stealing merchandise together, the girl to obtain it and the man to carry it, unsuspected, out of the store. Clinging to the car, the Doll Man stuck with them until they went into the Evans girl's apartment. After that it was only a matter of minutes until he had resumed the shape of Darrel Dane and called the police. Enough stolen goods were found in the apartment to convict the two unquestionably.

At the police station, Darrel watched while Ruth Lawrence was released. Then he slipped into her hand a package he had just purchased. "For your boy friend," he said, grinning at her while she opened it and looked down at the handsome man's watch inside.

He ducked out in a hurry when she tried to thank him. "Can't wait," he explained. "Got to do an errand." And he went whistling off down the street to continue his search for a gift for Martha Roberts.

FEATURE COMICS

**P
E
R
K
Y**

I OUGHT TO
HAMMER
SOME SENSE
INTO HIM!

HE'S NOT
ON THE
LEVEL!

HE MAKES
ME **SAW!**

MAYBE I OUGHT TO
SPLIT HIS
PERSONALITY!

Perky, the
kid who
flies to
lands of
fantasy,
visits
Carpenter
Land and
becomes
involved
in the
**REBELLION
OF THE
TOOLS!**

**CARPENTER
LAND!** I HAVEN'T
GOT A LICENSE TO
DRIVE A NAIL!

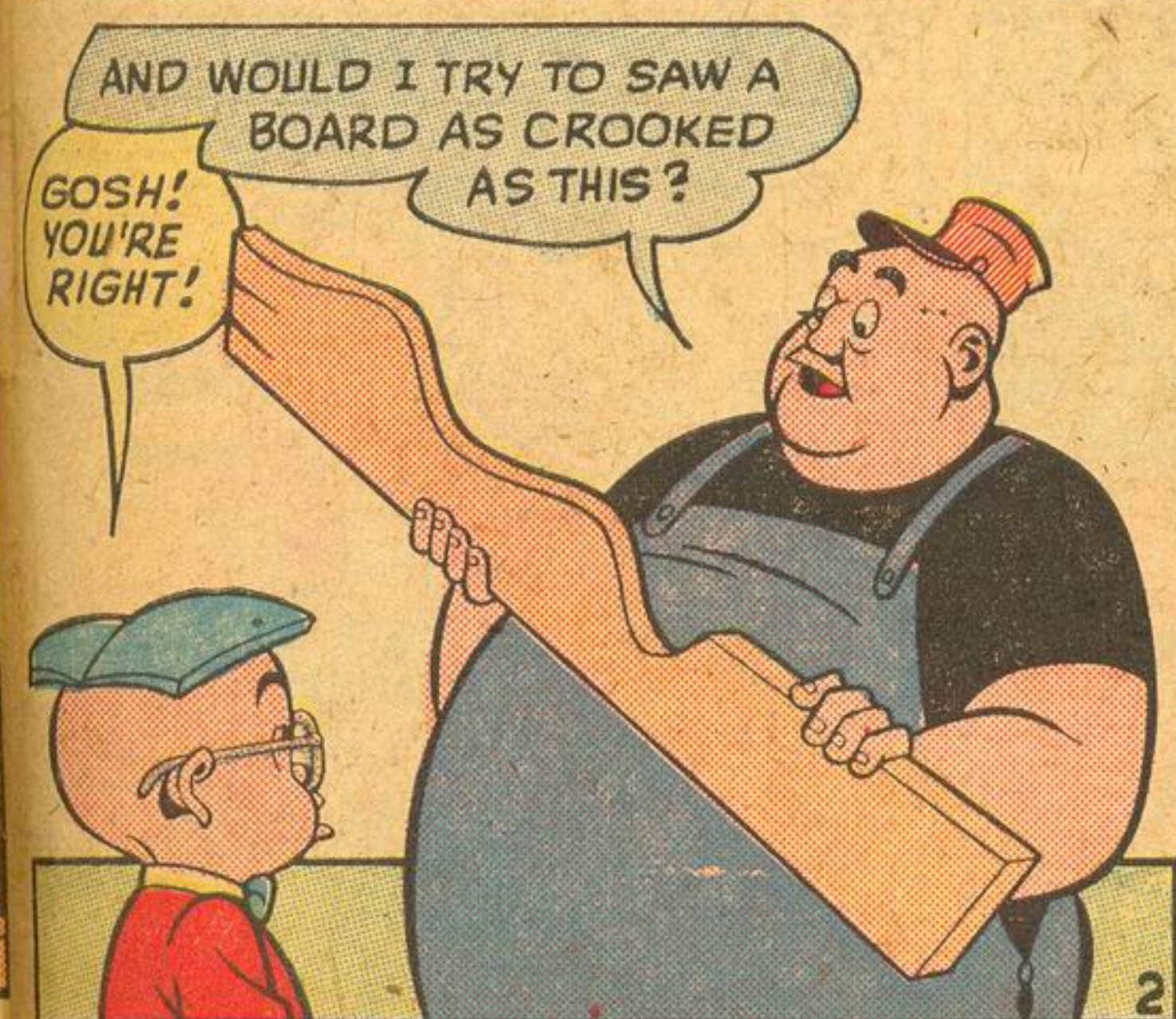
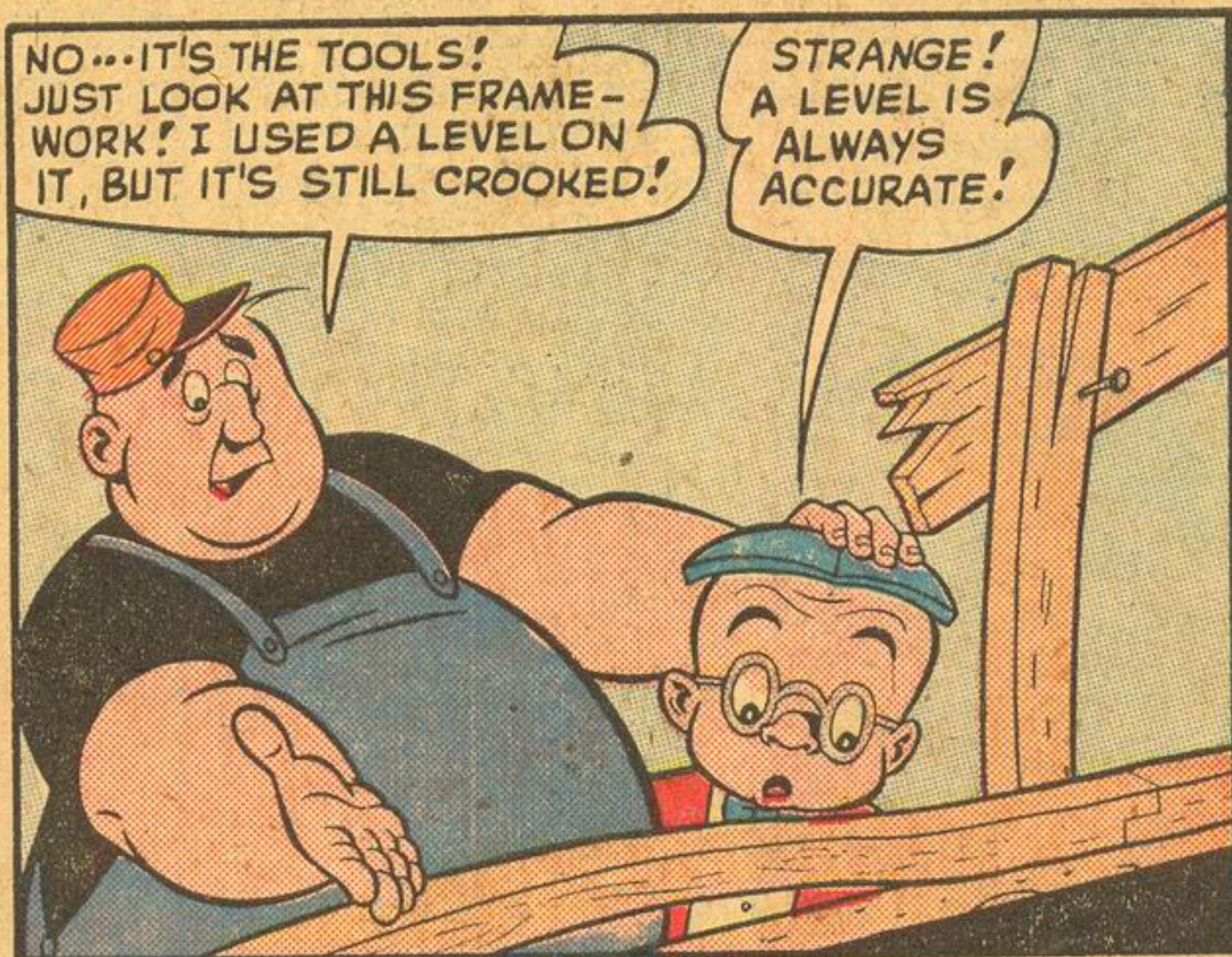
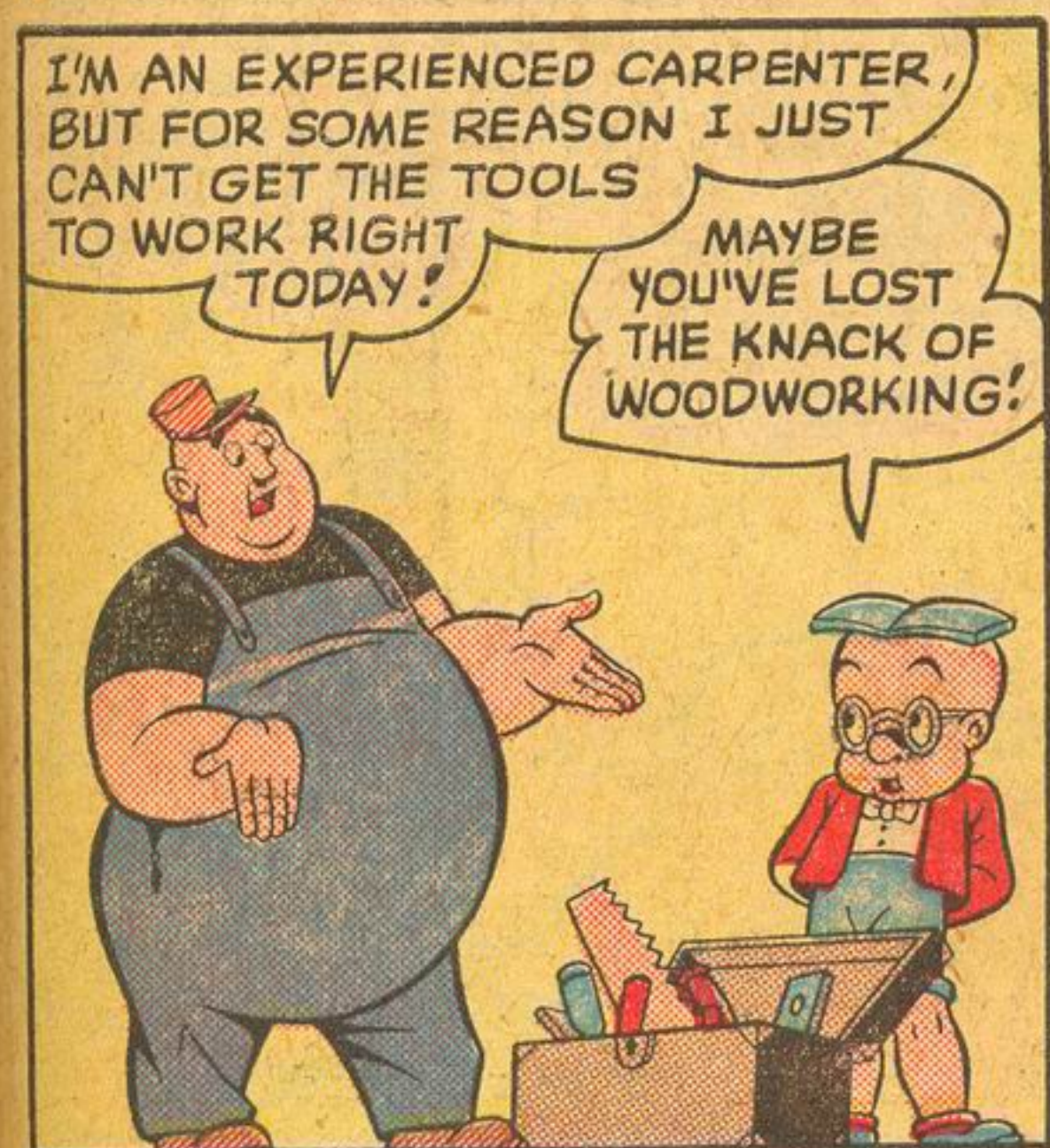
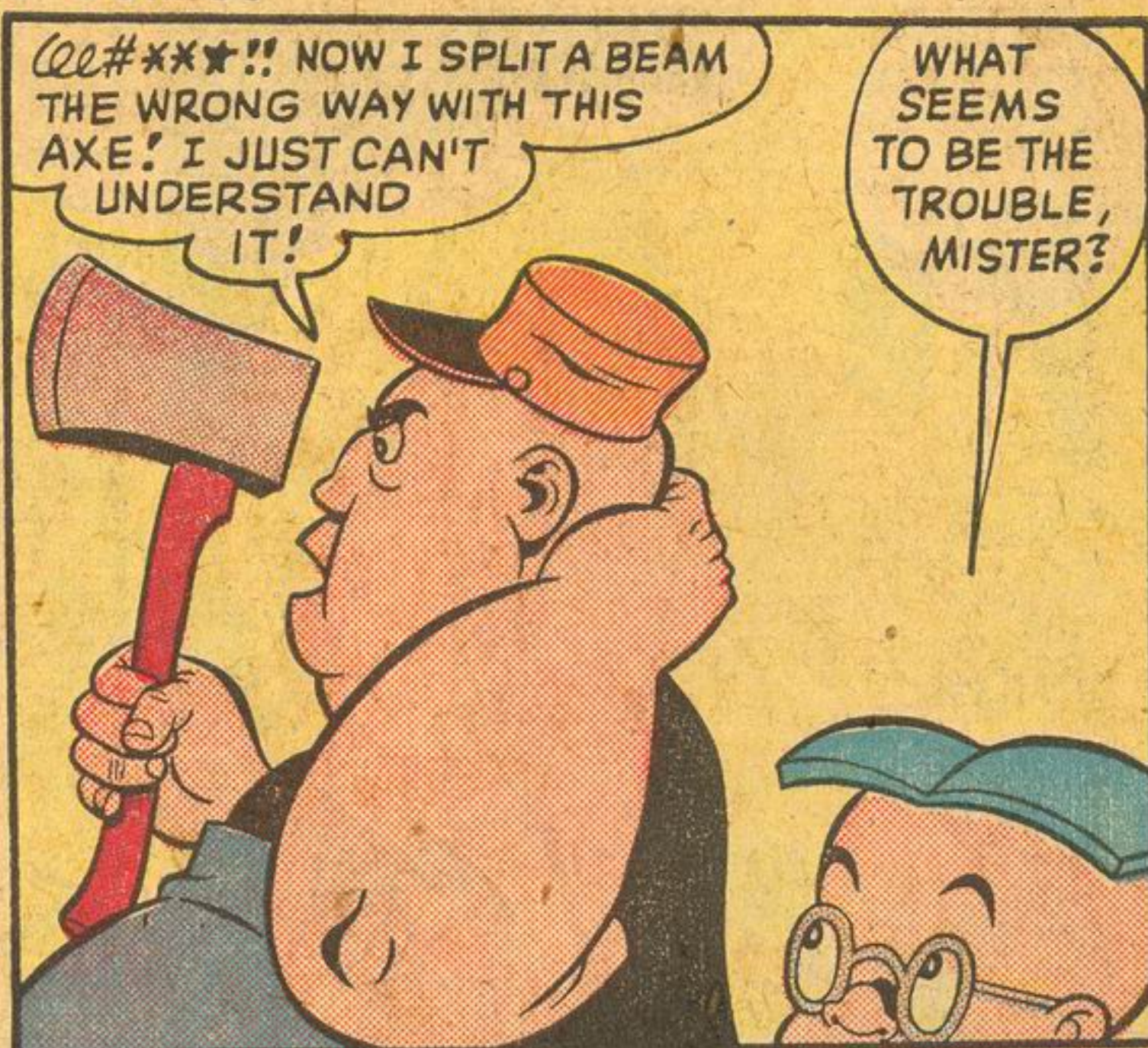
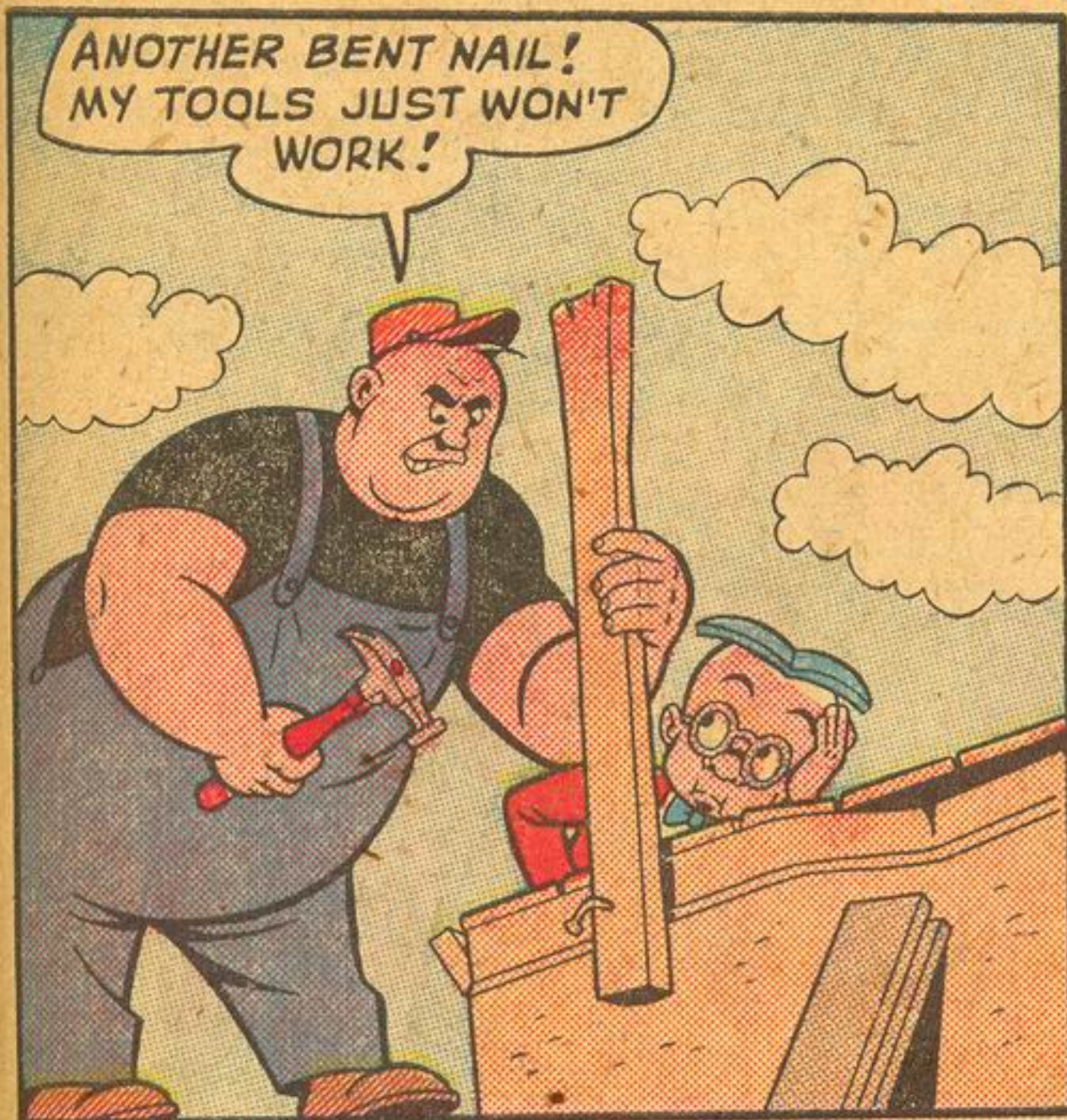
OOF!

**Cor #xx!! ANOTHER SPLIT BOARD! I
CAN'T SEEM TO USE MY TOOLS RIGHT
TODAY!**

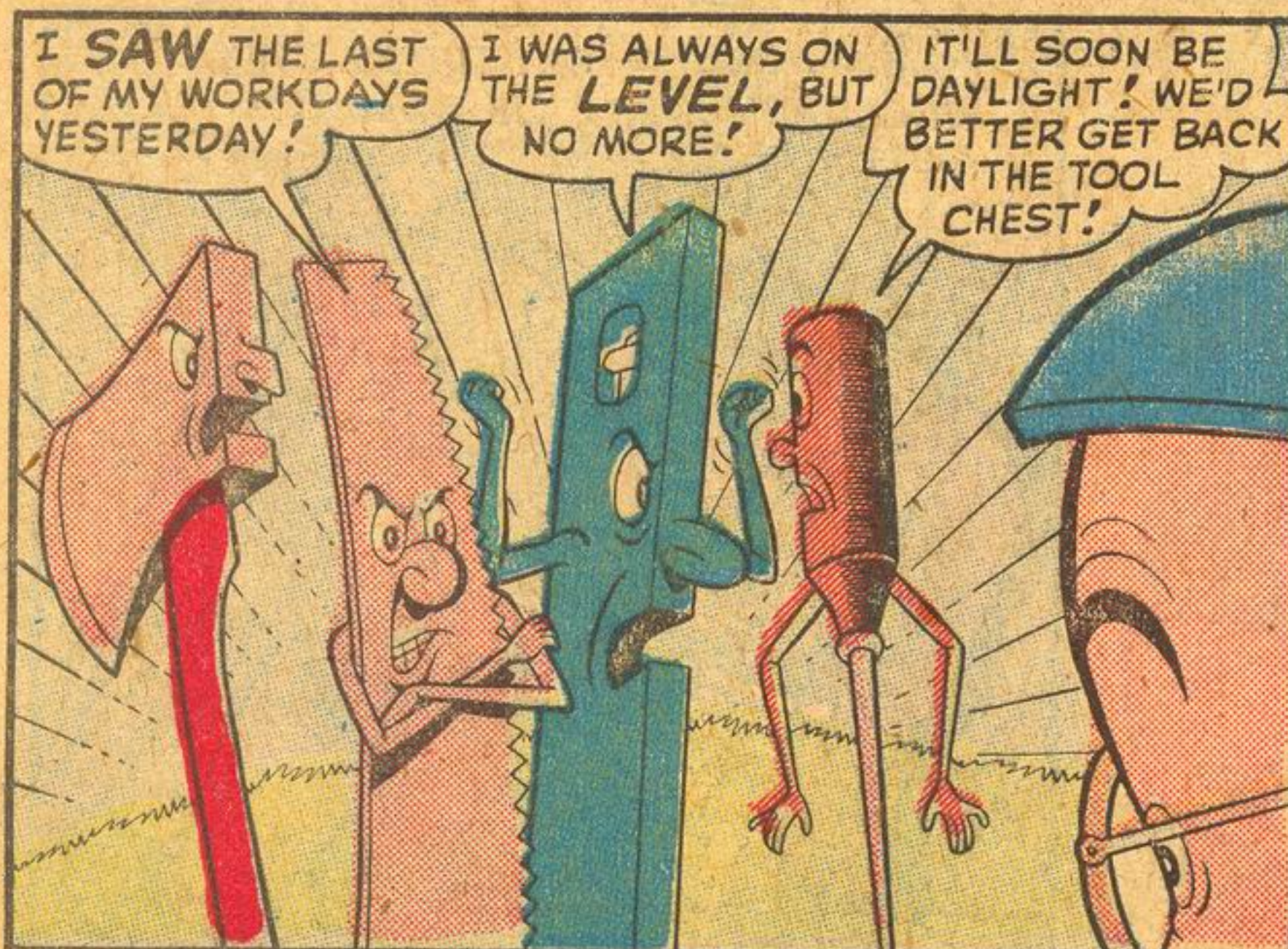
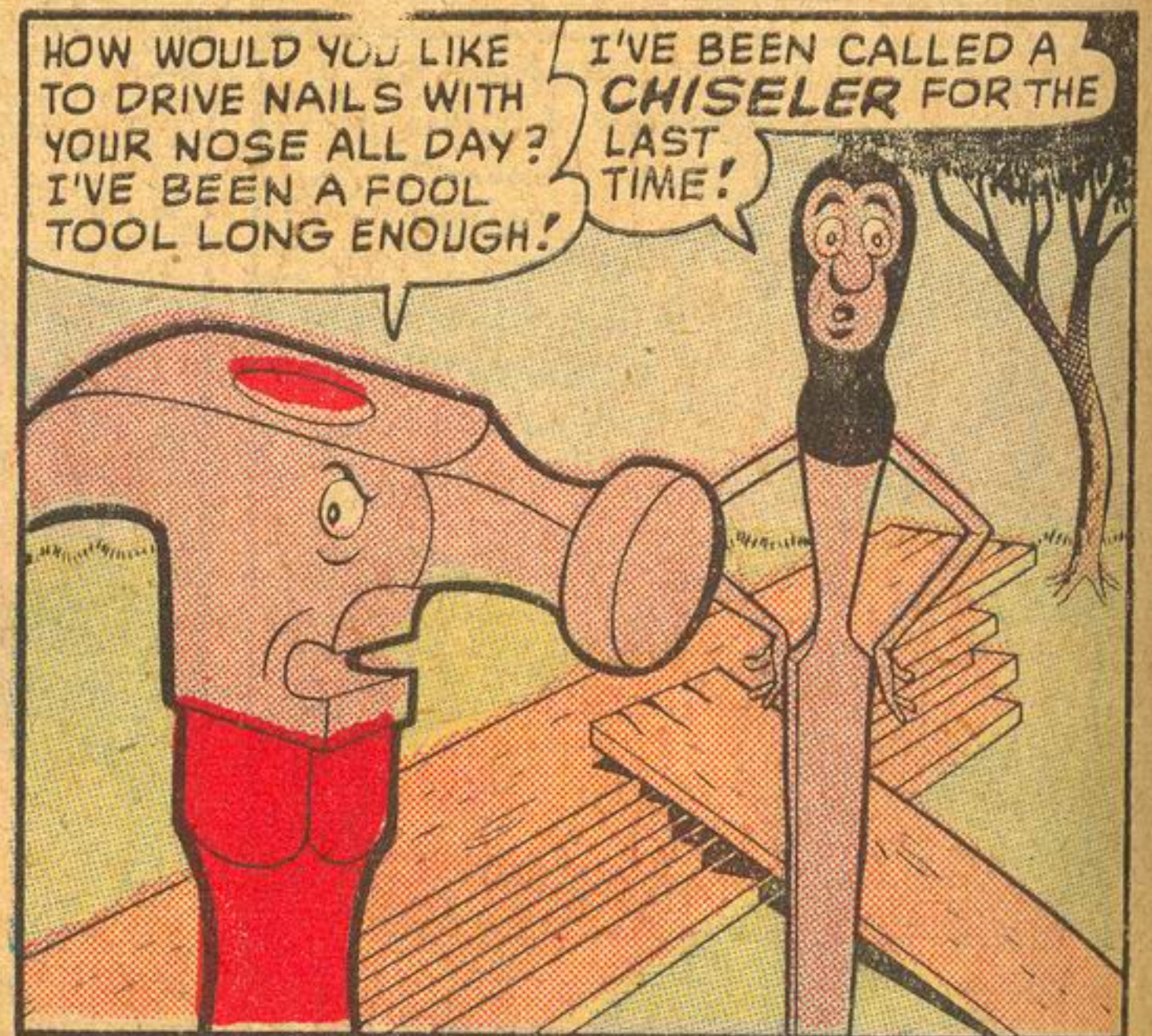
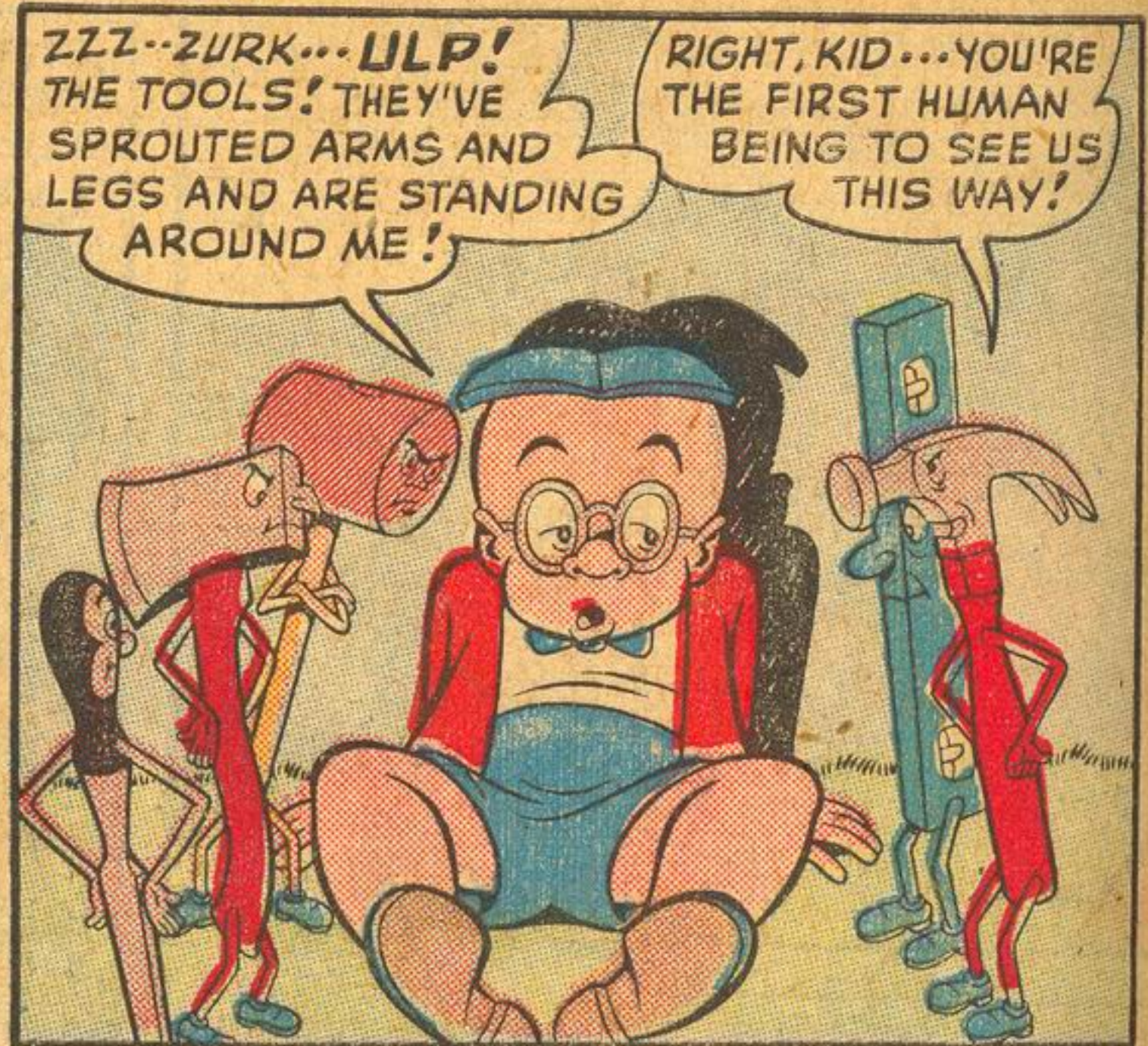
**CARPENTER
LAND**

by
-Gill
Fox-

FEATURE COMICS



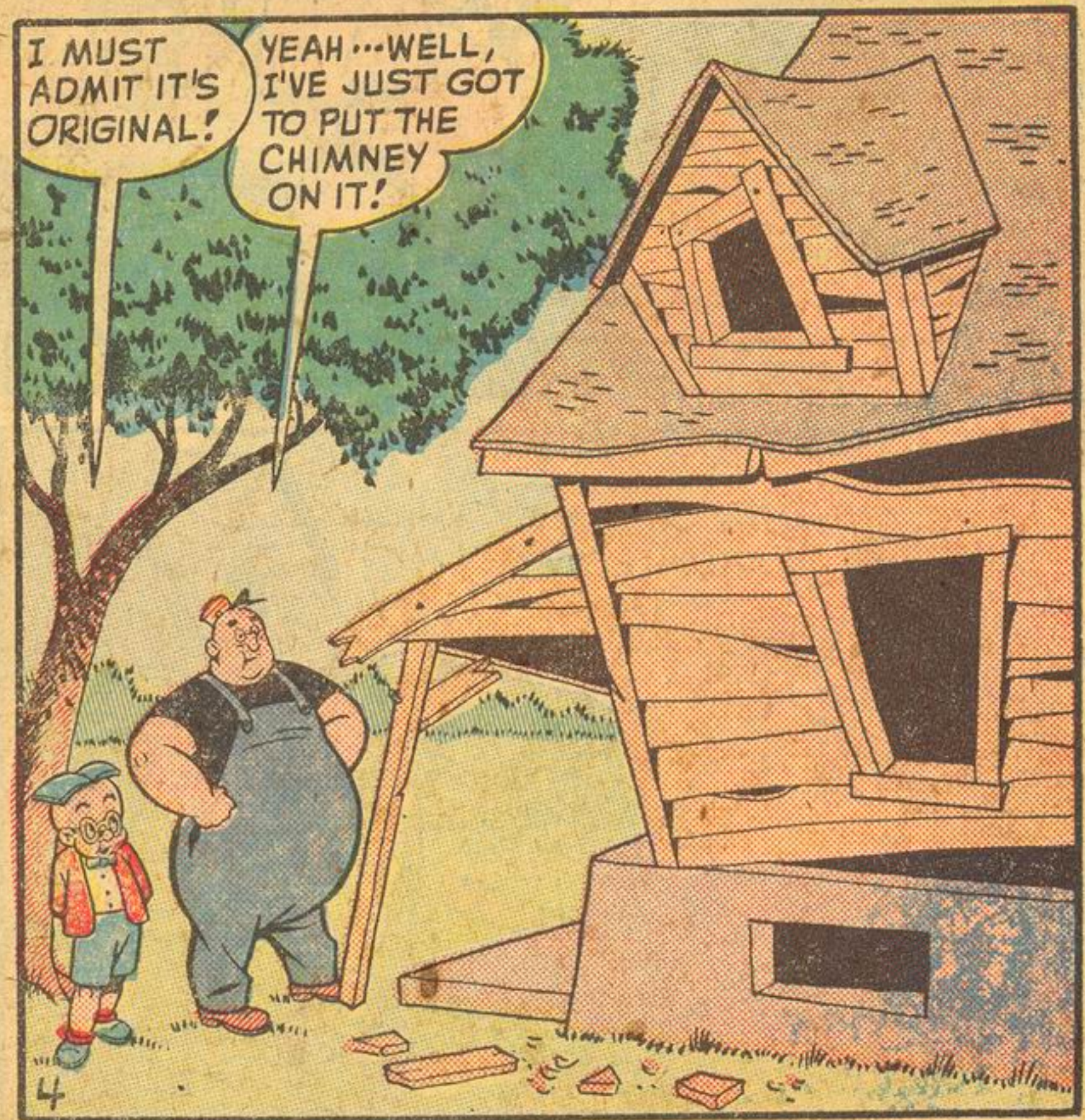
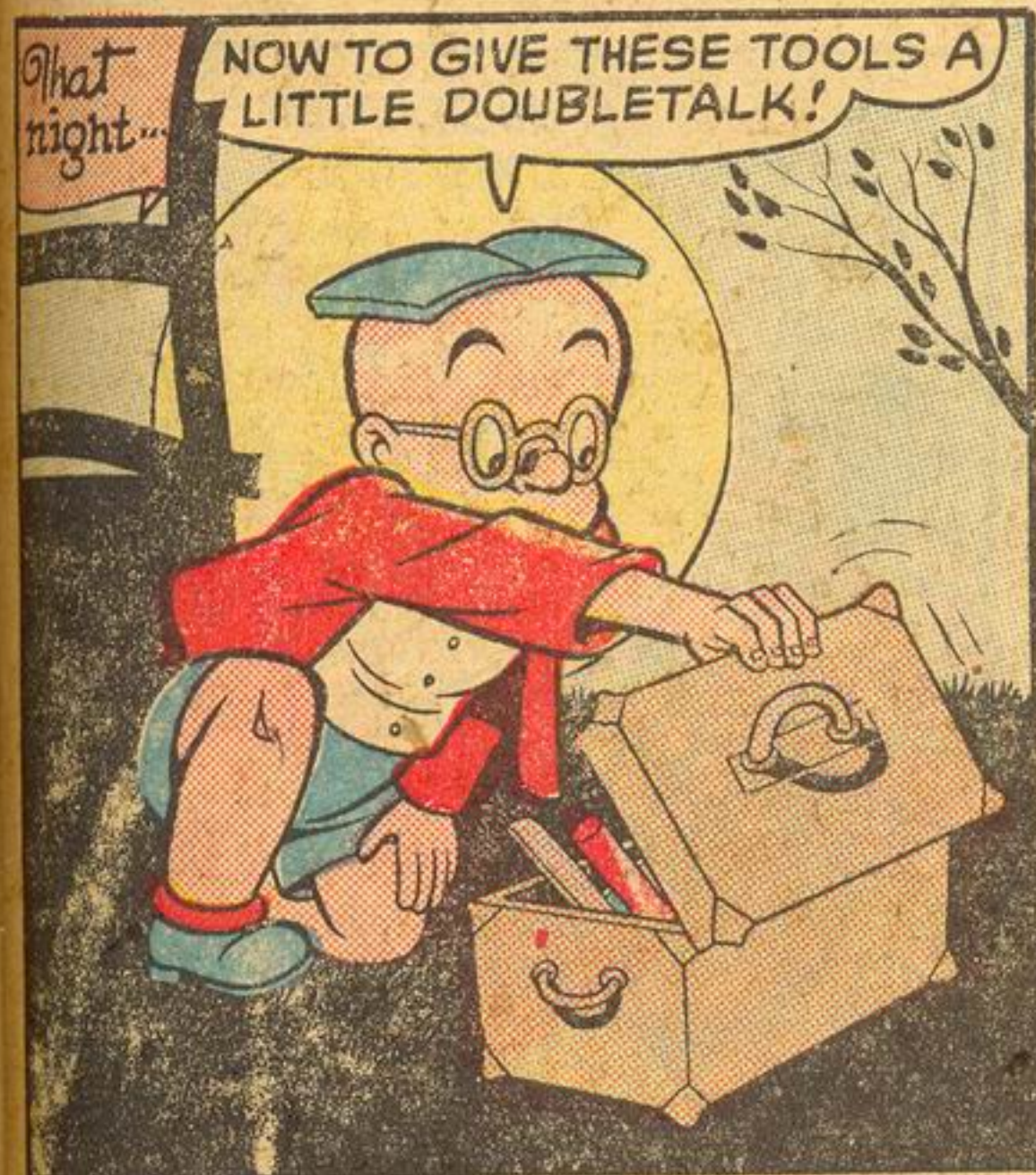
FEATURE COMICS



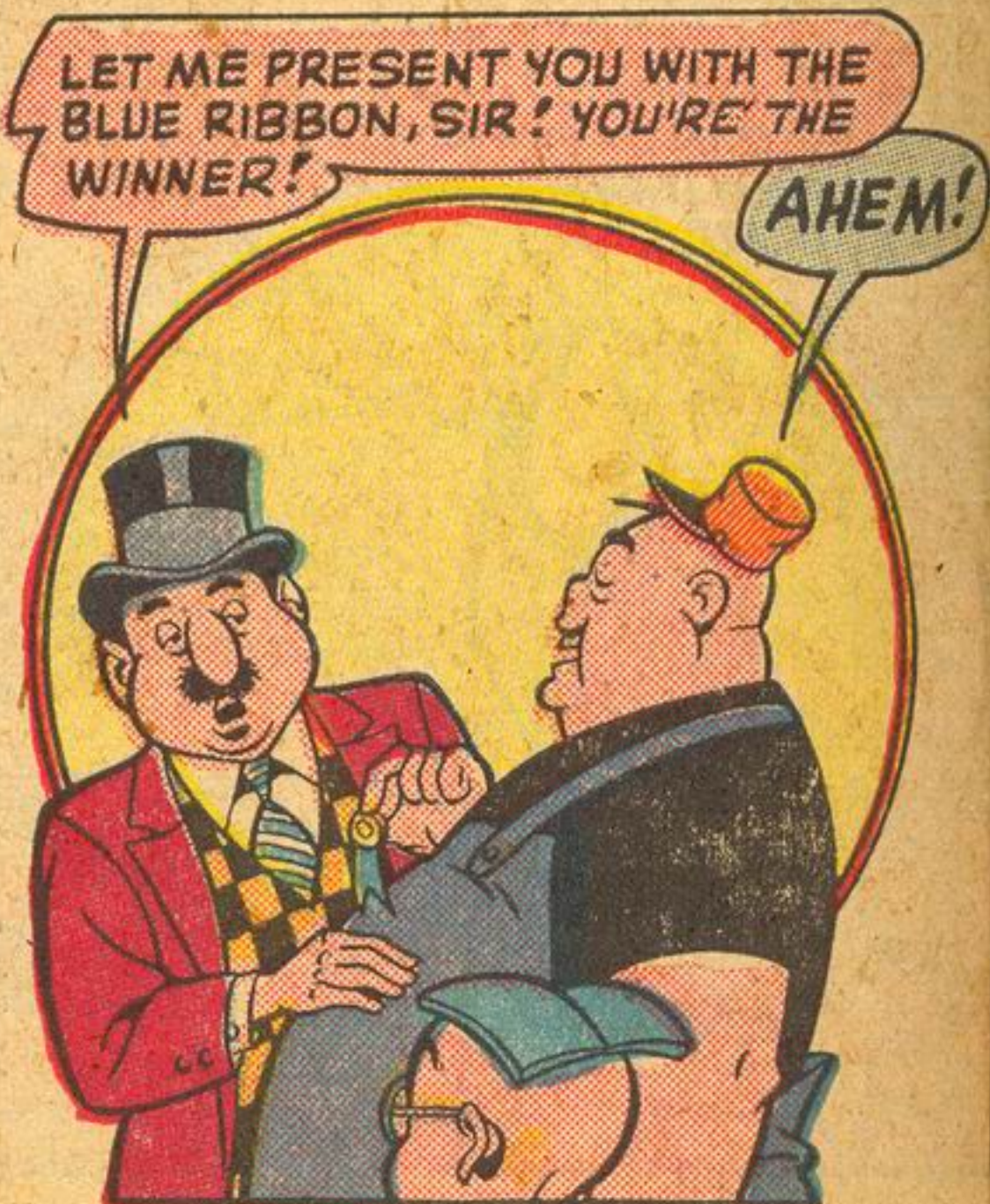
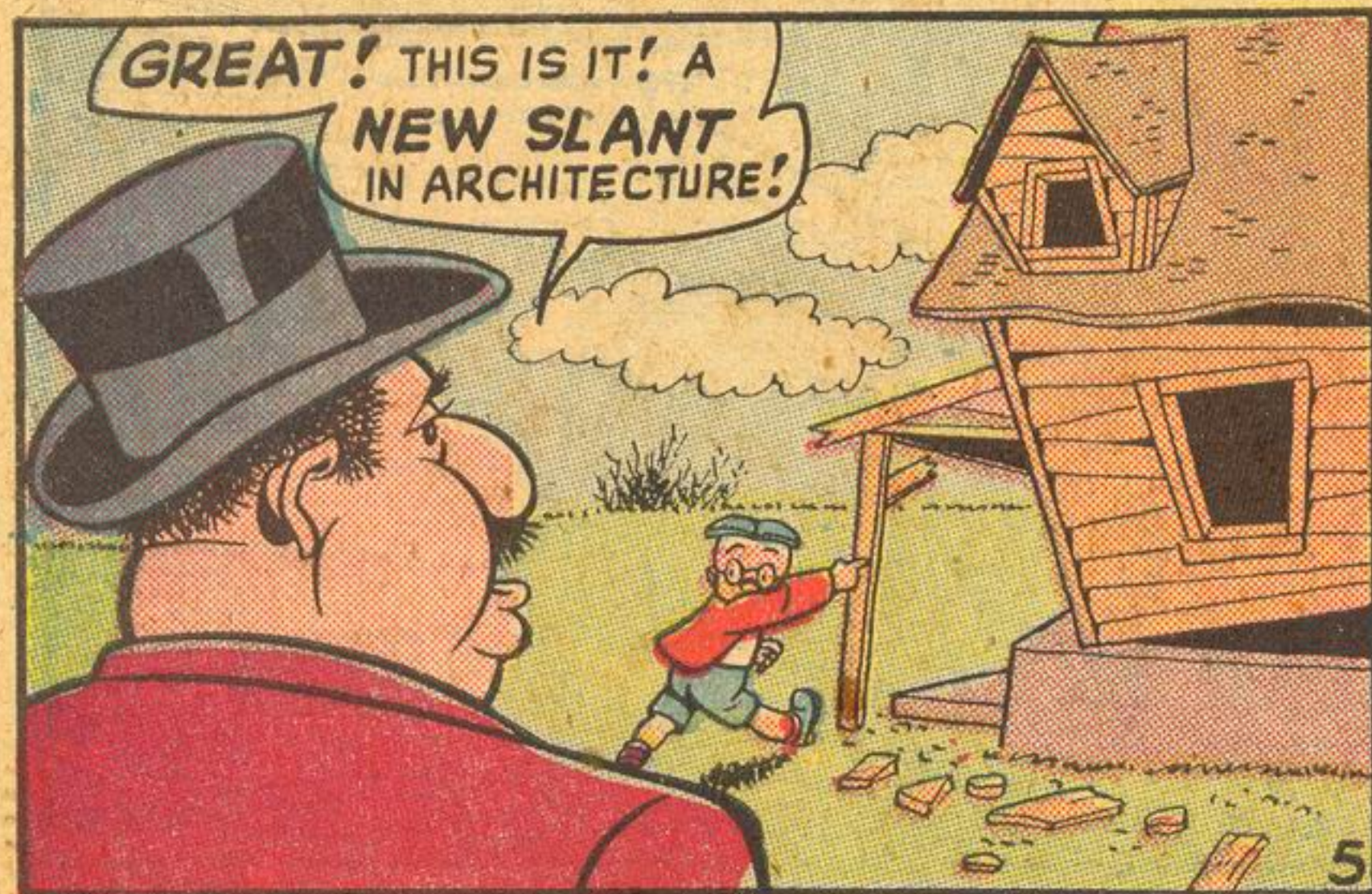
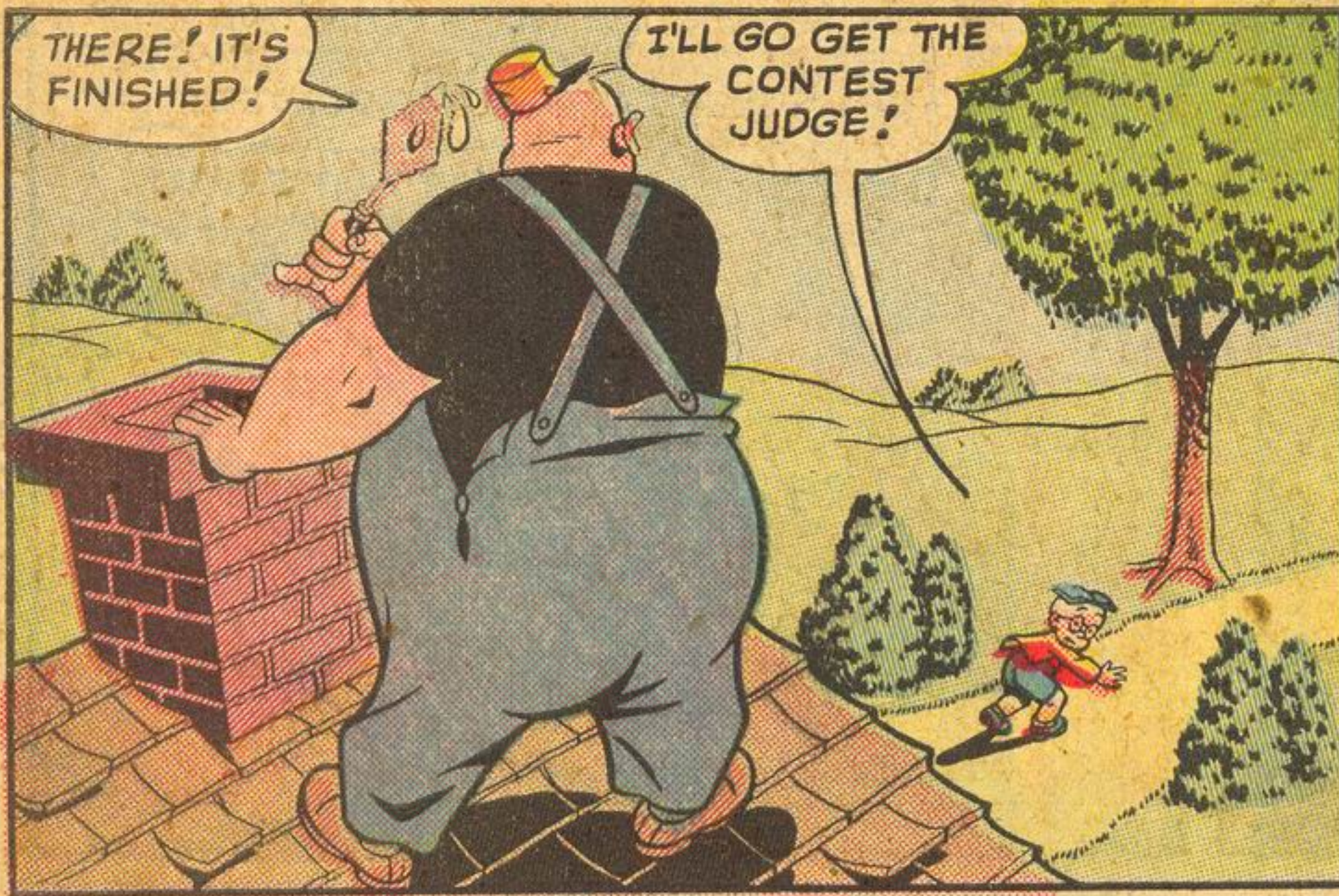
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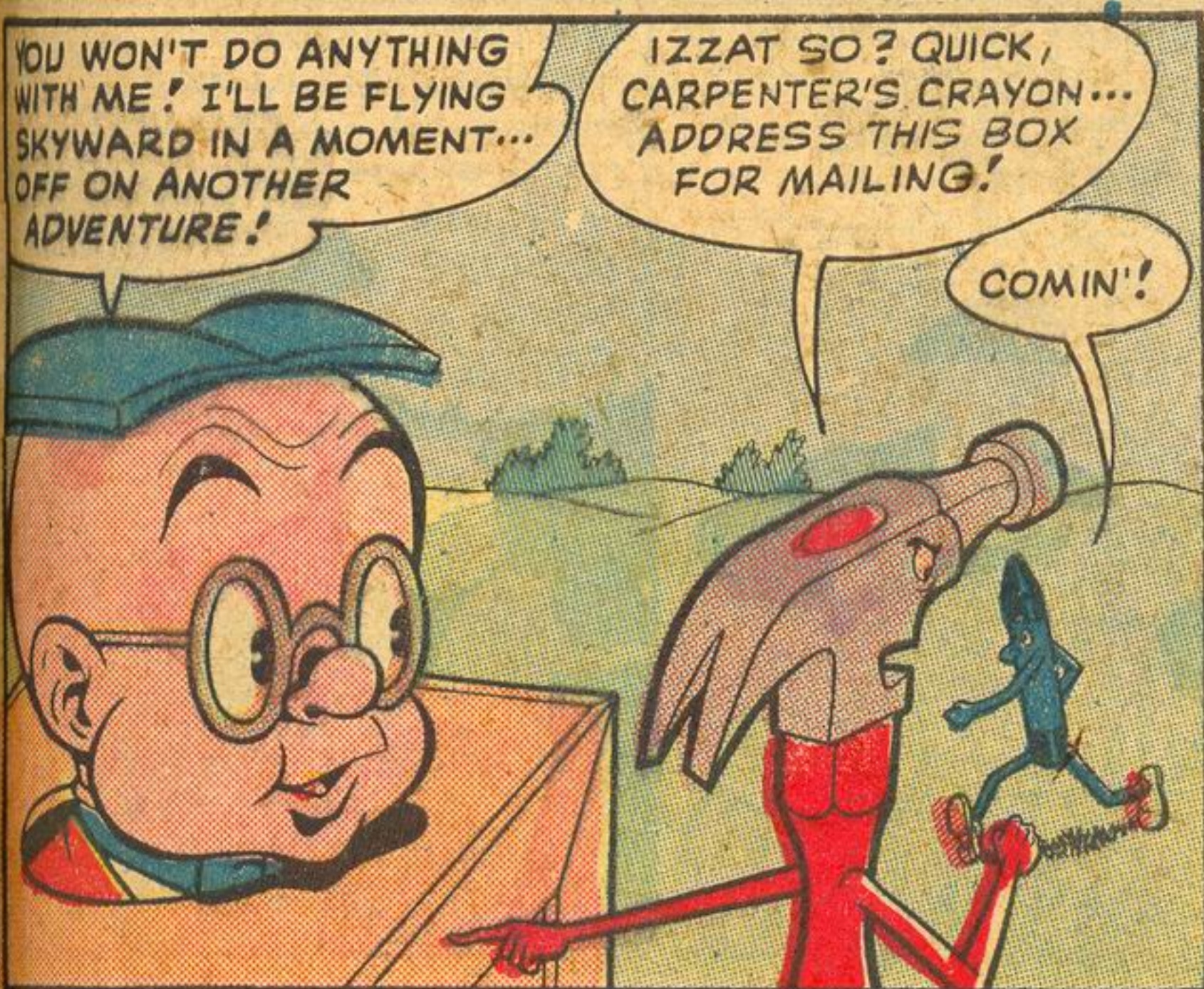
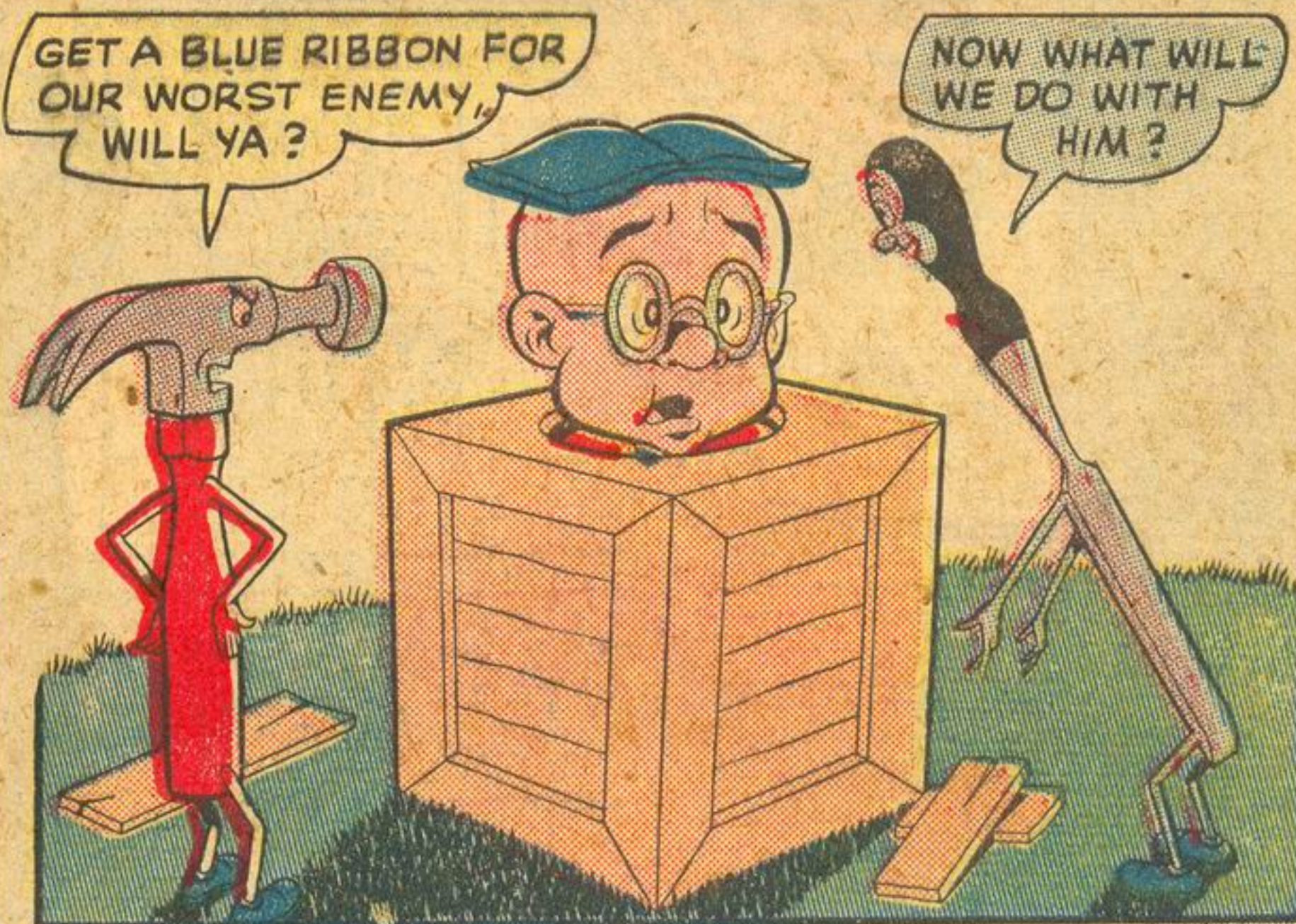
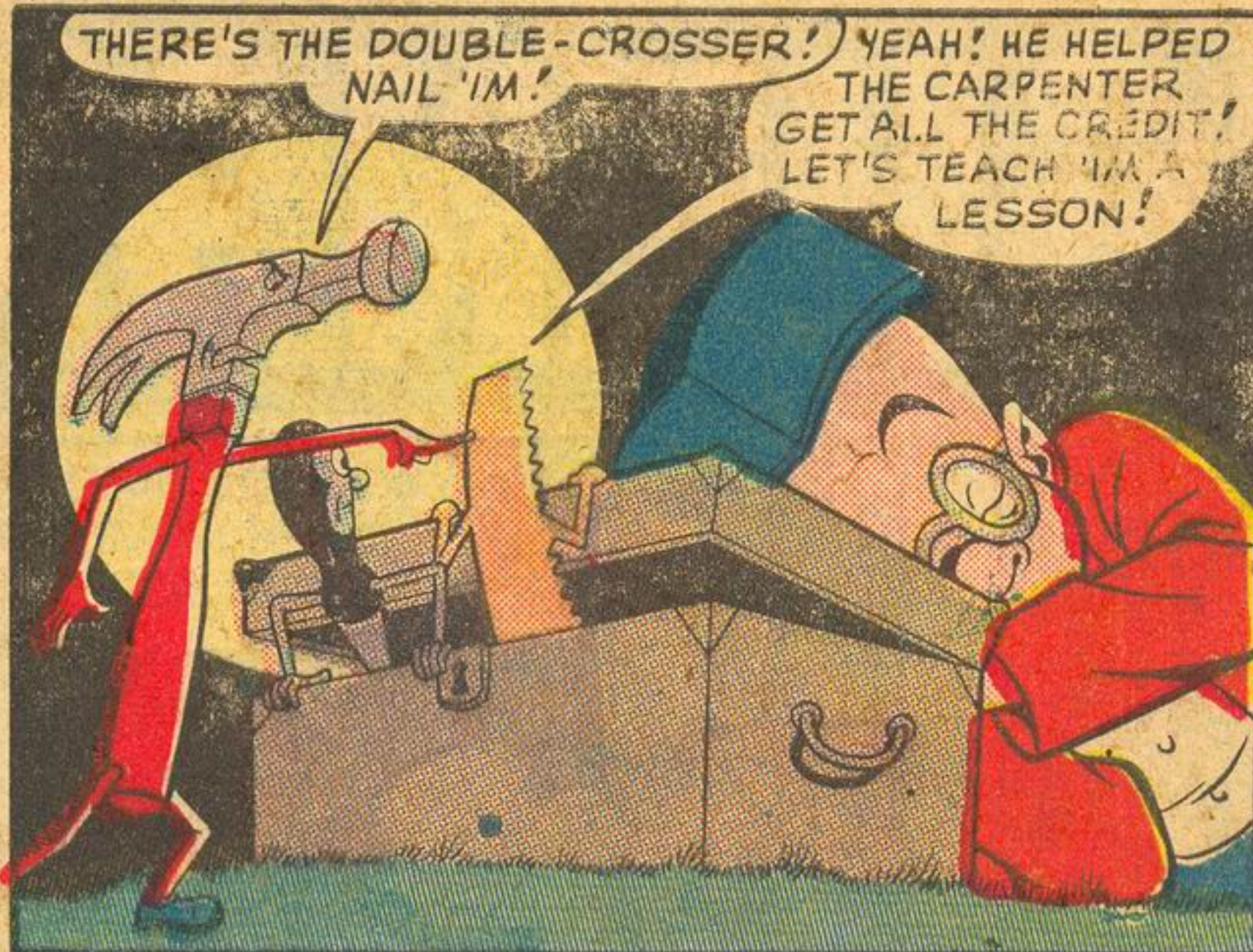
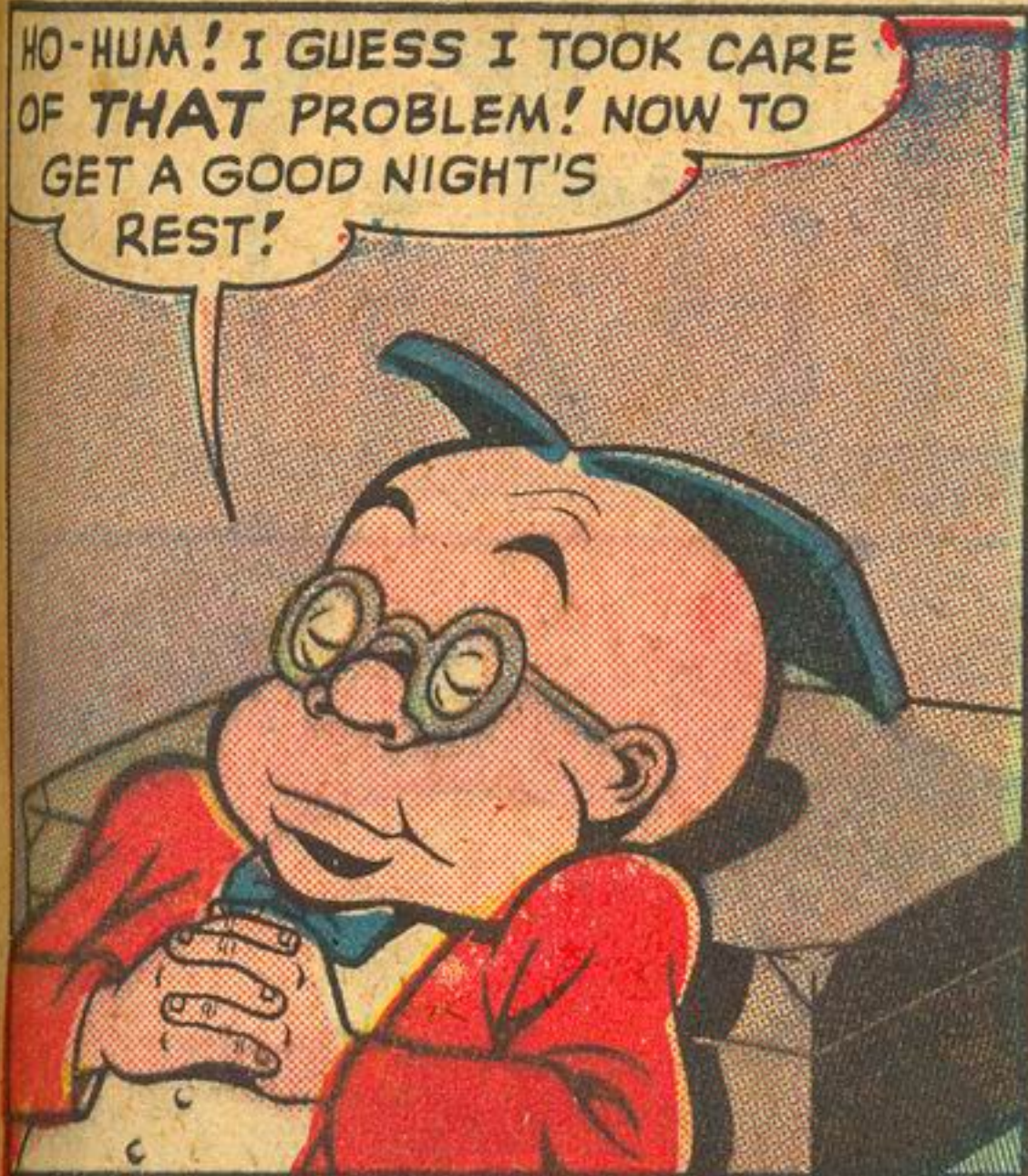
A few minutes later, the carpenter arrives to start work...



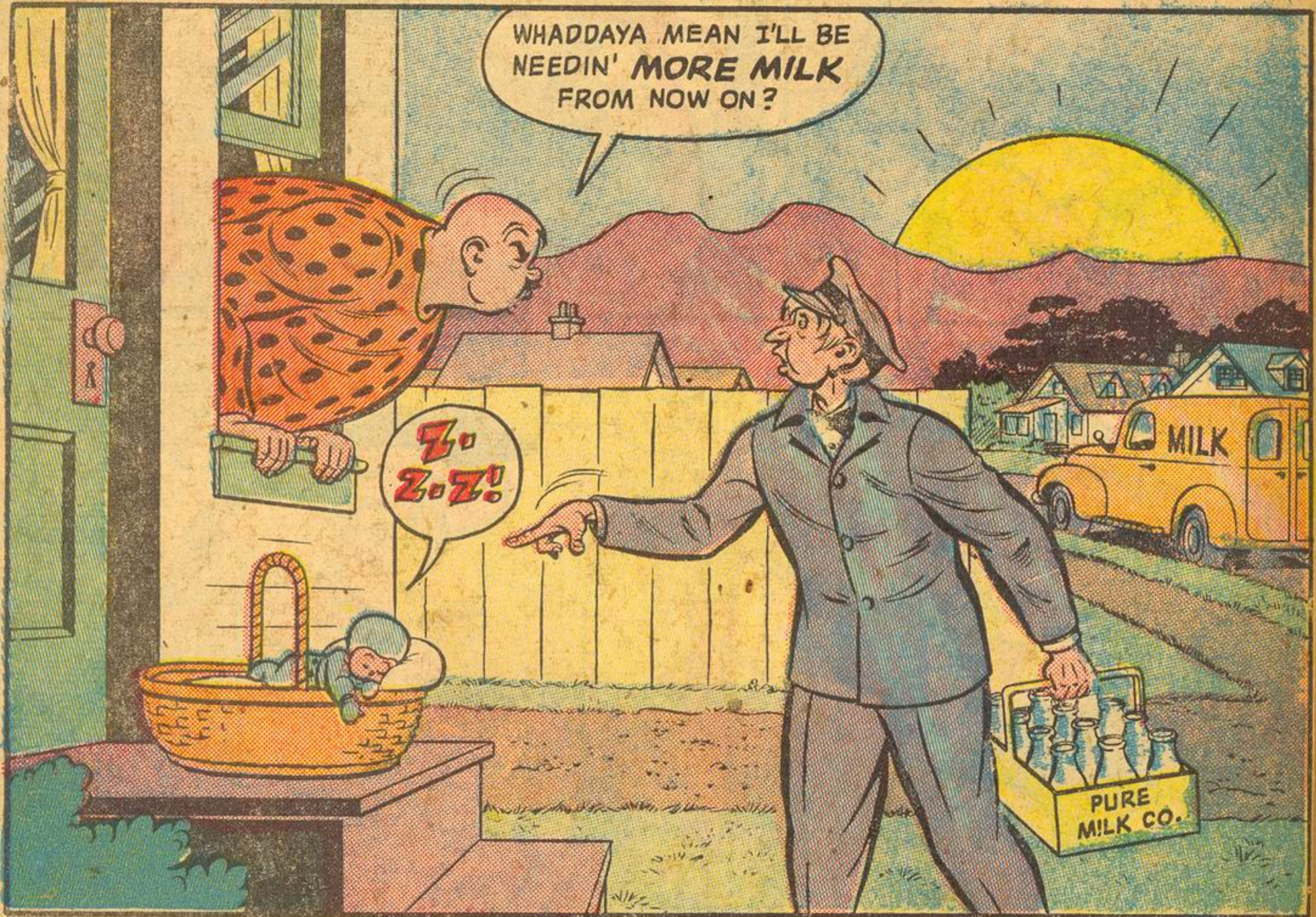
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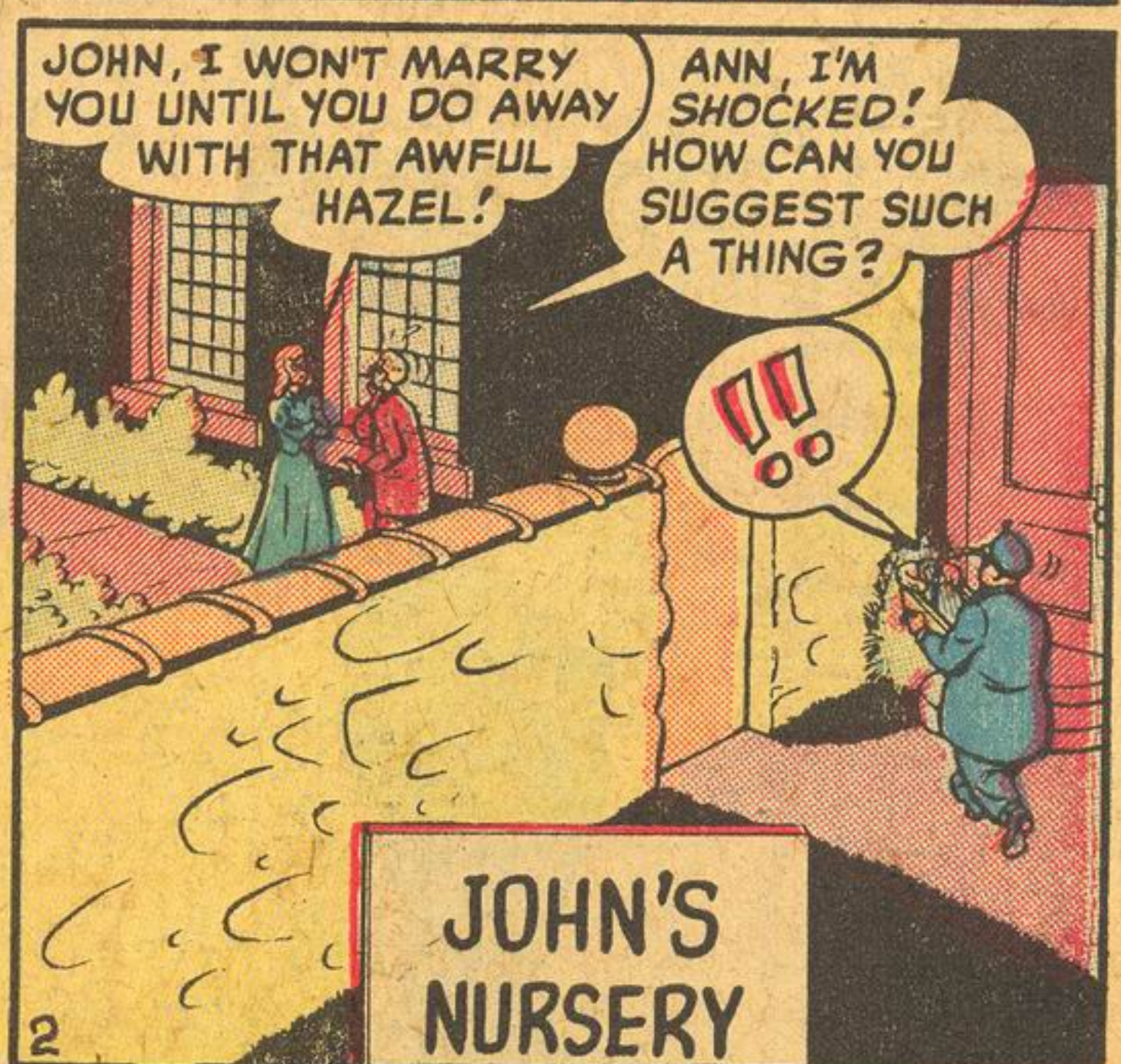
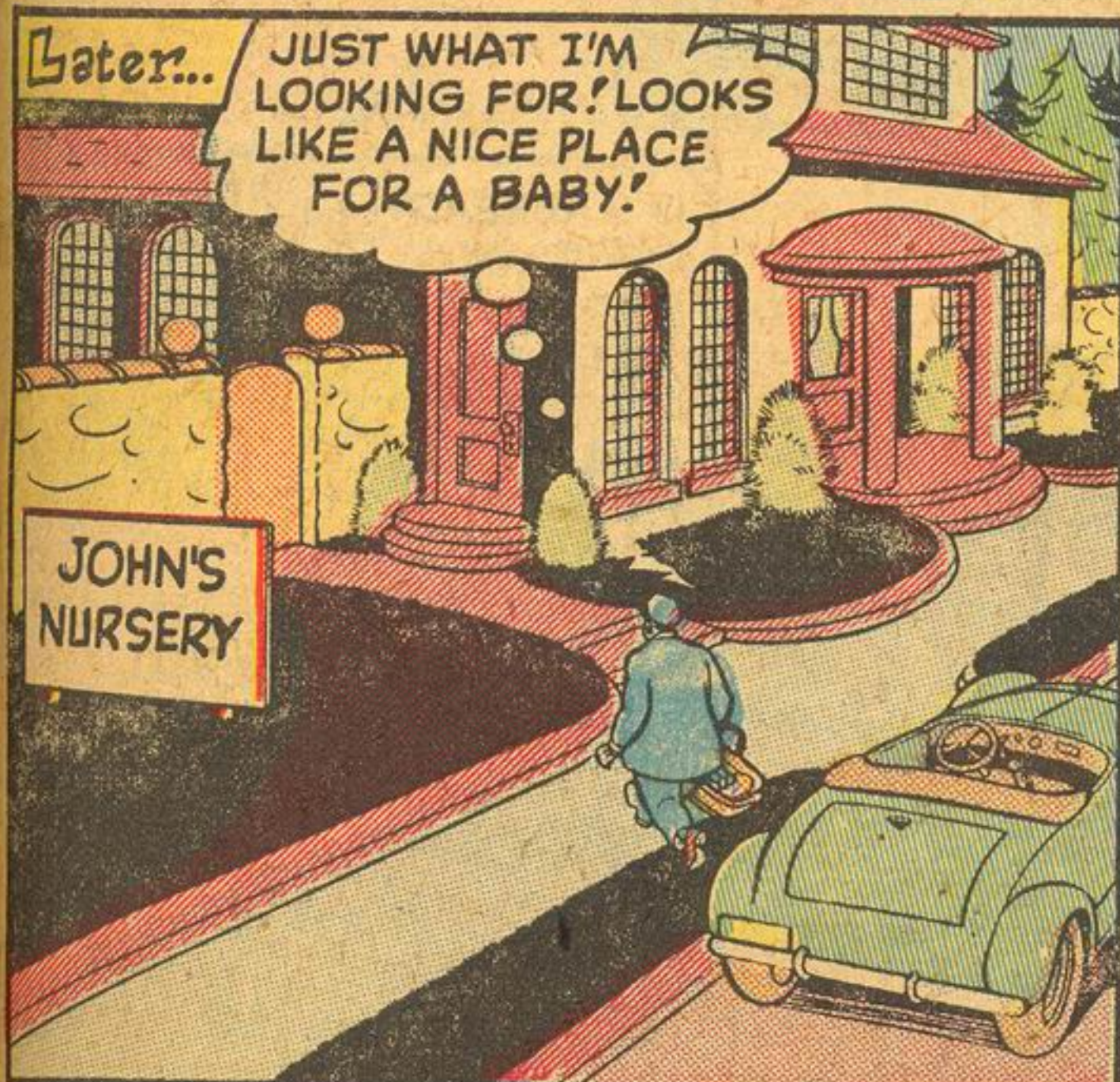
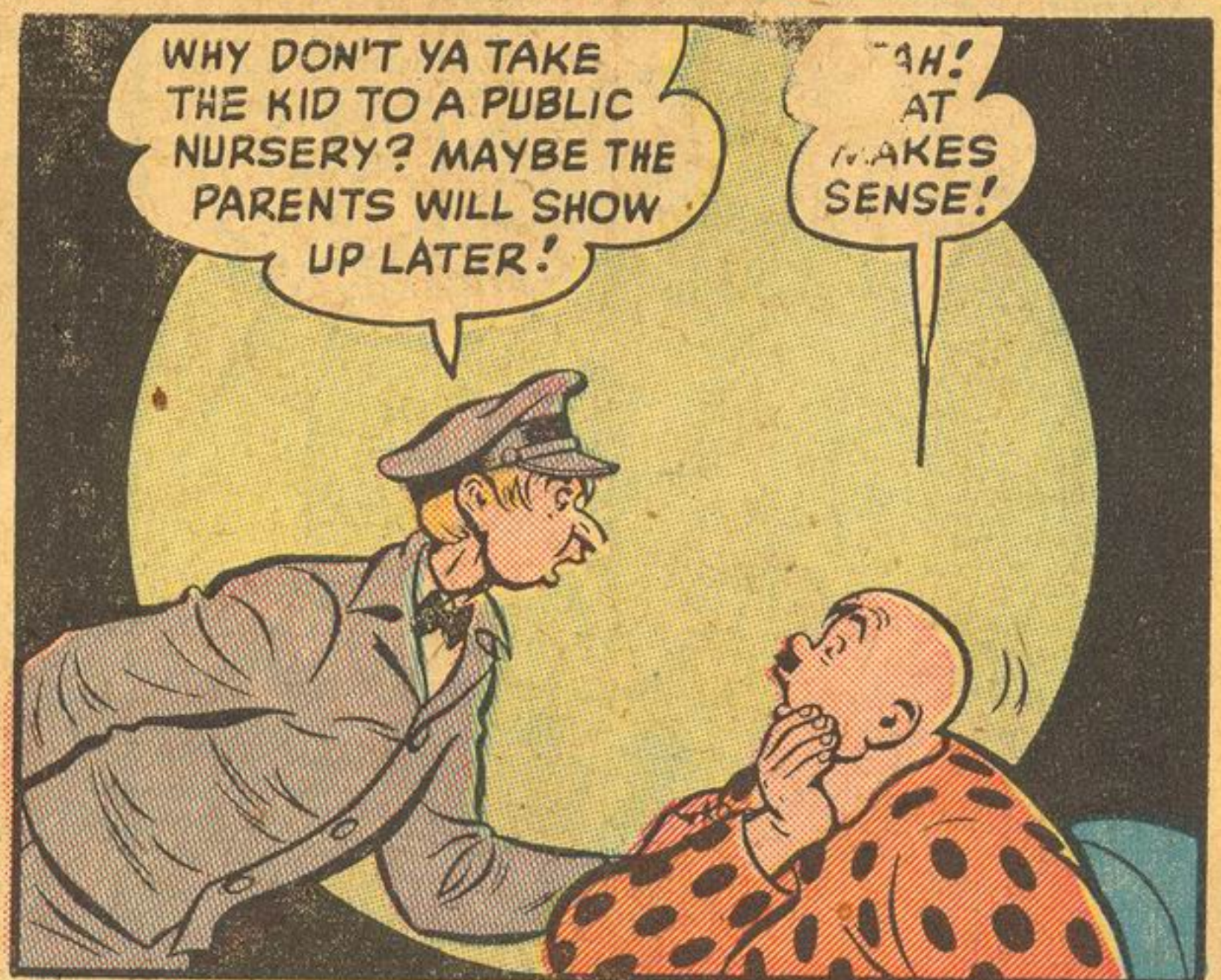
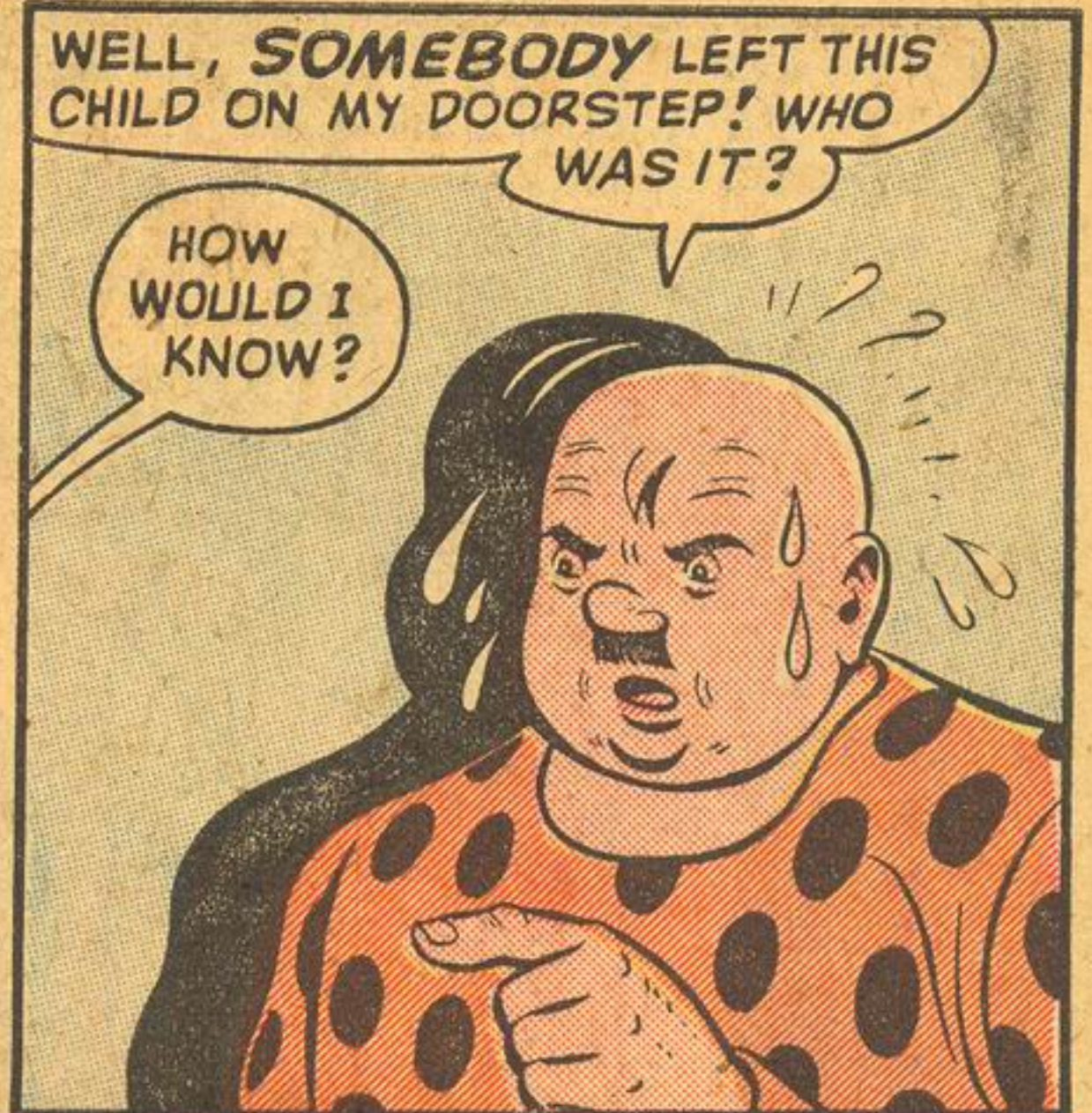
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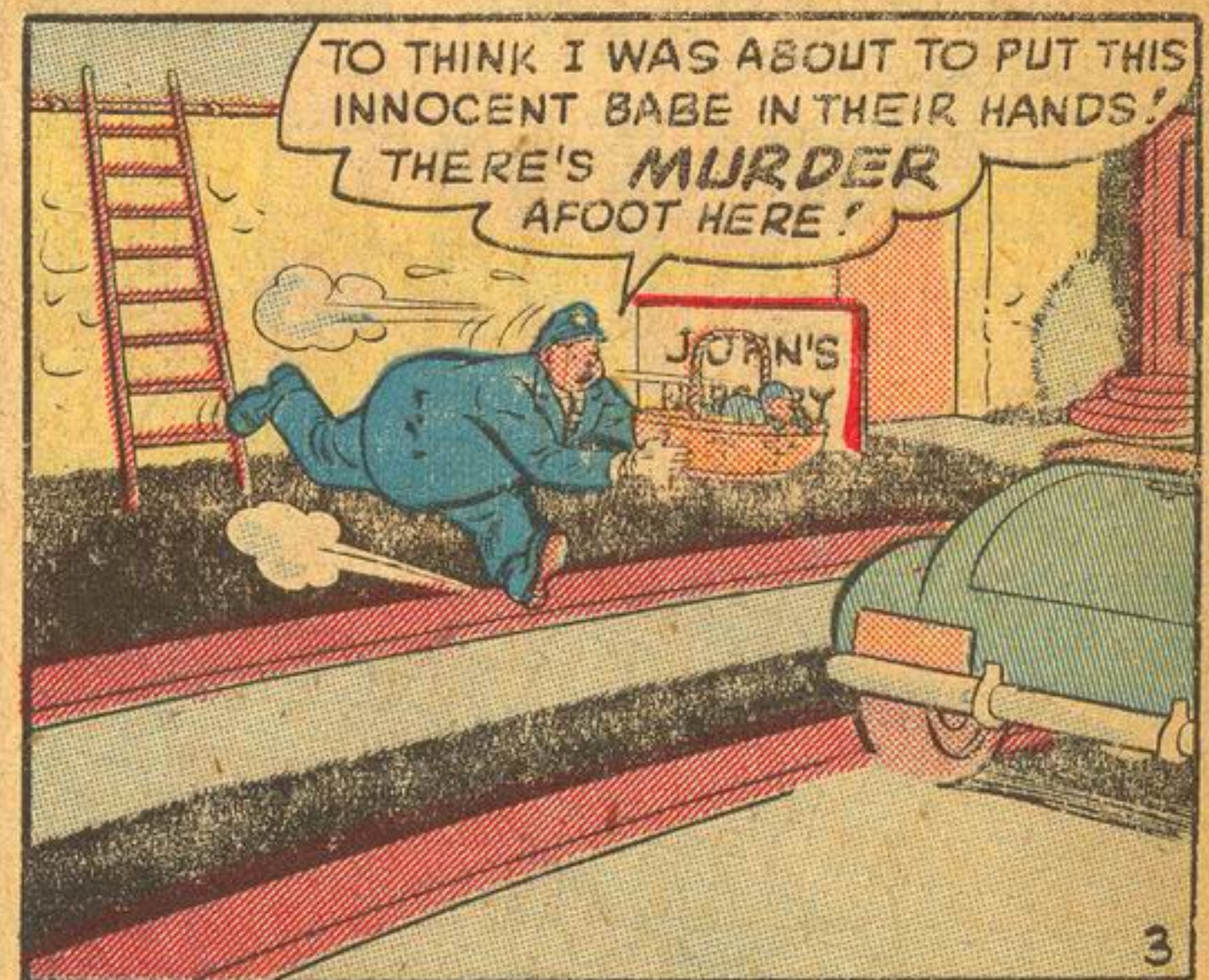
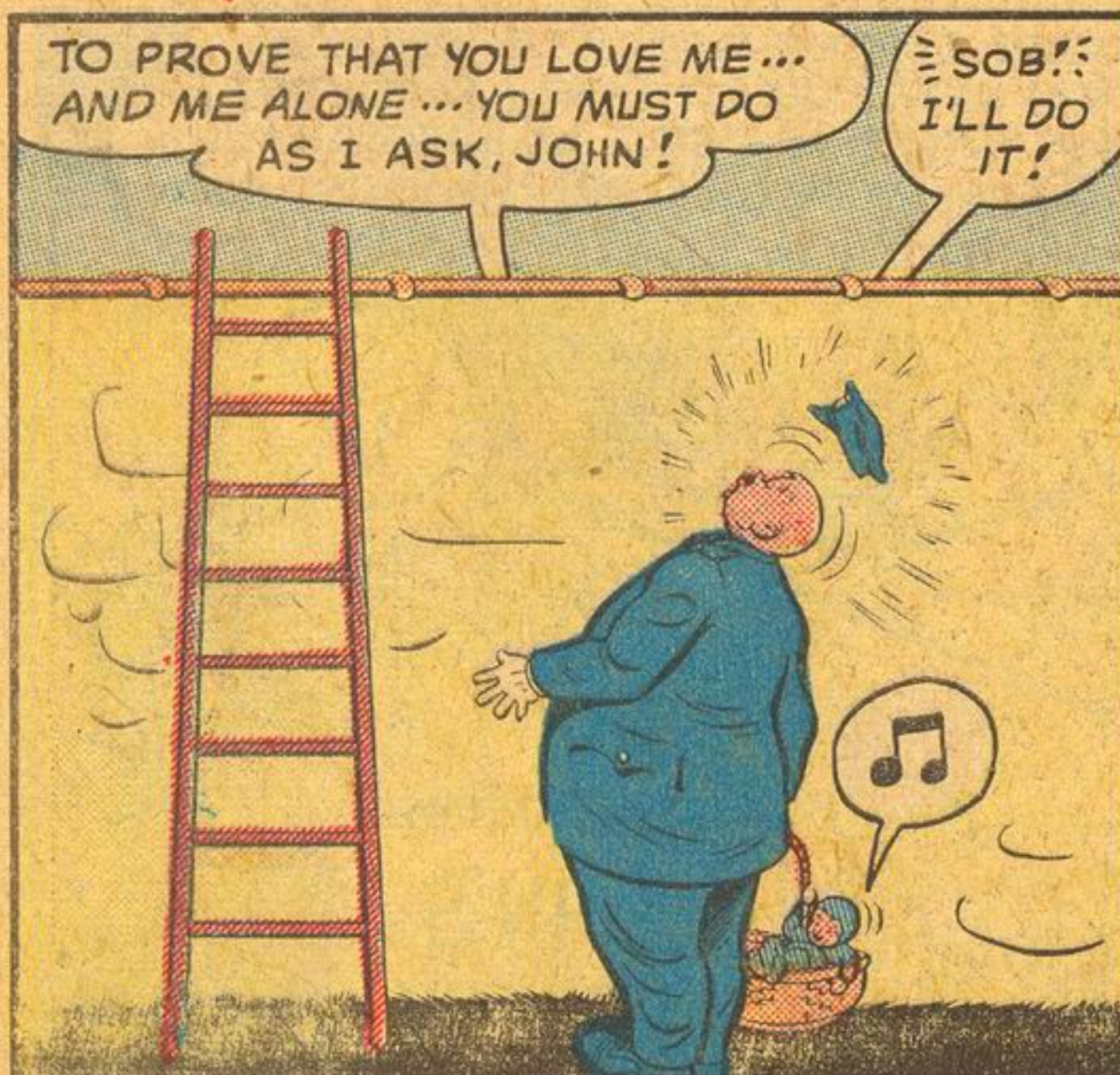
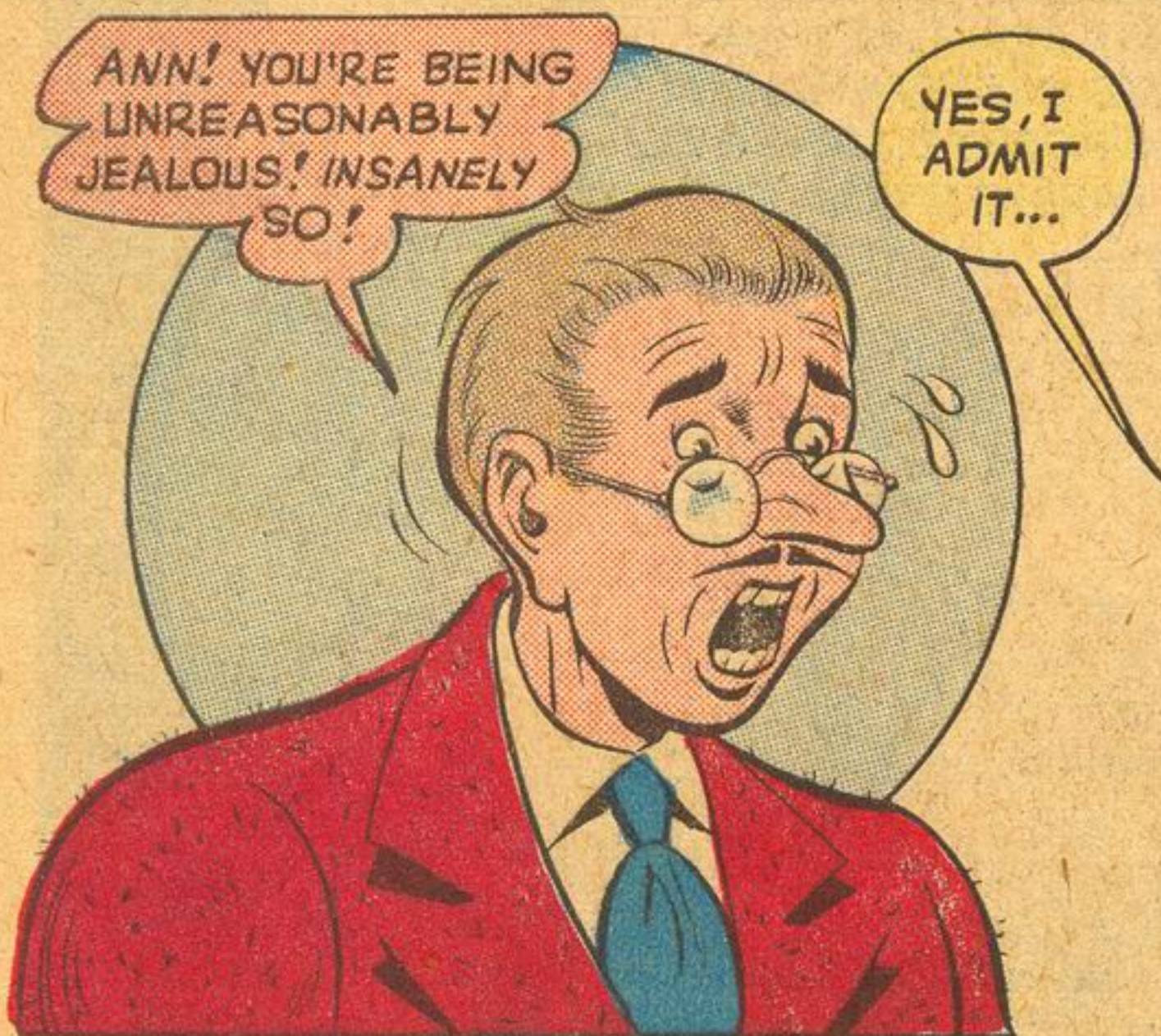
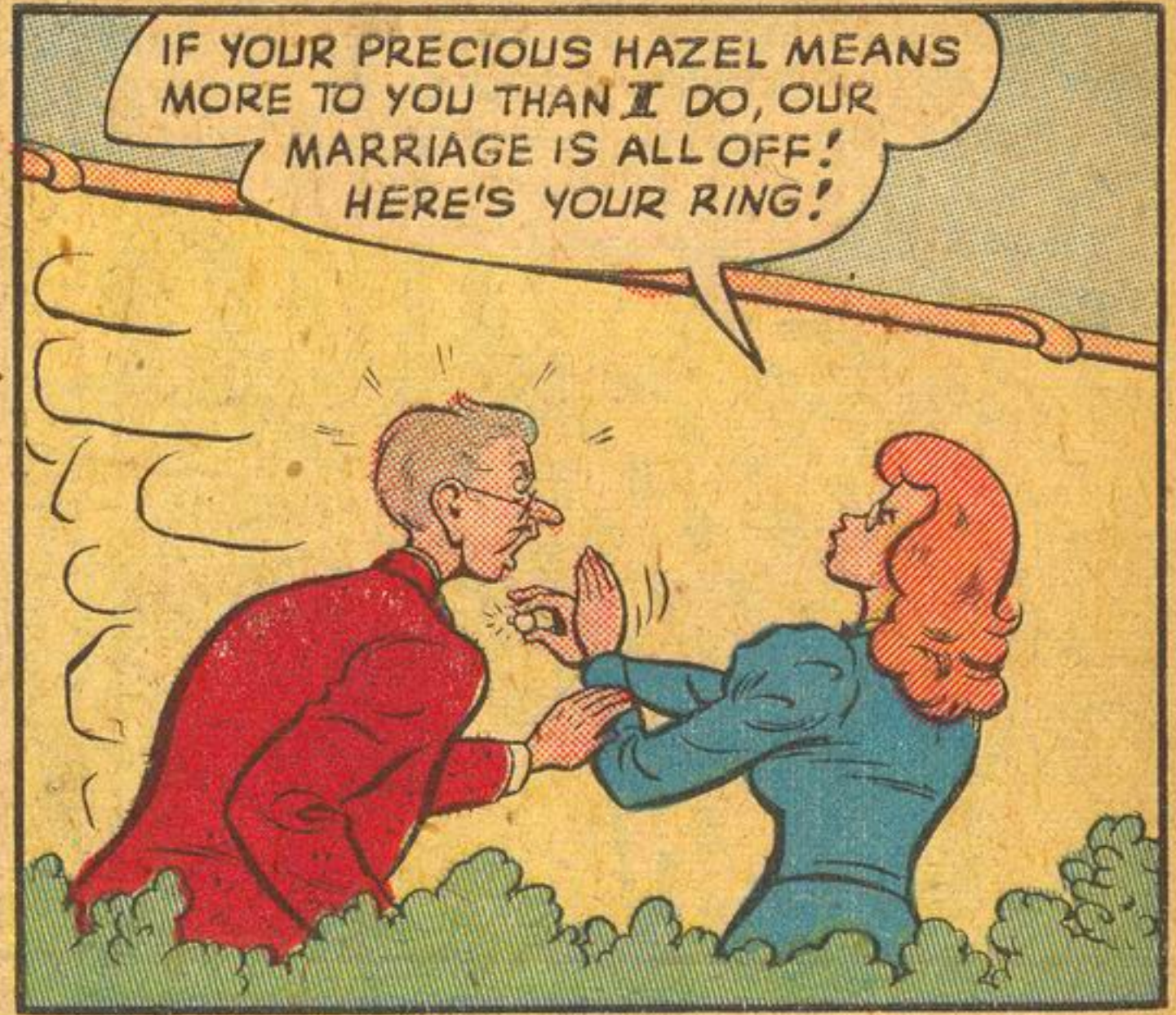
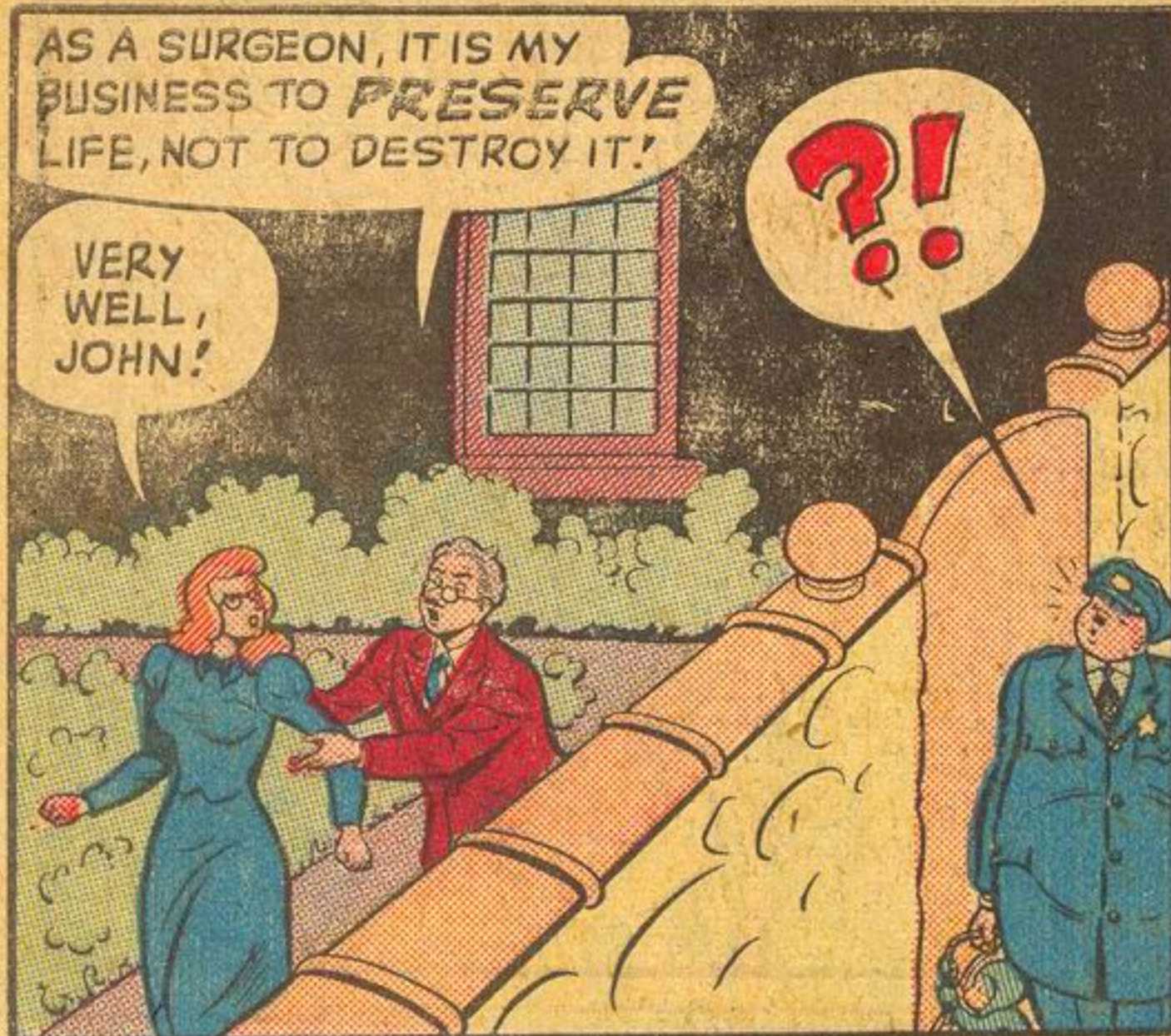


SHENANIGAN

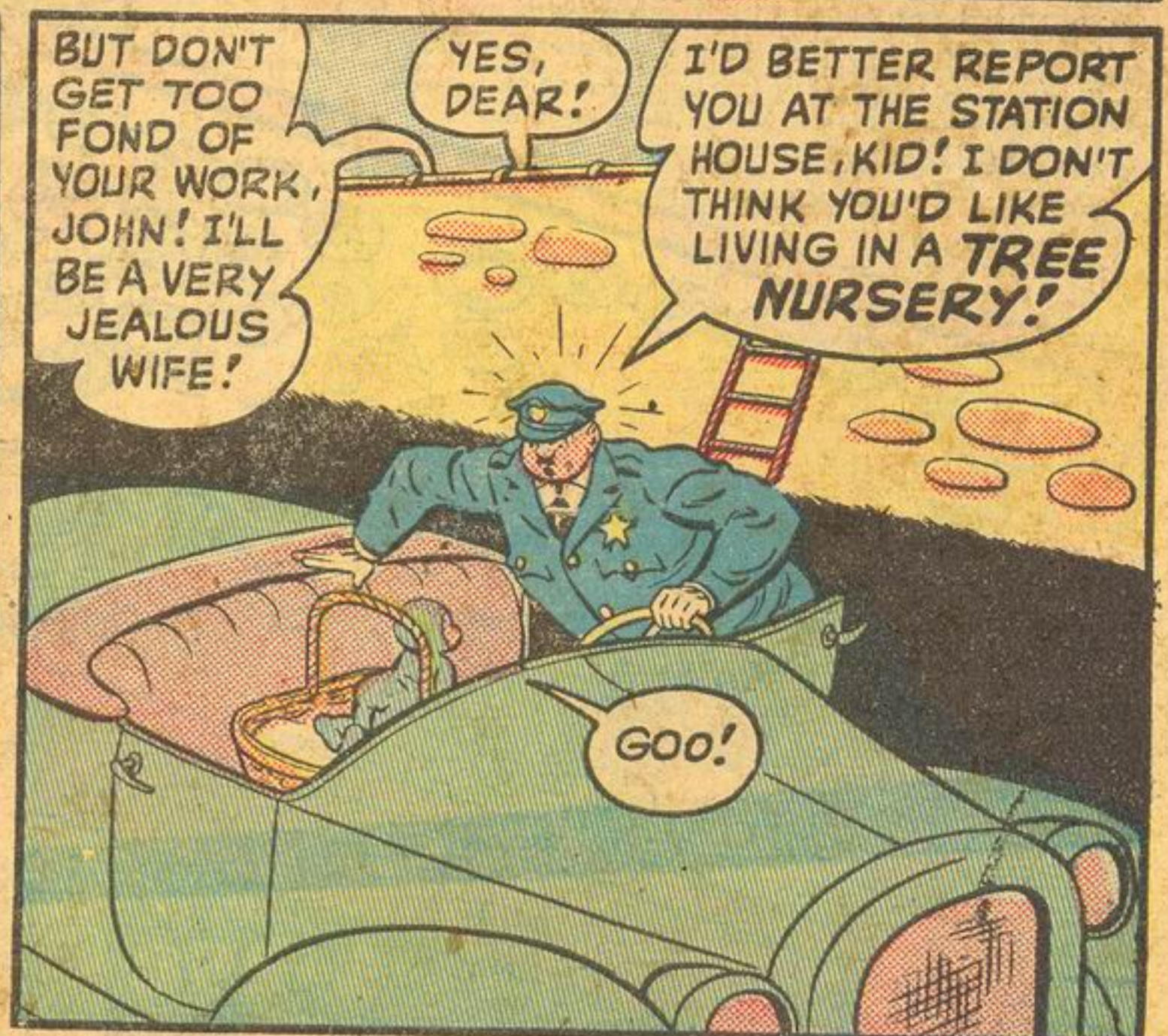
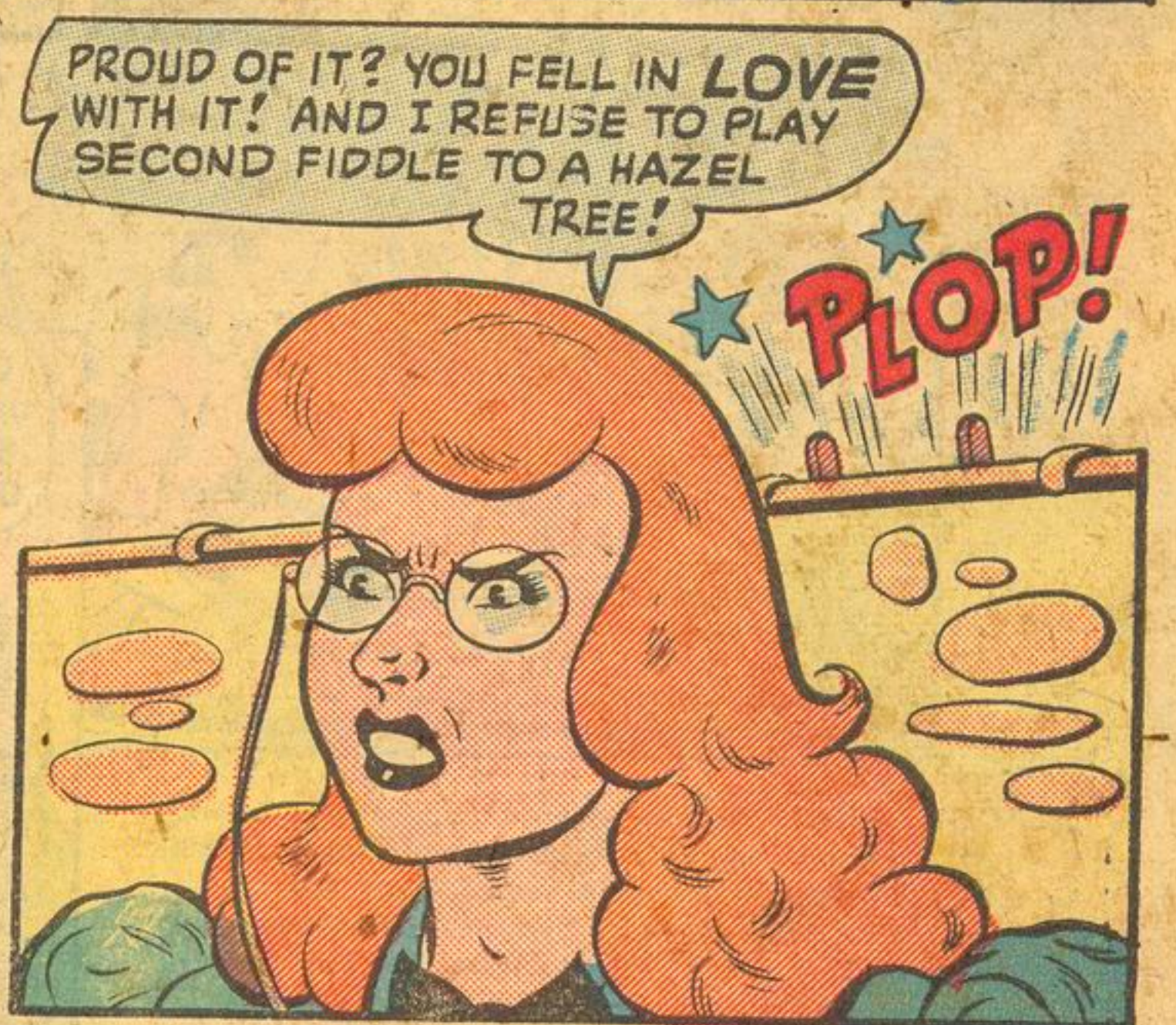
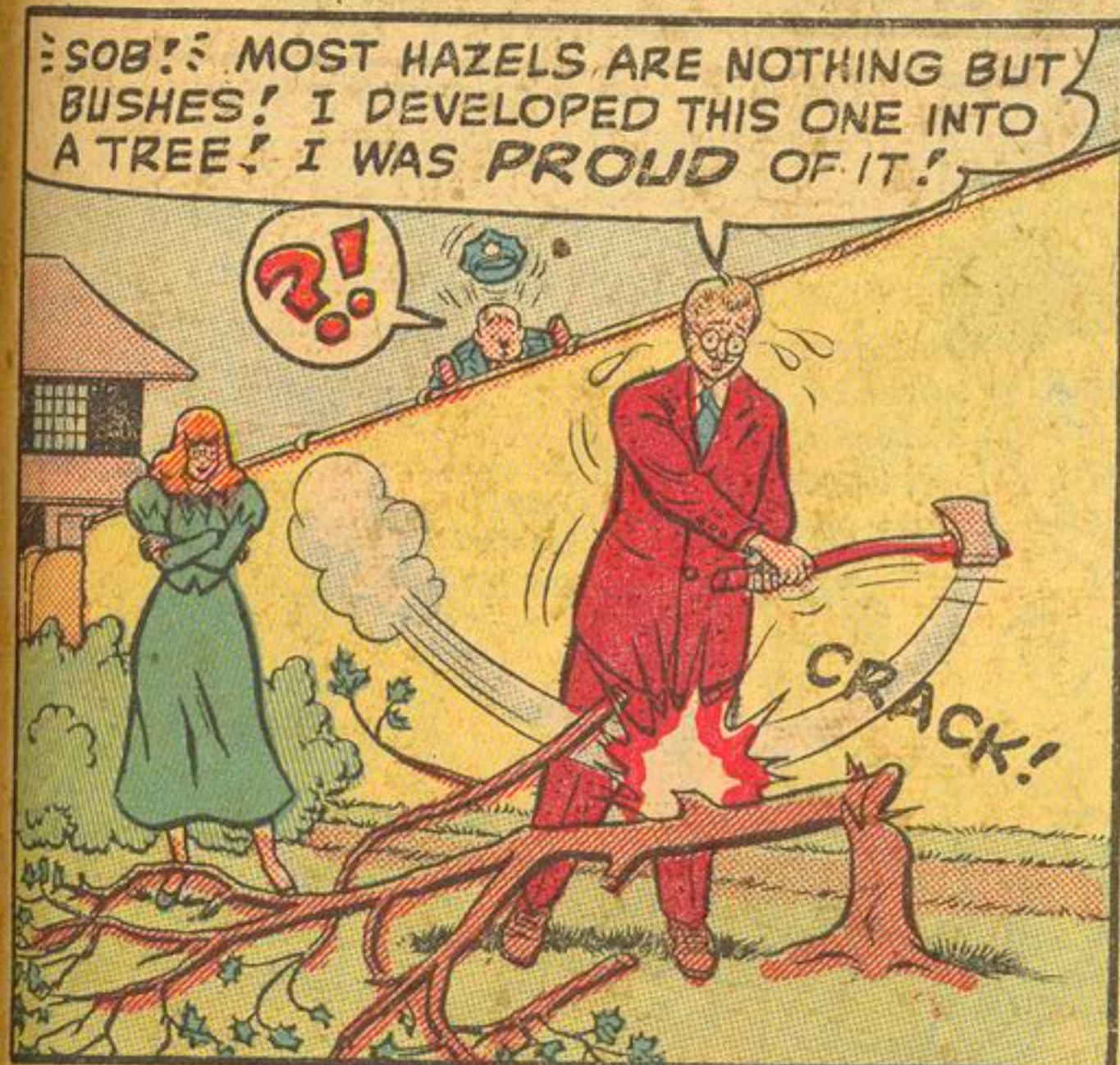


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FEATURE COMICS



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Big

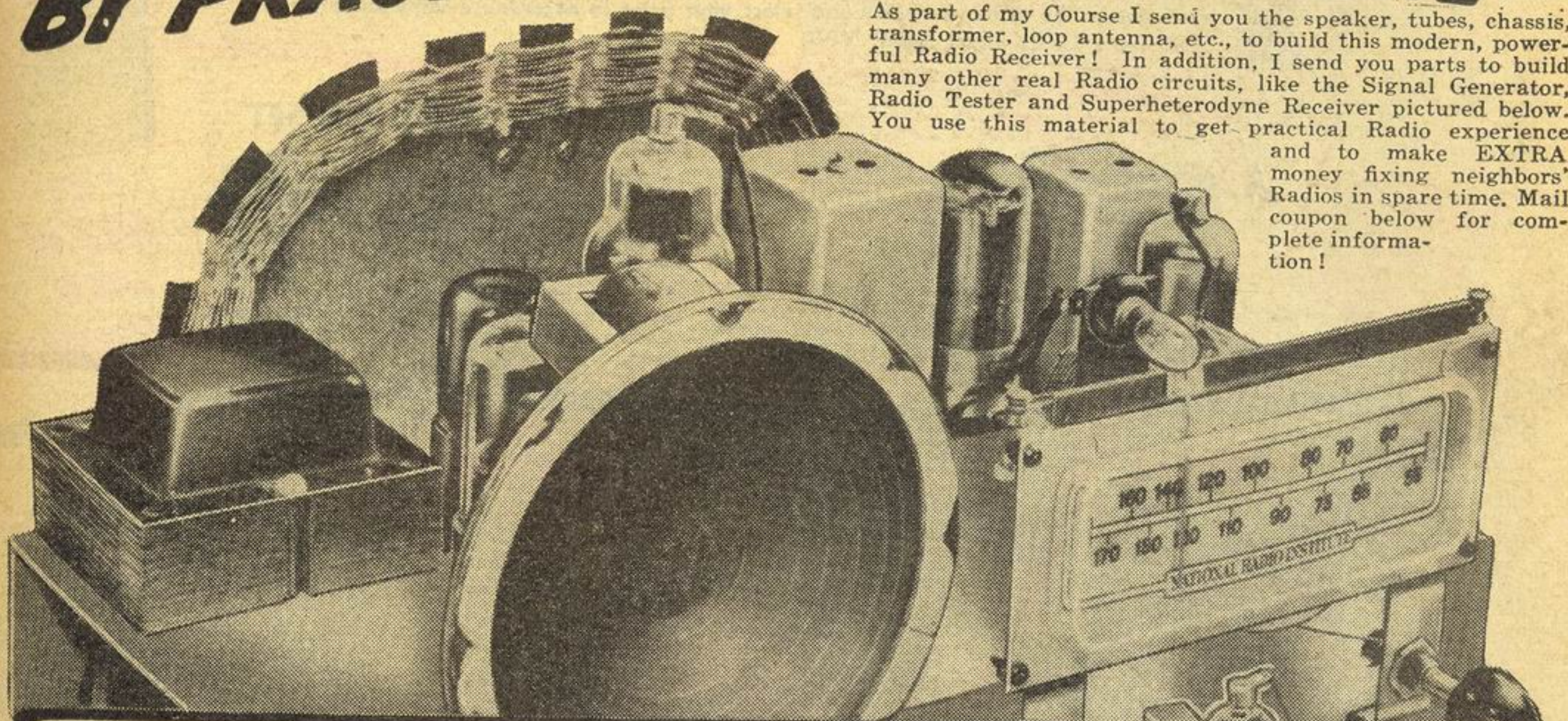
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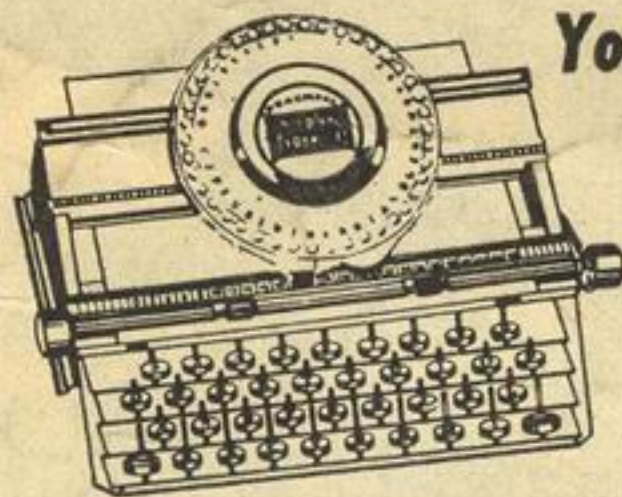
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Sent Express Collect

PRIZE TYPEWRITER



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WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1949.

SCHOOL OUTFIT

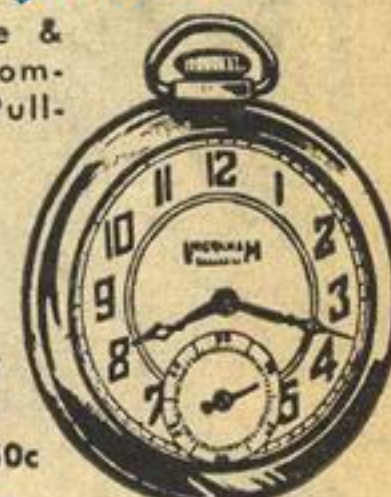
Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed plus 50c.



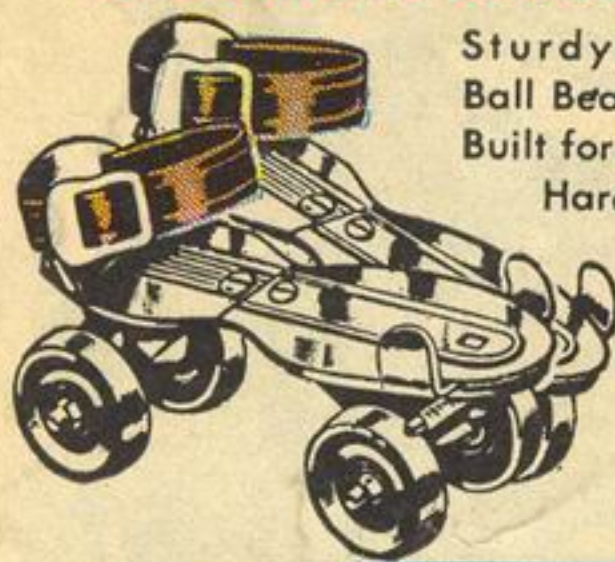
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